



The Smart Screen Magazine

# SCREENLAND

November

10¢

15 Cents  
In Canada



Hedy  
Lamarr

"First Lady"  
in  
Movie Debut!  
See Page 26

ROMANTIC FICTION! "THE SON OF MONTE CRISTO"

WITH JOAN BENNETT, LOUIS HAYWARD, GEORGE SANDERS

Why Movie Actresses Don't Fear Middle Age! A Frank Report

DEFENSE OF HOLLYWOOD MEN BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT



PN1993  
535

# HEY! Look Who's Here!



They're back again—  
Tugboat Annie and Capt.  
Bullwinkle—the most  
lovable characters who  
ever appeared in Satur-  
day Evening Post fiction  
—coming to life on the  
screen just as you've  
pictured them—in the  
happiest hit of any year!

# Tugboat Annie Sails Again!

with  
MARJORIE RAMBEAU • ALAN HALE  
RONALD REAGAN • JANE WYMAN

Directed by LEWIS SEILER  
From the screenplay by Walter de Leon  
A WARNER BROS.—First National Picture

Based on the Saturday  
Evening Post stories  
by NORMAN  
REILLY RAINE







IF SOMEONE told you that you were guilty of halitosis (bad breath), you'd probably feel humiliated beyond words.

Unfortunately, friends do not tell you . . . the subject is too delicate. So you go blindly on, perhaps offending needlessly. Remember, halitosis is one of the commonest and most offensive conditions which anyone may have. Every woman should suspect its presence and do something about it. Clever ones do so and their reward is an easier path to popularity. Wall-

flowers who overlook it can't complain if wallflowers they remain.

#### *Take This Precaution*

Instead of taking your breath for granted, remember that it may be "off color" and use Listerine Antiseptic every day as a mouth rinse. It is such an easy, delightful, and effective precaution . . . one which helps you to appear at your best socially or in business.

Some cases of halitosis are due to systemic conditions, but most cases, say some authorities, are due to fer-

mentation of tiny food particles on teeth, mouth, and gums. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation and then overcomes the odors it causes. Your breath quickly becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

#### *A Hint to Men*

Men can be bad offenders in this matter, so if you adroitly suggest the use of Listerine Antiseptic to them, you'll be doing them a real favor.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., St. Louis, Mo.



Let LISTERINE look after *your* breath



METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S  
**LION'S ROAR**

Published in  
this space  
every month



The greatest  
star of the  
screen!

Although we've never had our face lifted, we do know what it's like to feel young all of a sudden.

There was Mickey Rooney at the drums, there was Judy Garland at the voice, and there were we and all the audience at our happiest.



That trip to see "Strike Up The Band" was a trip to the Fountain of Youth.

It started us singing. Usually our vocal efforts are confined to the marbled halls of the shower-room, but after seeing this new M-G-M sooper dooper musical smash, our little voice went pattering all over the house.

The boys and girls in the picture get the plot inspiration from Maestro Paul Whiteman himself. Over the years Whiteman has deserved the title His Royal Highness of Rhythm. Paul's music never palls.

We have a flock of bouquets to pass around on this one. We'll toss a few to Arthur Freed, the hit Ascaph song-writer who turned producer; to Busby Berkeley, the director; and to those brother rats, Monks and Finklehoffe, who wrote the screen play.

When you hear "Our Love Affair", others will hear *you*. It's more than a melody, it's an infection.

But the final repeat rave must be held for those incomparable artists of the present and future, those babes in arms, Rooney and Garland. We call them Punch and Judy, because punch is what they've got.

It's remarkable the way M-G-M keeps up the parade of hits. This summer has revealed "The Mortal Storm", "Pride and Prejudice", "New Moon", "Andy Hardy Meets Debutante", "I Love You Again", not to mention the record-breaking "Boom Town."

That leaves you all set for the masterpiece, "Escape" (Norma Shearer and Robert Taylor) as well as this month's delightful "Third Finger, Left Hand" (Myrna Loy and Melvyn Douglas).

No wonder  
we're  
singing — *Leo*

Advertisement for  
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures



# The Smart Screen Magazine SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

MARION MARTONE, Assistant Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

November, 1940

Vol. XLII, No. 1

## EVERY STORY A FEATURE

The Editor's Page.....	Delight Evans	19
Hollywood Whirl.....	Len Weissman	20
Charlie's Mad Again. Charles Chaplin.....	Thomas Nord Riley	22
In Defense of Hollywood Men.....	Claudette Colbert	24
"First Lady" in Movie Debut. Eleanor Roosevelt....	Betty Shannon	26
"The Son of Monte Cristo." Complete fictionization		
	Elizabeth B. Petersen	28
Advice to Misfits. By Brenda Marshall.....	As told to Gladys Hall	30
"Please Go 'Way and Let Me Sleep." Fred MacMurray,		
	Natalie Visart	32
A Girl with Principles. Rosalind Russell.....	Michael Pearman	34
"Save Me from Myself." Fredric March.....	Fredda Dudley	51
Your Glamor Guide. Fashion Section.....		52
Your Guide to the Best Current Pictures.....	Delight Evans	58
Wish Upon a Star for Romance.....	Norvell	60
What's This About a New Hepburn?.....	Liza	62
Why Actresses Don't Fear Middle Age.....	Jack Holland	64

## SPECIAL ART SECTION:

Betty Grable, Mary Beth Hughes, Linda Darnell, Sheila Ryan, Don Ameche with Betty Grable, Jeffrey Lynn, Humphrey Bogart, Joan Bennett, Gary Cooper, Madeleine Carroll, Paulette Goddard, Robert Preston, Loretta Young, Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, William Holden, Jean Arthur, Jane Withers, Fredric March, Betty Field.

## DEPARTMENTS:

Hot from Hollywood.....	6
Tagging the Talkies.....	8
Inside the Stars' Homes. Rita Hayworth.....	Betty Boone 10
Honor Page .....	14
SCREENLAND's Crossword Puzzle.....	Alma Talley 16
Yours for Loveliness.....	56
Here's Hollywood .....	Weston East 66

Cover Portrait of Hedy Lamarr by Lazlo Willinger

V. G. Heimbucher, President Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer

Published monthly by Screenland Magazine, Inc. Executive and Editorial offices, 45 West 45th Street, New York City. Advertising Offices: 45 West 45th St., New York; 410 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago; 530 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by return postage. They will receive careful attention but SCREENLAND assumes no responsibility for their safety. Yearly subscription \$1.00 in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; \$1.50 in Canada; foreign \$2.00. Changes of address must reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue. Be sure to give both the old and new address. Entered as second-class matter November 30, 1923, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois.

Copyright 1940 by Screenland Magazine, Inc.

Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.





# ESCAPE

starring

NORMA SHEARER  
ROBERT TAYLOR

with

CONRAD VEIDT • NAZIMOVA  
FELIX BRESSART • ALBERT BASSERMAN  
PHILIP DORN • BONITA GRANVILLE

A MERVYN LeROY Production

Screen Play by Arch Oboler and Marguerite Roberts

Based on the Novel "Escape" by Ethel Vance

Directed by MERVYN LeROY

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



*The exciting, romantic  
novel is even more  
exciting on the screen!*





# HOT from Hollywood

**B**ARBARA HUTTON and Cary Grant have more fun when they are out together than any other couple in town. The other night at the Little Hungary the entertainment was scorned and each person present had eyes only for Cary and Barbara. Their infectious gayety put everyone in a hilarious mood. Don't be too surprised if they wed when Babs' divorce from Count von Reventlow becomes final.

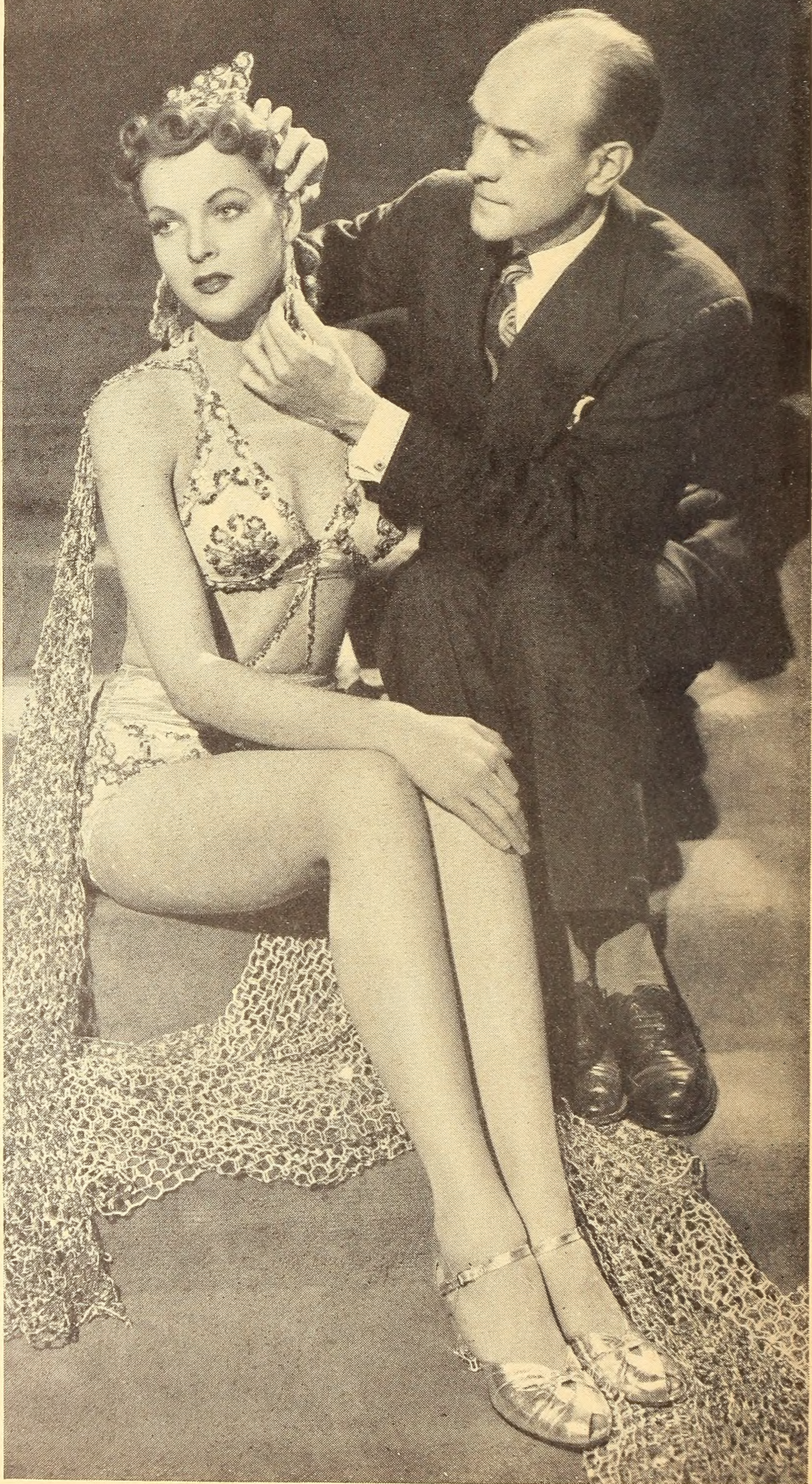
**V**ERY few people know that when a baby works in a picture, no matter how small the rôle, the California state law holds the studio responsible for the infant's health for six months thereafter. . . . It is rumored that Claudette Colbert will spend some time soon on the island of Martinique in the Caribbean—just because she has a yearning to set foot on French soil once again. . . . Every unfeeling Hollywood gossip hound seems to be vicariously waiting for the day when he can broadcast the fact that Clark Gable and Carole Lombard are feuding. That won't happen soon. The only point these two fight about is the amount of luggage Carole can manage to find indispensable on camping and fishing trips.

**B**Y UNDERGROUND, it comes to be known that Patty McCarthy, Dorothy Lamour's knockout secretary, has Dottie a little worried, if not envious. Patty, somehow, is getting around town with all the right swains in much faster time than Dorothy ever did, and Patty has never once been seen in a sarong. No wonder Miss Lamour is a little irked! If you do any night prowling in Hollywood you're sure to run into Patty McCarthy. During the day Patty is a prosaic secretary, but, Cinderella-like, night-fall finds her the envious delight of the town's discerning males.

**A**NN SHERIDAN is the laziest white woman in Hollywood when it comes to exercise of any kind. She doesn't care for any exertion more violent than a swift game of bean bag. When some writer hinted that she was getting just a little hippy, George Brent had a perfect excuse for a gag. He first presented her with a bicycle, then a rowing machine; he followed that with boxing gloves, foils for fencing, tennis rackets—and, to top the gag, a thick-padded mat to use for setting-up exercises. Ann didn't take the hint. She has all her reducers put away in storage.

*(Continued on page 13)*

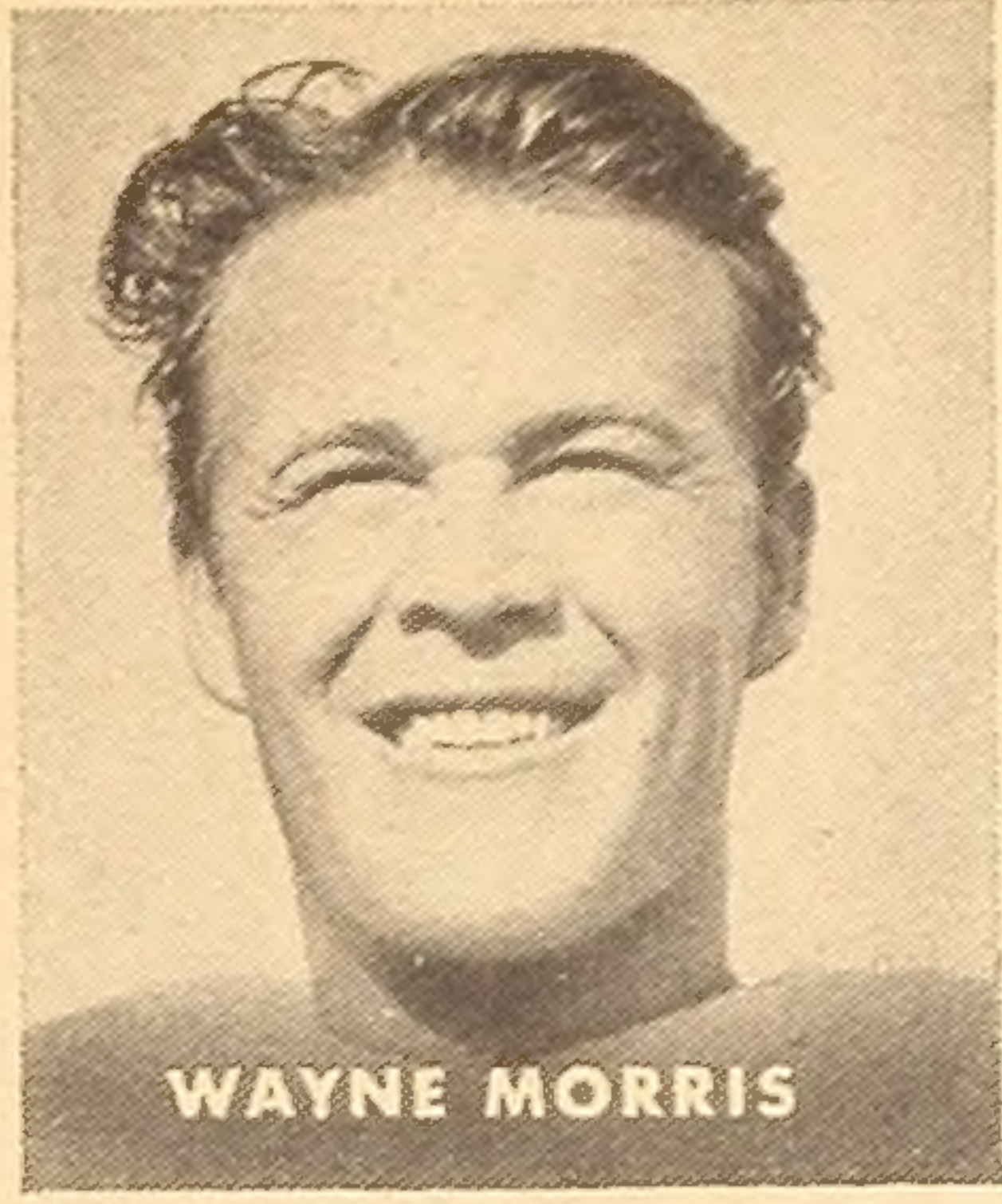
Earl Carroll with Sandra Jolley, at right, whom he selected as one of the 100 most beautiful showgirls in Hollywood. She makes her screen début in "A Night at Earl Carroll's." Sandra was born in Newark, N. J., and Carroll says Miss Jolley is typical of the Metropolitan beauty—tall, stately, and sophisticated.



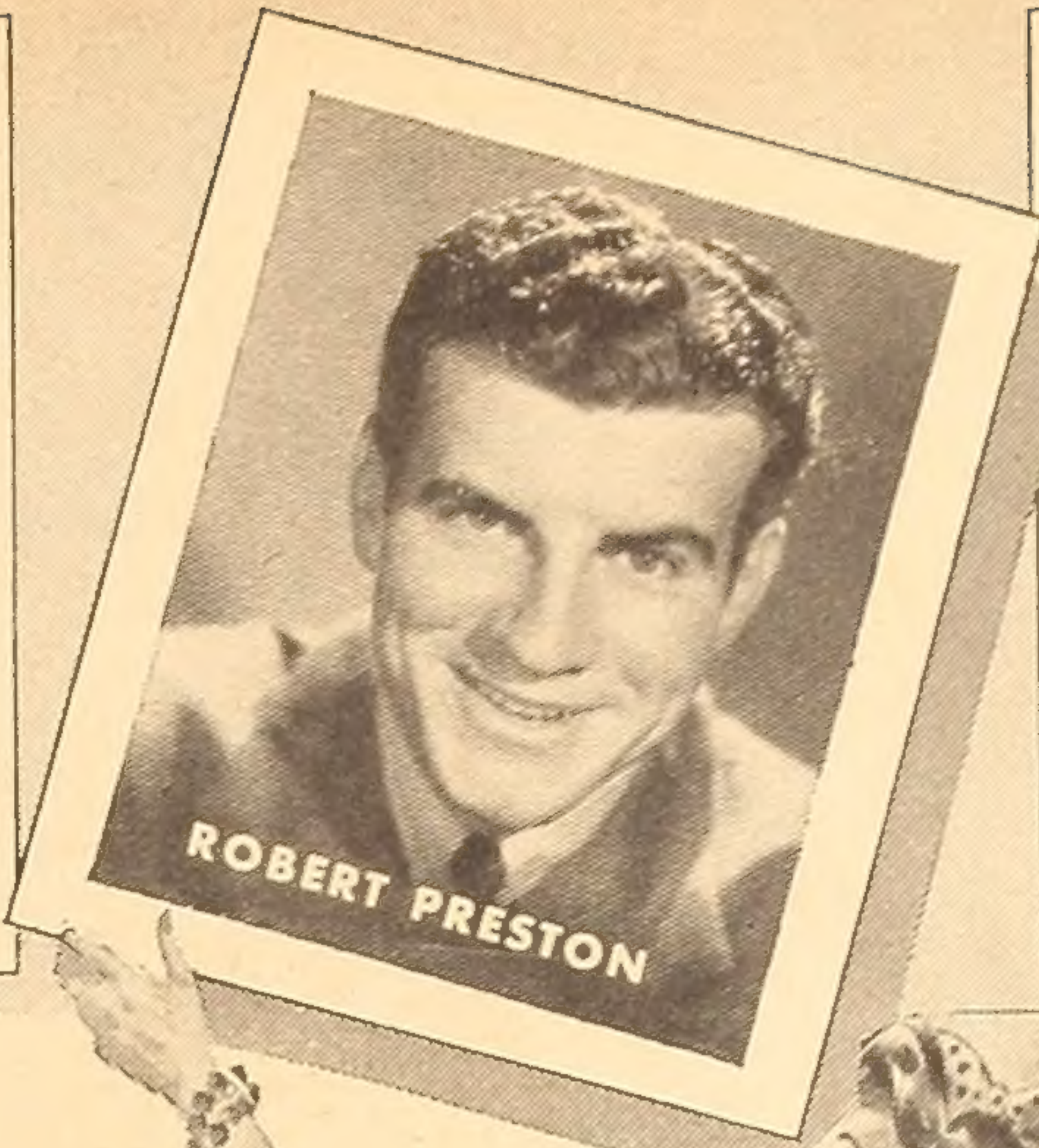




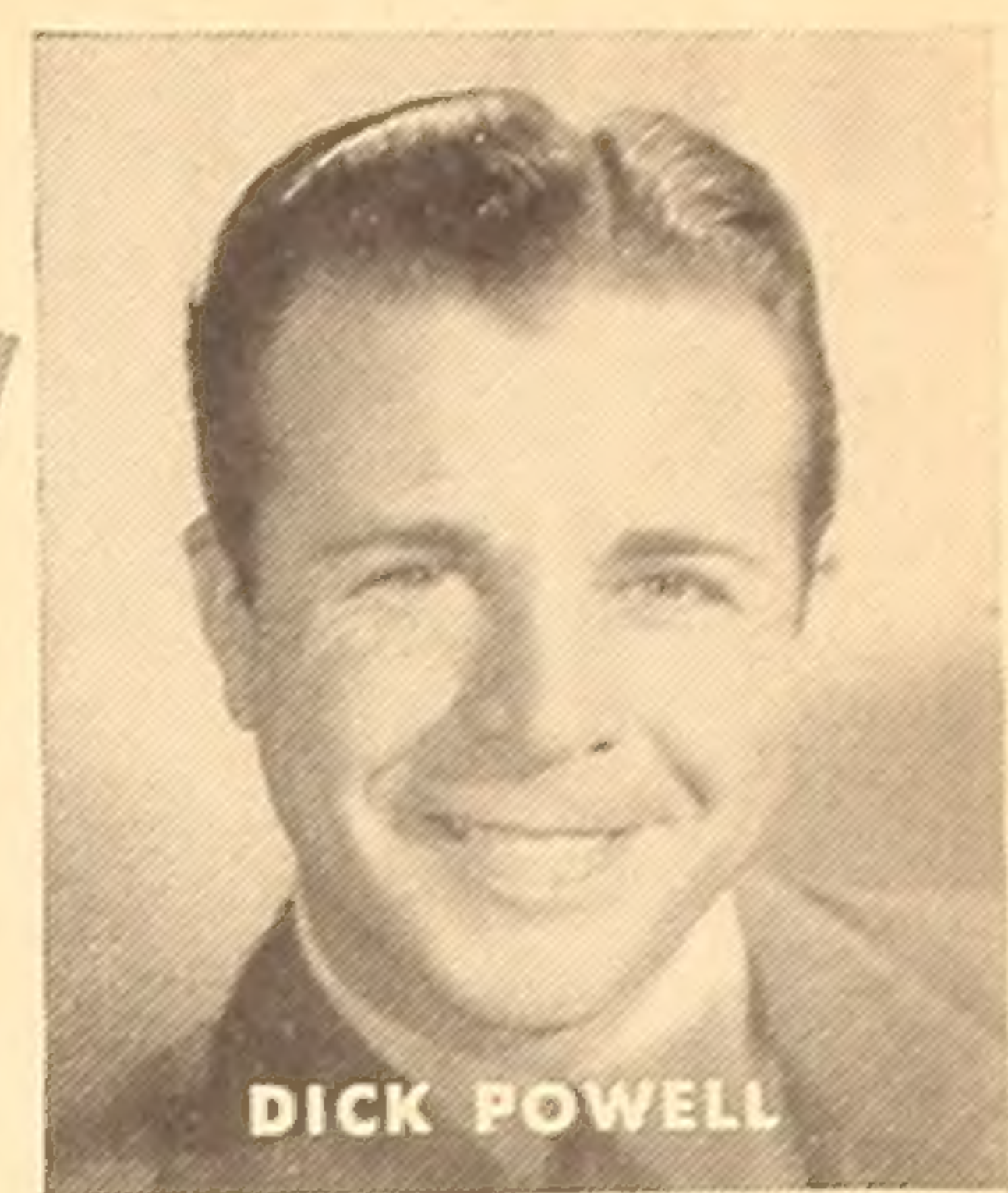
RAY MILLAND



WAYNE MORRIS



ROBERT PRESTON



DICK POWELL

# Lucky Girl... 4 big Paramount DATES!

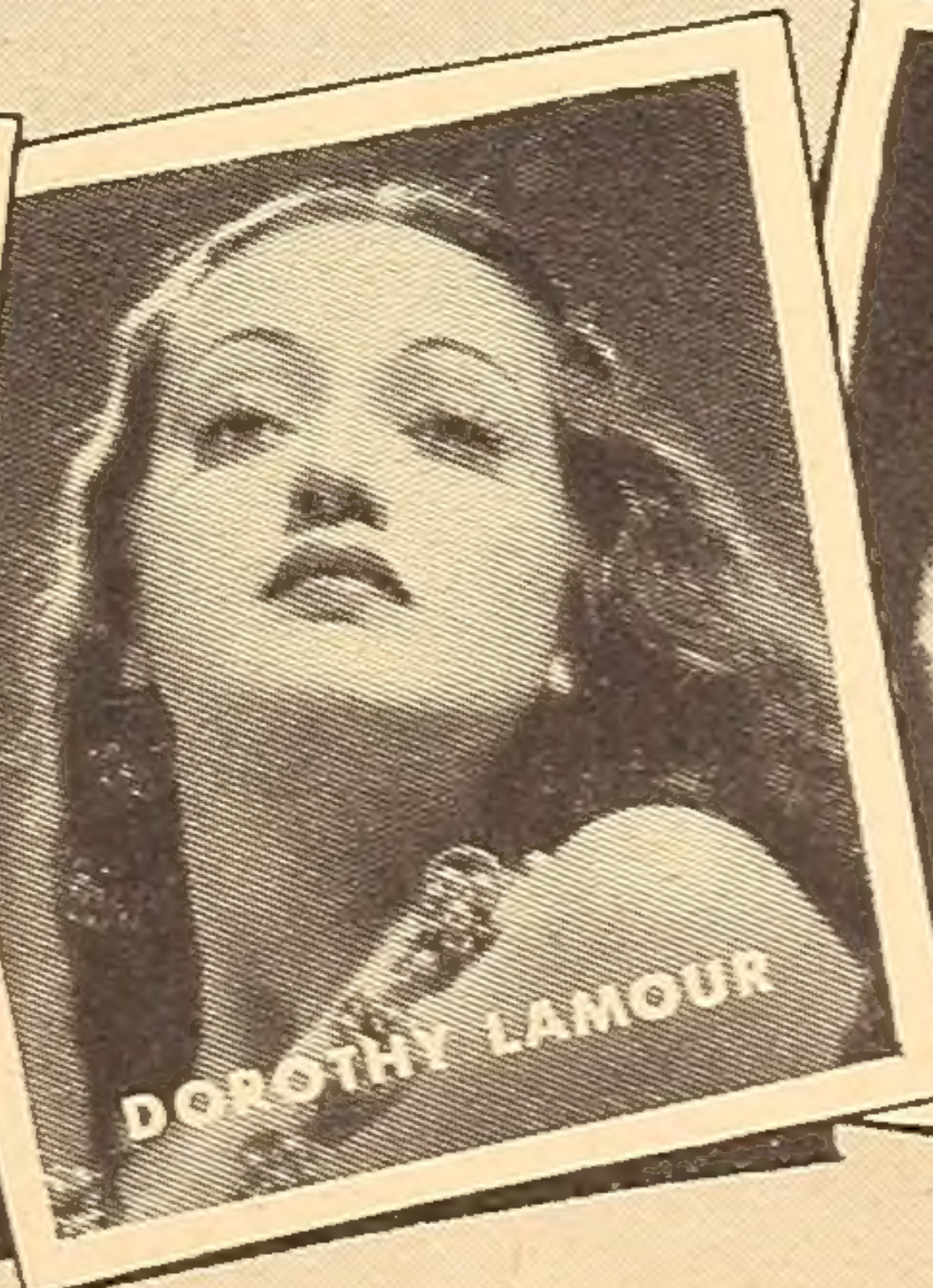
Lucky everybody who enjoys the finest in motion picture entertainment. For here's Paramount with a grand college football picture, **"THE QUARTERBACK"**, featuring Wayne Morris and Virginia Dale, directed by H. Bruce Humberstone. Yes, and Dorothy Lamour, Robert Preston, and Preston Foster in a heart-searing drama of the teakwood forests, **"MOON OVER BURMA"**, with Doris Nolan and Albert Basserman, directed by Louis King. Dick Powell and Ellen Drew in **"CHRISTMAS IN JULY"**, with Raymond Walburn, a completely new kind of comedy, written and



directed by Preston Sturges, whose "The Great McGinty" is the talk of the country. And, most exciting of all, the Claudette Colbert-Ray Milland starrer, **"ARISE MY LOVE"**, directed by Mitchell Leisen...Claudette's grandest heart-picture in years.



CLAUDETTE COLBERT



DOROTHY LAMOUR



VIRGINIA DALE

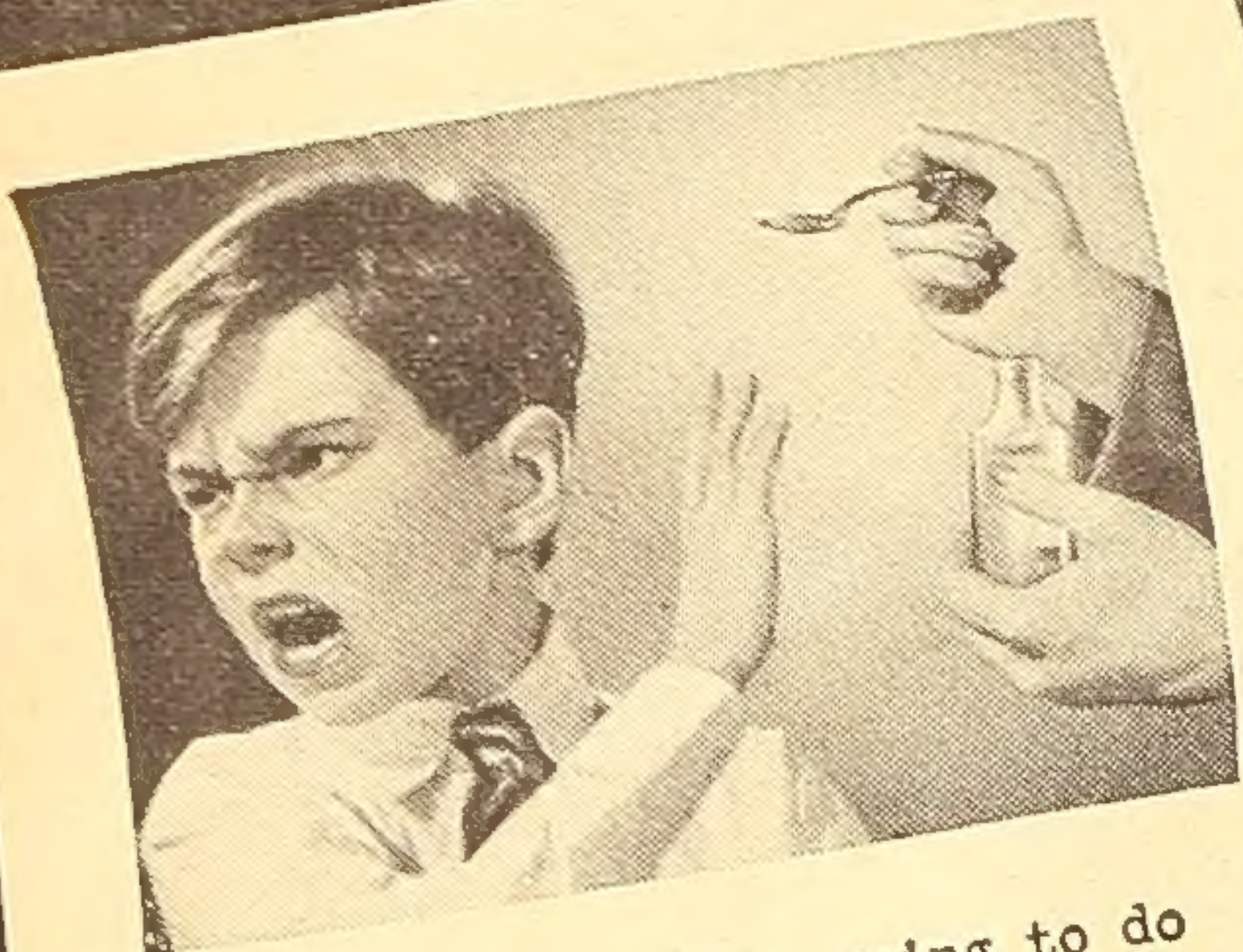


ELLEN DREW

...with the Loveliest Ladies in Hollywood to Entertain Him!



## Mrs. B--- Solves a Tough Problem



Don't know what I'm going to do with Jimmy! He needs a laxative badly, but he yells when I try to give him one.



Mrs. Jones, next door, suggested Ex-Lax for Jimmy. Gave him some tonight and he loved it. Said it tasted just like swell chocolate!



Jimmy's like a new boy today! Ex-Lax worked fine for him and he wasn't upset the way he usually is after taking a laxative. Wonderful - that Ex-Lax!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle*! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



# Tagging the Talkies

Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 58-59



**Kit Carson—Edward Small—United Artists**

An action-packed Western with Jon Hall in the rôle of *Kit Carson*, Indian fighter and Army scout. It's another exciting chapter in the winning of the West, associated with the daring adventures of *Carson*. It shows wagon trains and hostile Indians in the fight for California's independence. Hall fails fully to realize rôle of the brave *Kit*, but it has enough thrills and Indian whoop-de-do to make it entertaining. Lynn Bari's in the cast.



**Dance, Girl, Dance—RKO-Radio**

This is a romantic drama of backstage chorus girl life in which Maureen O'Hara plays a struggling young dancer and Lucille Ball plays *Bubbles*, a burlesque queen. Maureen is seen in artistic ballet sequences and Lucille does some torrid song and dance numbers which are plenty hot and we *mean* plenty hot! Louis Hayward is the rich playboy in whom both dancers are interested. Some may find the burlesque numbers carried too far.



**Hired Wife—Universal**

A lively comedy in which Rosalind Russell plays *Kendal Browning*, Brian Aherne's indispensable secretary. Brian has a weakness for blondes, Virginia Bruce in particular, but *Kendal*, who's in love with her boss, complicates things nicely to keep Brian from marrying Virginia—and gets her man. Hilarious situations and dialogue afford many laughs. Bob Benchley adds to fun. John Carroll is the lover who squares the triangle.



**The Return of Frank James—20th Century-Fox**

This sequel to "*Jesse James*," last year's popular film, continues the exploits of the notorious *James* boys and shows how *Frank James* avenges the cowardly murder of his brother. The picture starts off with scenes from the first film, showing the murder of *Jesse* by his traitorous friends, the *Ford* brothers (John Carradine and Charles Tannen). Henry Fonda is excellent as *Frank*. Other good performances by Gene Tierney, Jackie Cooper.



**He Stayed for Breakfast—Columbia**

Meant strictly for sophisticated audiences, the dialogue and situations in this bedroom farce, which pokes fun at communism, are hilarious. Melvyn Douglas plays a communist who hides in Loretta Young's apartment after taking a shot at her ex-husband, Eugene Pallette, a capitalist. While sheltering him, Loretta falls in love with *Paul* and he forgets the revolution. Loretta's gowns are something and can be blamed for *Paul* deserting his "party." Loretta and Douglas, excellent.



# Easier to fire Helen than to say "You Need Mum"



Young People—20th Century-Fox

Shirley Temple does her last picture for 20th Century-Fox and once more proves what a grand little troupier she is. It's a tale of a vaudeville team, composed of Jack Oakie and Charlotte Greenwood, who adopt Shirley, and retire from show business to settle down in a hostile, straight-laced town. They give up trying to make friends with the town's citizens until Jack becomes the town's hero. Oakie and Miss Greenwood, fine.



I Love You Again—M-G-M

Myrna Loy and William Powell, who appeared together in the "Thin Man" series, are reunited in this screamingly funny film which presents Bill as an amnesia victim. He's a sanctimonious small-town man who reverts to his former identity of nine years ago—a confidence man—when he's hit on the head. The situations are incredible, but that's what makes it the goofy picture it is. Myrna's good and charming, but Powell's at his best.



Dancing On a Dime—Paramount

This peppy screen musical is about a group of talented and ambitious youngsters who are stranded when the WPA Theatre Project is disbanded. They can't pay their rent so they move into an old theater. While dancing and clowning, they get the idea of putting on a show, and produce a hit. Not much of a story, but has catchy tunes, and the kids, Robert Paige, Grace McDonald, Peter Hayes, Eddie Quillan, work hard to entertain you.



## Life's more fun... success is surer... for the girl who guards her charm with Mum!

**W**HY didn't somebody tip Helen off? One of the other girls *could* have done it. But it's hard to mention a fault like underarm odor. That's why *every* girl should use Mum *each* day.

Nowadays in business—if a girl's not smart enough to know the penalties of offending, she's just not smart *enough*! It's so easy to understand that underarms perspire... that a bath, while it's grand for *past* perspiration, can't *prevent risk of odor to come!*

That task goes to Mum! For Mum is especially made to keep underarms fresh—not by stopping the *perspiration*—but by

neutralizing the *odor*. Mum guards the charm of thousands of girls each and every day.

**MUM SAVES TIME!** 30 seconds and you're through. Slip right into your dress.

**MUM SAVES CLOTHES!** The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. And you'll find Mum so safe, that even after underarm shaving it won't irritate your skin.

**MUM SAVES CHARM!** And charm is very important to any girl—in business—or in love! Get Mum at your druggist's today. Be sure *you're* safe from underarm odor. Use Mum *every* day!

## ON JOBS AND ON DATES—MUM GUARDS CHARM



**For Sanitary Napkins—**  
Thousands of women use Mum for Sanitary Napkins because they know that it's safe, gentle. Always use Mum this important way.



# MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION





WHEN you can't breathe through your nostrils because they are stopped up by a cold, insert a little Mentholatum. Soothing Mentholatum clears the mucus-clogged passages, lets in air. It clears the way for breathing comfort.

Opens  
**STOPPED-UP  
NOSTRILS**  
due to colds

**MENTHOLATUM**  
Gives COMFORT Daily

**Be an ARTIST**

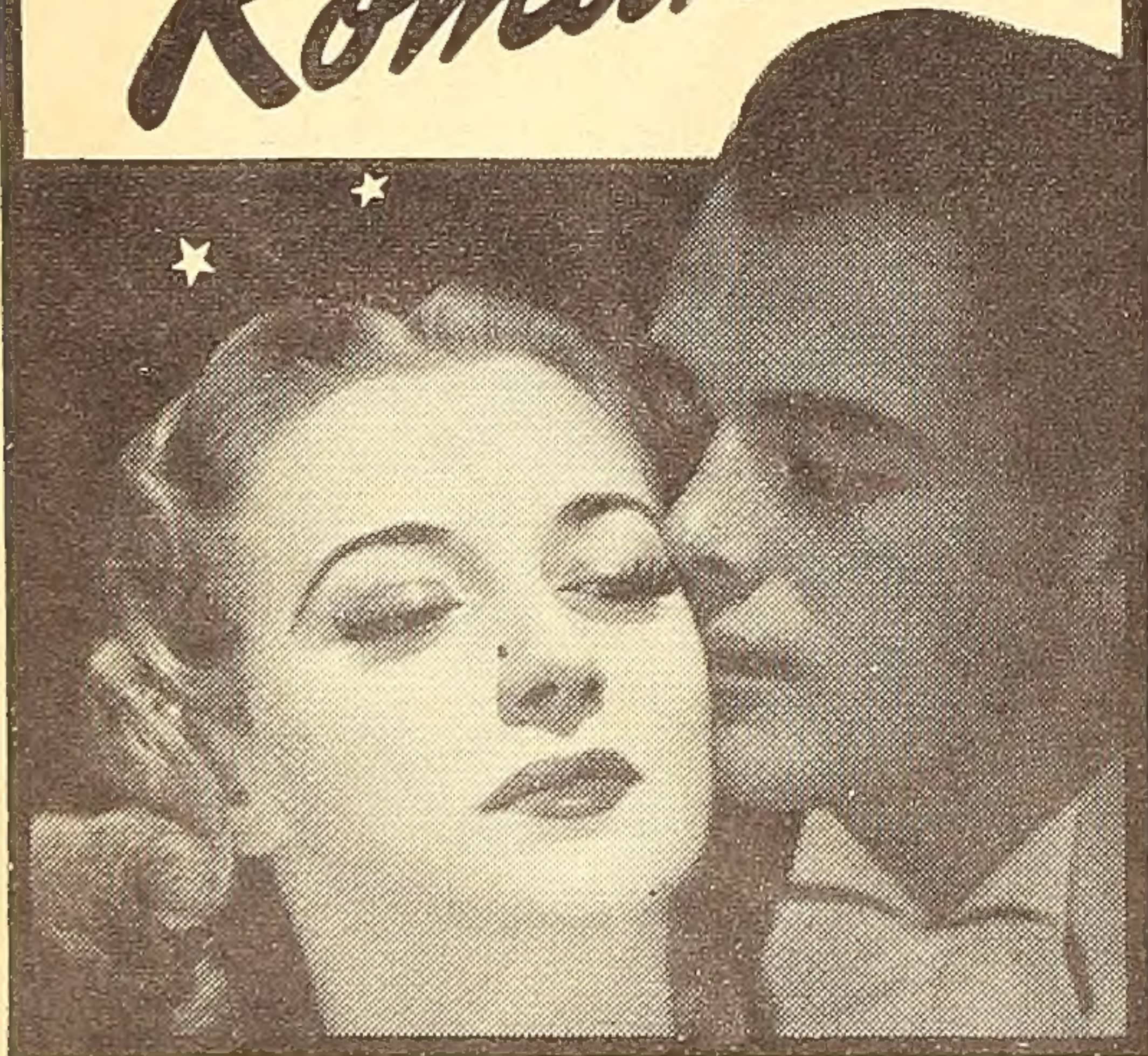
TRAIN AT HOME IN YOUR SPARE TIME!

Trained Artists are capable of earning \$30, \$50, \$75 a week. Our practical, spare-time training makes it fun to learn COMMERCIAL ART, ILLUSTRATING and CARTOONING all in one course. No previous training necessary. Write for details of course in free book, "Art for Pleasure & Profit". State age.

STUDIO 1711P, WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART  
1115-15th ST., N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.

**Make Your  
Eyes Whisper**

**"Romance"**



Every smart girl can possess that wide-eyed, limpid loveliness that adds so much to charm. The secret is KURLASH, the dainty eyelash curler. It curls back lashes from your eyes in a half-minute jiffy — minus heat, cosmetics or practice. Makes eyes appear brighter, larger, lovelier. \$1.00

KURLENE, the scientific oily-base cream, keeps company with Kurlash! Stroked on lashes and brows, to enhance their dark luxuriant beauty. \$.50

**KURLASH**

The Only Complete Eye-Beauty Line

THE KURLASH COMPANY, INC.

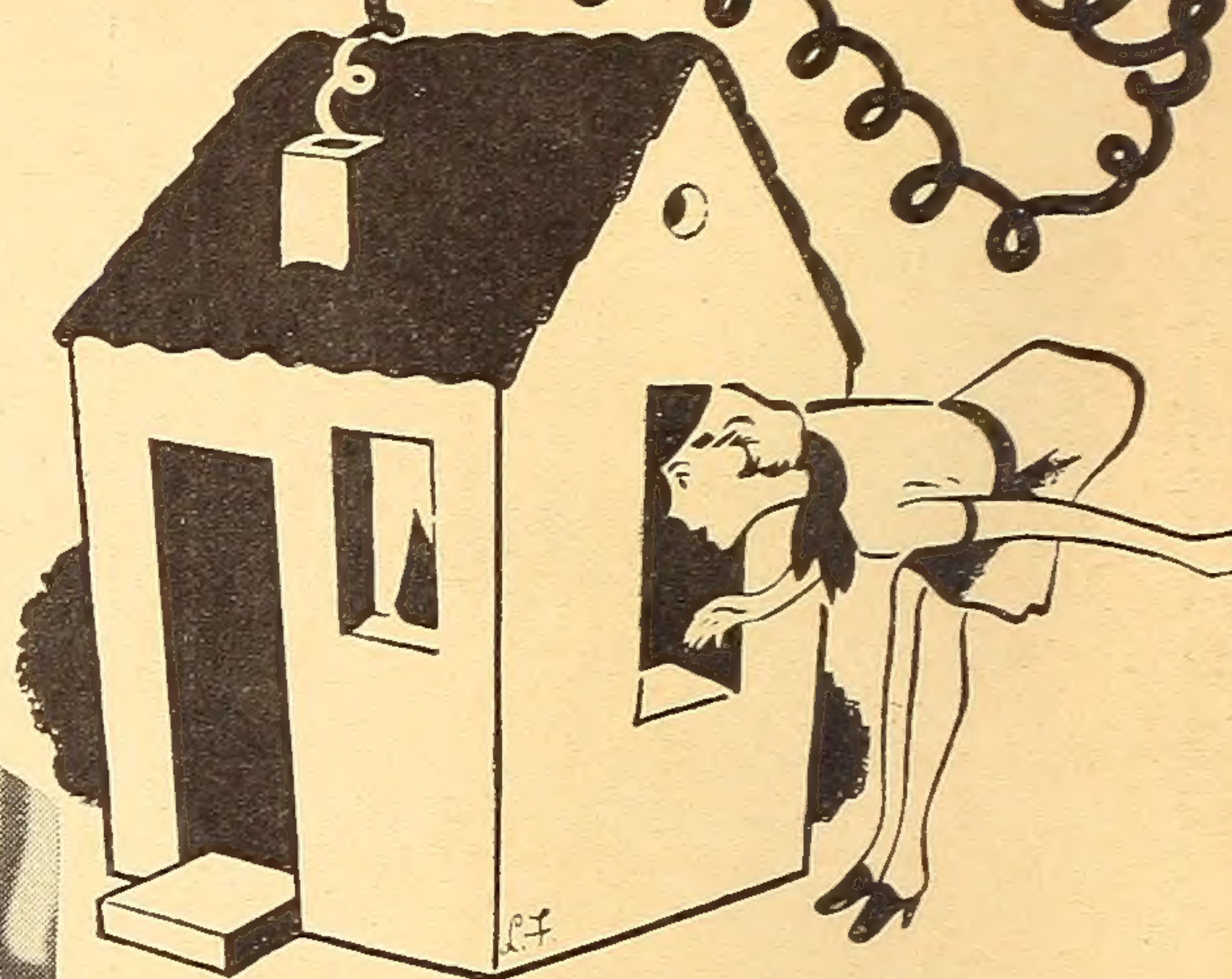
ROCHESTER, N. Y. CANADA, TORONTO 3

Write Jane Heath, Dept. B11, for generous trial tube of Kurlene (send 10c in coin or stamps). Receive free chart analysis of your eyes and how to make the most of them.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Color: Eyes \_\_\_\_\_ Hair \_\_\_\_\_ Skin \_\_\_\_\_

By  
**Betty  
Boone**

*Inside the Stars' Homes*



Photos by A. L. Shafer, Columbia Pictures



**Rita Hayworth's original ideas for interior decorating are as luscious as she looks! Don't miss that spaghetti recipe**

THE young Frank Judsons—Mrs. Judson is better known as Rita Hayworth—bought their home before it was quite finished, so they had all the fun of deciding on its decoration. They selected paint, wood and wallpaper, and Rita, who has a flair for design, could start at scratch with each room.

They've lived in their house now for two years, but it still looks as delightfully fresh and new as a bride's house. Outside it's white frame and stone with flagged walk and green lawn, set on a street of attractive California houses. There's a garden full of flowers all year round—wouldn't you expect Rita to have gardenias in her front







One of the screen's real beauties, Rita is also a real home-maker. See, on facing page, her table set with amusing mats she crocheted herself. Left, her Mexican dancing hat now used as a decoration. Above, in her white-and-beige bedroom.

yard? Well, she has bushes laden with them. Every time you go to see her, you'll find bowls of them inside.

"We loved doing the house," confided Rita, very smart in an ice blue wool sports dress. "I think if I hadn't been an actress, I'd have gone in for interior decorating. It's fascinating! This house is modern Colonial, but it's adapted to almost any style. My living room is Swedish modern,

the dining room and my bedroom are French, my husband's room is early American, the den is English, the back patio is California-Mexican, and the kitchen is modern American."

It may sound like a wild mixture, but it doesn't look like one. The rooms harmonize beautifully. The sand-colored rugs in hall, dining room and living room, the gleaming white of the woodwork and the Venetian

blinds make a neutral, common background.

"I like warm colors in a living room," she explained. "The couch here was first a sort of ashes of roses, but it looked dirty and dull, so I changed it to dubonnet; that chair was an ashen rose too, but now it's tomato red."

There are chairs of deep turquoise and clear lemon yellow, and two turquoise vases  
(Continued on page 96)

*It's so  
good*

*for so long*

because it's filled with flavor through and through  
Tastier? Yes. More enjoyable for a longer time? You bet!  
That's why you'll like Beech-Nut Gum. The finest flavors  
are mixed through and through to bring you a wealth of  
fine flavor. Your choice of 7 delicious varieties.

Full-flavored Peppermint, Spearmint, Oralgum  
4 flavors of BEECHIES (Candy Coated)  
Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin, Cinnamon

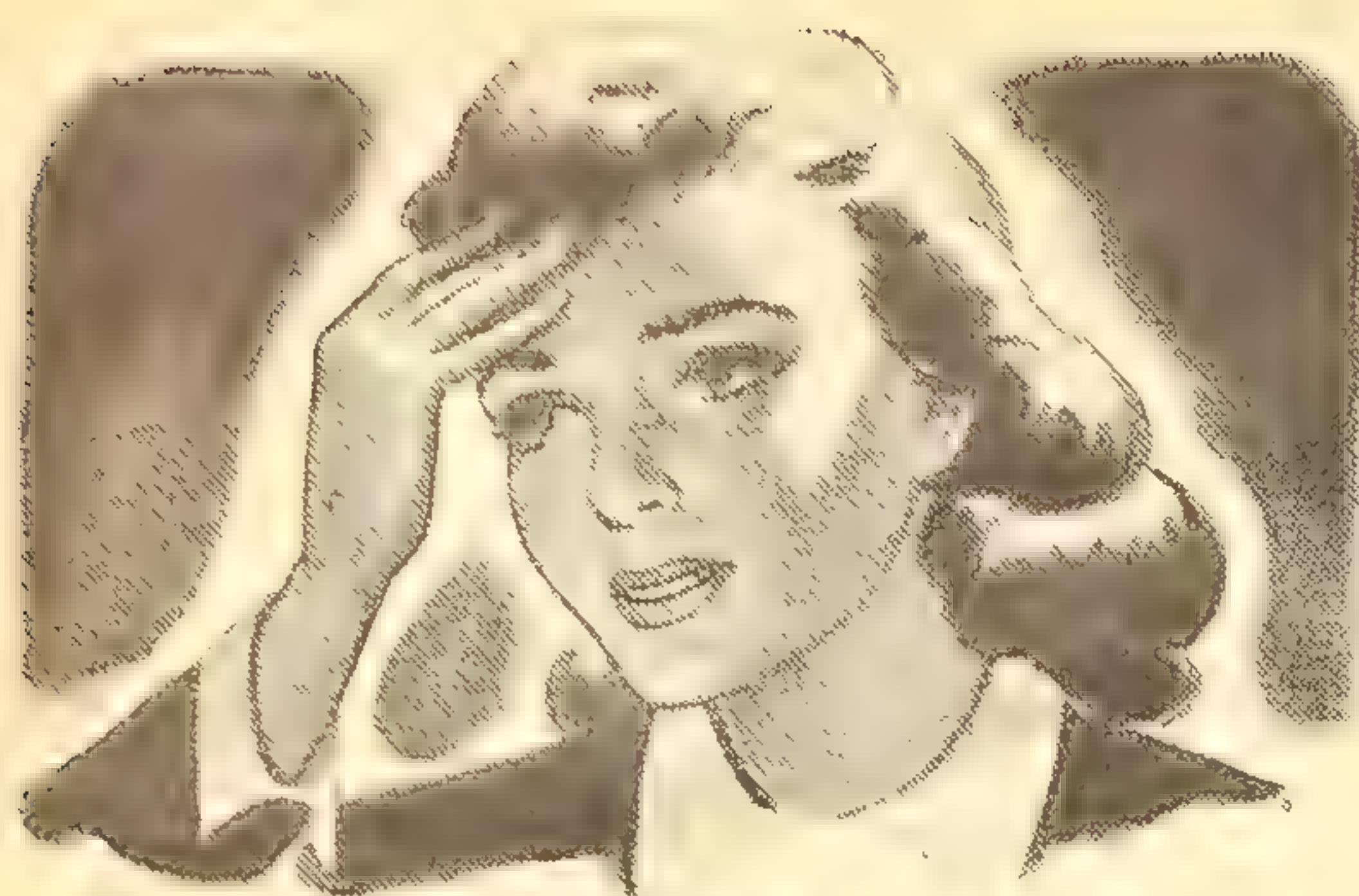
COME ONE! COME ALL!  
See the N.Y. World's Fair  
Be sure to visit the Beech-  
Nut Building. If you drive  
near the lovely Mohawk  
Valley of New York, stop  
at Canajoharie and see  
how Beech-Nut products  
are made.

**Beech-Nut Gum**



*One of America's GOOD habits*





## YOUR "TIME TO SUFFER?"

Take a hint from millions of women  
—remember it's time for MIDOL

Midol is a new formula developed for one purpose—to relieve the functional pain of menstruation. Millions of women who have learned about Midol now find they can face their trying days without dread, and live through them in active comfort.

Try Midol, to know how much relief and physical freedom you're missing without its help. Midol contains no opiates. One comforting ingredient is prescribed frequently by thousands of doctors. Another ingredient, *exclusively in Midol*, increases the relief by reducing spasmodic pain peculiar to the menstrual period.

If you have no organic disorder demanding surgical or medical treatment, Midol should help you. If it doesn't, consult your doctor. Five Midol tablets, enough for a convincing trial, only 20¢; 12 tablets for 40¢. All drugstores.



RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN

## BUNIONS

Enlarged or Tender Joints. Quick Relief!

Stop suffering! Get New Super-Soft Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Lift shoe pressure. Soothe, cushion the sensitive area. 630% softer than before! Don't come off in bath. Cost but a trifle. At all Drug, Shoe, Dept. stores, Toilet Goods counters.

NEW Super-Soft

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads



## WAKE UP YOUR EYE BEAUTY!



No matter what you've tried, see how much more inviting and glamorous your eyes look with the amazing new CAMILLE CREAM MASCARA. Gives you shimmering, longer-looking lashes. Makes your eyes irresistibly appealing. No water needed; smearproof, stingproof, tearproof. And the smart colored vanity keeps your purse clean. Try CAMILLE today!

Brown, Black, Blue at all 10c stores,  
or send 10c (15c in Canada) coin  
or stamps to Dept. S.

**CAMILLE**

49 EAST 21st STREET, N. Y. C.

10¢ Complete with  
tube, brush  
and vanity.



## The Cat That Lives on Hollywood Boulevard

WICKED Hollywood? Right smack in the middle of that legendary lane is a cluttered hardware store window. Nails, seeds, ant-poison, tools. And in the midst of all this miscellany, complacently snoozes a fat, striped tabby-cat. She is highly prized by the proprietor, as witness her special velvet mat. And well she should be, for before the acquisition of the cat, some two years now, no one noticed this anachronistic note on the Boulevard. They were all hurrying into the Gotham next door, or Grauman's. Chinese just down the street. But now, not only do the famous stars stop to admire this sleek beauty, but many of our leading citizens make this window the objective of their nightly stroll with their dogs. Meanwhile, the object of all this attention continues to yawn in her superior fashion, feeling that not many cats can live in a window on Hollywood Boulevard.





# Hot from Hollywood

Continued from page 6

ON CLOSE inspection Hollywood is a colossal study in cross purposes. Movie personalities surround themselves with every known device for keeping healthy and active by making exercise a convenient essential. Then, on the other hand, all the benefits of swimming-pools and riding horses are offset by efforts to surround themselves with every labor-saving device yet invented. In a well-known star's new home you are relieved of even opening doors. Every one throughout the house is automatically opened by an electric eye when you approach it and closed when you leave it.

JEAN ARTHUR flew into an honest-to-goodness tantrum when her pet burro, which she acquired while making "Arizona," was detained at the state border. Jean goes sentimental over animals and when she thought her new pal, Lazarus Ward, (that's the burro's name) was going to be refused entry she went to bat for him. Her fears were unfounded, however. The only reason Lazarus was detained was that he was so amusing that the officials hated to part with him. They delayed him at their station for a couple of days just for the laughs he gave them.

NOW that Ida Lupino has made such a hit in her rough and ready rôle in "They Drive by Night," she has been typed to such an extent that she is threatened with becoming our newest rough thrill artist. Walking along an edge of a lake in "High Sierra" Humphrey Bogart is supposed to playfully push her into the water. He nudged her and Ida made the scene overly realistic. She fell into the lake, hit her head on a submerged rock, and knocked herself out completely.

DID you know that the biggest movie showhouse in Japan is named the Gary Cooper Theater? . . . You can criticize Dorothy Lamour's acting but certainly not her generosity. She gave a San Francisco check-room girl \$150 for finding her misplaced fur cape.

IT WAS at Ciro's, and every appointment in the beautiful night club was as glamorous as could be. Mary Pickford sparkled her dazzling best for her guests. They were properly appreciative and very much amused each time the *maitre d'hotel* leaned over Mary's shoulder and asked if the service was satisfactory. Mary, with an impatient flutter of hands, dismissed him each time with an assurance that everything was fine. When the guests began to titter audibly at this little game, Mary looked up at the man for the first time. There, playing the solicitous *maitre d'hotel* stood Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., grinning down at her. Mary, not a little flustered, joined her guests in the good-natured giggling in the joke on herself.

WHENEVER Mitchell Leisen directs a picture, you'll find, in a bit part, or among the atmosphere players, a small blonde woman who seems completely at ease amid all the complicated excitement of a movie set. She hasn't missed being in one of Leisen's pictures—for more than seven years. Once, you could have heard her name glibly mentioned in every remote corner of the globe. No one seems to know her now. She's Jean Acker, once the wife of world-renowned Rudolph Valentino.

"Oh Darling  
it's lovely!"



**Heading for a Wedding?**

WHEN romance beckons, the smart choice is a genuine registered Keepsake Diamond Engagement Ring. You'll always be proud of its time-honored quality and distinguished styling. The Certificate of Quality and Registration protects you from an unwise choice. There's a Keepsake for every taste and purse. Extended payments can usually be arranged. Ask your jeweler to show you the new matched sets.

**Keepsake**  
GENUINE REGISTERED  
DIAMOND RINGS  
Rings enlarged to show details.

Before you announce your engagement write for book!

BARRINGTON Set 157.50  
Engagement Ring 150.00

ROXANA Set 107.50  
Engagement Ring 100.00

SERENE Set 62.50  
Engagement Ring 50.00

MARLBORO Set 212.50  
Engagement Ring 150.00

Keepsake Diamond Rings  
A. H. Pond Co., Inc.  
214 S. Warren St., Syracuse, N. Y.  
Please send the valuable book, "Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding." I enclose 10 cents to cover mailing expense.  
Name.....  
Street and No.....  
City..... SL-11-40

YOU'LL keep right on hearing that Marlene Dietrich is squashing all of her daughter Maria's acting ambitions. You'd understand why if you could see Maria now. She's a very adult young woman. . . . Now that Charlotte Greenwood is again doing fancy acrobatics with those famous legs of hers, she has taken out \$50,000 worth of insurance on them. . . . George Raft has just been conceded a minor Hollywood distinction—he has the smallest foot of any male star in motion pictures.

THE Hays office never got wise to the most extraordinary test that was ever filmed in Hollywood. If they had, it would never have been photographed. John Carradine plays a drunk in "Chad Hanna." The character had to be a convincing drunk, so Carradine implored the producer of the picture to allow him to make a test when he was actually blotto. He wanted to see himself that way and study his movements and reactions. (All for art, mind you!) Nunnally Johnson, the producer, consented. Watch for this bit of experimental realism on the screen.

WAIT till all-you girls see Tyrone in his new picture, "The Californian." You're all going to be envious of his chance to wear a wardrobe of beautiful and expensive silks and brocades. As a dandyish early California bandit his wardrobe will set 20th Century-Fox back more than \$15,000. That amount would more than dress a couple of glamor girls in a super-sophisticated picture. Ty usually spends about \$500 on clothes for an ordinary film. Watch for complete fictionization of this film in our next issue.

THE almost constant sessions of lawyers with Maureen O'Hara and her mother concern the vital questions of how to annul the marriage to the young man Maureen left behind in England. Her assistant director spouse and Maureen never lived together as man and wife, yet until she appears in London, in person, no steps can be taken to make her single again. It may be years before she is able to return to England. The only recourse will be to resort to divorce proceedings, which can be filed here.

SURPRISE parties in Hollywood usually have their share of eye opening sensations. However, the uncontested sight of the month, bar none, was the appearance of rotund Jack Oakie at Graham Baker's surprise birthday party. Guests were requested to come in kiddy get-ups. Jack arrived wearing nothing but a snow-white abbreviated diaper! He made an impressive infant, all pink and dimpled—every ounce of the whole 250 pounds of him.

IT WAS very embarrassing for the foreign actress being interviewed over the air, but it was an incident that just naturally brought a chuckle. The interviewer, to lighten the trend of the questioning, facetiously asked, "What trio of ham actors rose to fame by their dancing and singing?" He was referring, of course, to the three little pigs. The foreign girl didn't hear the word *ham*, and started to enumerate, "George Raft, and . . ." The ensuing uproar of laughter immediately drowned her out. She still doesn't realize why what she said was so funny.

(Continued on page 15)





# SCREENLAND HONOR PAGE

Applause for a great American motion picture: "The Howards of Virginia"

All honor to Frank Lloyd, Cary Grant, Martha Scott, Richard Carlson



Frank Lloyd, the beautiful boyhood of Colonial Virginia, who is the first of the great Howard family.

Star Cary Grant, in the great role of a free-lance who becomes a member of Virginia's House of Burgesses, gives great performance.







Judy Garland has reached the age where she can play romantic rôles. Above, in her starring part in "Little Nellie Kelly," in which she and George Murphy play Irish sweethearts.

## Hot from Hollywood

Continued from page 13

**J**ACKIE COOPER please take a hint! Everyone knows how fond you are of playing the drums and everyone knows how good you are. However, when you take out a swell girl like Bonita Granville and allow her to sit *alone* at a table for two while you spend an hour or more swinging out with the orchestra boys, she's apt to get just a little annoyed. Maybe you'll realize how the girls feel when some night you return to your table to find your date has waltzed out on the arm of some other young buck and left you flat.

**T**HE most amusing chuckle in town at the moment is once again on Sam Goldwyn. He met Betty Grable at a Hollywood party and was very profuse in his praise of the amazing success she has had lately. "If I could only have found you," Sam went on, "I would have starred you in musicals long ago." Betty went weak at the unexpectedness of the praise, and with good reason. She didn't have the nerve to tell Mr. Goldwyn that she had once been under contract to him for two whole years. Don't miss Betty's next picture, "Down Argentine Way." She does the rumba in it.

**D**ID you ever see it to miss in Hollywood? It's always the smallest, most insignificant things that, without fail, are the actual starters of streaks of good luck and good fortune. It happened quite by accident that an M-G-M big shot saw George Murphy all dressed up in a handsome policeman's outfit for a costume party, and immediately put George into "Little Nelly Kelly." George was so impressive as a good-looking officer that you soon can expect to see him in a series of cops and robbers stories. His studio is dusting off a number of them that they own.

**A**LWAYS eager to do something different—that's Irene Dunne! When she had some free time for a late summer vacation, she and her husband, Dr. Griffin, decided to motor incognito through the northern part of the state. They remained unknown, all right! In fact, so pitifully unrecognized in their old clothes and rented car that when they got stuck with the old jalopy on a deserted mountain road it took a whole day to persuade one passing car to stop and give them some aid. That was one time that Irene Dunne, the movie star, was ignored by her public.

**C**URT BOIS, whom you'll remember as the comedy tailor in "Boom Town," adds another incident to the interesting, ever-growing commentary on Hollywood. For a solid year he didn't get one day's work in pictures. Then came his performance in "The Lady in Question," which was hailed as a most brilliant portrayal. The following day he was showered with offers of jobs, praise, and countless telegrams, messages and letters. The most amusing to Curt was one from his laundry. "Congratulations," it said, "we knew you'd do it, you only needed the right opportunity. We knew we'd never lose one of our best customers!"

**A**LL of Hollywood is mulling the identity of the actor who has taken to flying a kite from atop the Plaza Hotel at Hollywood and Vine. It sounds to me as if it might be Orson Welles. . . . Propaganda favoring Latin lovers: Desi Arnaz' studio gives out that he dislocated four vertebrae in a love scene with Ann Miller in "Too Many Girls." Whew! . . . Did you know that every fourth pay check of both John Payne and his pretty wife, Anne Shirley, goes into a trust fund for the new addition to their family?

**A**FEW years back Clark Gable owned a very swanky car. The body was low-slung, with dazzling chromium from stem to stern. The gaudy paint job made the car recognizable blocks away. Clark finally had to give up his foreign-made pet because it attracted too much attention. Now the Gable stigma still clings to the machine. It's owned by an executive of a large corporation here. He uses it, specifically, to show visiting officials about Southern California. They get a big kick out of riding in a car once owned by Clark Gable.

(Continued on page 17)

## FEMININE HYGIENE

**NOW  
LASTS  
HOURS**



**Amazing  
suppositories  
continuous in  
action for hours.  
SAFE in action!**

● Wherever you go you hear women willing to rave about a wonderfully advanced method of feminine hygiene. A dainty method that is safe—gives continuous action for hours without the use of poison—yet kills germs at contact.

Called Zonitors—these dainty, snow white suppositories spread a greaseless protective coating. To kill germs, bacteria on contact. To cleanse antiseptically. To deodorize—not by temporarily masking—but by destroying odor.

Zonitors are most powerful continuous-action suppositories. Yet entirely gentle to delicate tissues. Non-caustic, contain no poison. Don't burn. Even help promote healing.

Greaseless, Zonitors are completely removable with water. Nothing to mix, no apparatus needed. Come 12 in package individually sealed in glass bottles. Get Zonitors at druggists. Follow this amazingly safe way in feminine hygiene women are raving about.



revealing booklet, sent in plain envelope, write Zonitors, Dept. 2109 A Chrysler Bldg., New York City

**GIVEN AWAY!**  
SEND NO MONEY  
—Guaranteed To Please—  
Simulated Cameo set Ring with 1/30-14k rolled gold plate shank or simulated Cameo double picture Locket FOR selling 4 boxes Rosebud Salve at 25c each. Order 4 salve. Post Card will do ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., BOX 169 WOODSBORO, MARYLAND.

**Class Pins and Rings**  
Artistic pins, rings and emblems for classes and clubs. Attractive prices 30c up. Finest quality, gold plated, silver, etc. Over 300 designs.  
**FREE CATALOG**  
Dept. W, METAL ARTS CO., Inc., Rochester, N. Y.

# URGENT!

message to women suffering functional

## FEMALE WEAKNESS

Few women today are free from some sign of functional trouble. Maybe you've noticed YOURSELF getting restless, moody, nervous, depressed lately—your work too much for you—

Then why not try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to help quiet weary, hysterical nerves, relieve monthly pain (cramps, backache, headache) and

weak dizzy spells due to functional disorders.

For over 60 years Pinkham's Compound has helped hundreds of thousands of weak, run-down, nervous "ailing" women and girls to go smiling thru "difficult days." **WORTH TRYING!**







Whoever saw a "fashion plate" with rough, chapped lips? *Smart* lips must have the smooth sheen of glossy red silk. So don't risk Lipstick Parching! Take advantage of the protection offered by Coty "Sub-Deb." This amazing Lipstick actually helps to soften...while it brightens your lips with the season's ultra-smart, ultra-brilliant colors!

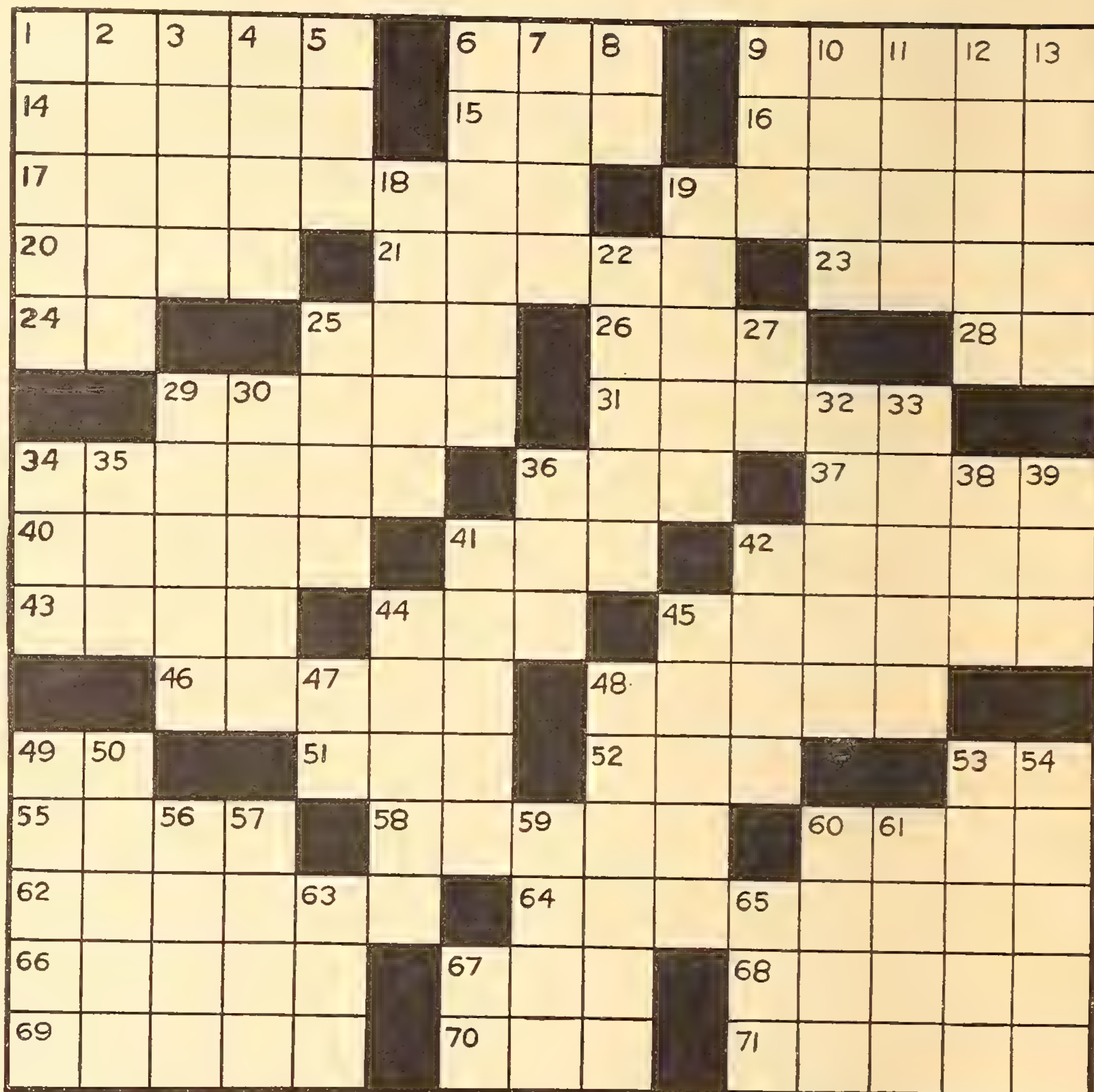
#### THRILLING RANGE OF 9 SHADES!

You'll like the dramatic shades of "Sub-Deb" Lipsticks! Newest of many grand shades is *Magnet Red*...very dashing, very red.



# SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



#### ACROSS

1. She laughed in "Ninotchka"
6. Star of "The Ghost Breakers"
9. His new one is "No Time for Comedy"
14. In an audible voice
15. To be indebted to
16. To lessen, moderate
17. She's Mrs. Dick Powell
19. Star of "Down Argentine Way"
20. Small parcels of land
21. Files
23. Act
24. And (Fr.)
25. Possess
26. Open (poetic)
28. Means of transportation (Abbrev.)
29. He played the title rôle in "Raffles"
31. She's featured in "Men Against the Sky"
34. He's featured in "Our Town"
36. Males
37. A dissipated man (Fr.)
40. Made of oats
41. Automobile
42. Brief rest
43. One who changes the color of fabrics
44. That girl
45. She won her laurels in "The Good Earth"
46. Judge Hardy
48. Article
49. Pa's wife
51. Enemy
52. Even (contraction)
53. To achieve
55. The first man
58. Co-star of "Honeymoon for Three"
60. On top of
62. Co-star in "Lucky Partners"
64. He's featured in "Rhythm on the River"

66. A long-necked bird
67. Co-star of "Honeymoon for Three"
68. Singing star of "The Boys from Syracuse"
69. Groups (said of animals)
70. Encountered
71. Thaws

#### DOWN

1. Co-star of "Boom Town"
2. To mete out; apportion
3. Underground part of a plant
4. Small, slightly sweetened cakes
5. Singular, unusual
6. She's featured in "Pride and Prejudice"
7. Nocturnal birds
8. Exist
9. Marmalade
10. Retired
11. A kind of spice
12. Anaesthetic
13. Shabby
18. *Ben Dalton* in "When the Daltons Rode"
19. A kind of tree
22. His new one is "Brigham Young"
25. A compartment for baking
27. Printers' measure
29. Special times on a calendar
30. To ward off
32. To draw off by degrees, as a fluid
33. Star of "He Stayed for Breakfast"
34. Kind of fish
35. He's featured in "Untamed"
36. She carried on in "My Little Chickadee"
38. To employ
39. Ever (contraction)
41. Good spirits

42. Acute discomfort
44. Social pretenders
45. Gable's rôle in "Gone With the Wind"
47. "The Return - - Frank James," a movie
48. Occupant of a house, etc.
49. Co-star of "Susan and God"
50. To worship
53. He played *Mr. Chips*
54. Uncloses
56. A gelatinous substance obtained from seaweeds
57. To repair
59. Sea eagle
60. Competent
61. Tax; fee
63. In the matter of (law)
65. A bad actor (slang)
67. Part of to be

#### Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

TARA	BEAKS	ALAN
AWED	ELVES	GONE
CABOT	LIE	FERNS
TYE	ELEANOR	EAT
CEMENT	POET	
ESCAPE	ODE	STAB
SNARL	GRIN	TAPE
SI	NEAL	ASIAN
APSE	LEAL	STERN
YEWS	ANN	PLENTY
ATOM	CREASE	
ERN	SOTHERN	MAT
VISTA	HOG	DAILY
ETON	ORRIN	REAP
RANT	HUSSY	ESSE





## Hot from Hollywood

Continued from page 15

NOT too many years ago Tyrone Power spent a good part of his spare time ushering at the Orpheum Theater in Cincinnati. He got about ten dollars a week for his efforts. Ever since he made his success, the management of the Orpheum has been trying to coax him to come back and make an appearance on the stage of that theater. At last, the moment seems destined to arrive. Tyrone's new picture 'The Californian' will world premiere at this theater and if possible Ty will make an appearance.

IT'S a kind of irony that is found only in Hollywood. Today on a set at RKO Fred Niblo, for a very modest salary, is portraying the rôle of a movie director in "I'm Still Alive." Fred Niblo once was one of Hollywood's highest paid directors.



"Bittersweet," the Noel Coward operetta about life in London and Vienna during the Gay Nineties, brings the two singing stars, above, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, together again. Jeanette appears as a Victorian belle, and Eddy as her voice coach. Bottom of page, a song and can-can dance number is performed by Muriel Goodspeed, Jeanette, and Pamela Randall.

OF ALL of Hollywood's male movie idols, Bob Taylor still causes the most spectacular stir among feminine hearts. When he suddenly appeared for a cooling dip at the swank Hotel Del Monte's Roman plunge just at lunchtime, the pool-side diners forgot all about their food. His two golf cronies, James Mack and Allan Miller, cavorted in the pool with him to an even more admiring feminine gallery than Errol Flynn can muster out at the West Side Tennis Club. Taylor stayed for lunch after his swim, and women soon filled every available table. They completely ignored their salads and just stared.

NEVER worry for a moment about Olivia de Havilland not having a head on her shoulders. Livvie was assigned the dull task of extracting money from parking lot customers at a Red Cross money-raising affair. She hit on a sure-fire scheme to squeeze some cash from the prosaic assignment. She charged fifty cents a tire for all parked cars. Spare tires, I might add, did not escape her; she charged for those, too.

*Blue Swan* **UNDIKINS**

*They're Sisters OVER the Skin*

featuring *Celanese*\* RAYON

★ **MINIKINS**

The smart modern "minimum" in panties. Band or Hollywood brief styles in *Celanese*\* rayon. 39c

★ **FLARIKINS**

A flare pantie of *Celanese* rayon which gives you freedom but keeps you fashionably sleek. 59c

★ **SMOOTHIKINS**

A band pantie which blends its lines with yours. Its silky smooth texture defies all chafing. *Celanese* rayon. 59c

★ **SLENDIKINS**

Newest sister OVER the skin, eliminates a lightweight girdle. Rayon-and-Laton\*. 59c

*They're all "ikin"*

THE NOBELT† WAISTBAND is the family tie that does NOT bind but fits like a glove and actually breathes with you. Guaranteed to last the LIFE of the pantie.

\*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. †Reg. App. For Pat. No. 2,182,251

*Blue Swan Mills, Inc.*

EMPIRE STATE BUILDING - NEW YORK  
MILLS - SAYRE, PA.



20th CENTURY-FOX HAS MADE THE GREATEST MUSICAL  
EXTRAVAGANZA EVER BROUGHT TO THE SCREEN!

# in **TECHNICOLOR!** **DOWN ARGENTINE WAY**



Introducing tantalizing, torrid voiced  
**CARMEN MIRANDA**  
She's terrific!

with  
**DON AMECHE**  
**BETTY GRABLE**  
**CARMEN MIRANDA**

and  
**CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD**  
J CARROL NAISH • HENRY  
STEPHENSON • KATHARINE  
ALDRIDGE • LEONID  
KINSKEY • CHRIS-PIN MARTIN  
Produced by Darryl F. Zanuck  
Associate Producer Harry Joe  
Brown • Directed by Irving  
Cummings • Screen Play by Darrell  
Ware and Karl Tunberg • Story by  
Rian James and Ralph Spence

Music and Lyrics: "Two Dreams Met",  
"Down Argentine Way" (Argentina),  
"Nenita", "Sing To Your Senorita"  
by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren

Songs Sung by Carmen Miranda:  
"South American Way", "Bambu",  
"Mamae Eu Quero", "Touradas Em  
Madrid"

The irresistible rhythms of Rhumbas and  
Congas! The glamorous spell of the Argentine!

A cast of stars brilliant as the Southern Cross!

Show-stopping new personalities! Romance —  
the South American way! The spectacular  
entertainment two continents have been waiting for!



# The Editor's Page

## An Open Letter to



Wendell L. Willkie, Republican candidate for President, is shown at left with Mary Pickford; below, among the audience at Radio City Music Hall in New York. Right, the Willkie grin which is making him a top "movie star."



Wide World



This is a fan letter. And I'm speaking for a couple of million other movie fans when I write it—for in the past few weeks we seem to have forsaken all other movie stars for you, sir—I even heard a woman in front of me at your "Information Please" saying, "He makes me feel like Clark Gable!" I see what she means.

At that Showplace of the Nation, Radio City Music Hall in New York City, you stopped the show when you "happened to drop in" to see yourself on the screen. The audience cheered you both on the screen and in the flesh. I've never seen or heard such a demonstration, not even for Robert Taylor. When you ambled onto the screen in a newsreel at the hardboiled Paramount on Broadway, the audience which rarely rises to cheer anyone except their favorite band-leader applauded, stamped, whistled and hurrah-ed, drowning out your voice but not, which is more important, your personality. Somehow the minute you step into a movie your geniality seems to flood the screen and spread right out into the audience—which responds as it has not responded to any other celebrity, not even excepting Valentino and Pickford.

And speaking of Pickford—who am I to contradict the great Mary, but I will, anyway—when she tells you, as reported, to "Give" more in your public appearances—apparently she tried to coach you while making a newsreel out in Colorado—I hope you won't

listen to her or anybody else. Let Tracy have the technique, and Montgomery keep the smooth diction. The audiences who cheer your every movie appearance—whether in the glib "Information Please" or the more informal newsreel pictures—get enough exhibitionism from others. They like you because you seem, from where they sit, to be giving an honest, unassuming performance of a good plain American. They like you so much just as you are, they may even be giving you an Academy Award one of these days.

Delight Evans



# HOLLYWOOD WHIRL



When Gary Cooper started whirling Merle Oberon around on the dance floor at the Grove, our cameraman raised his camera above his head and got this unusual shot of them.



"Come now, Mother!" is what Nelson Eddy seems to be saying to his ma, seated with him at a table at the Sand & Pool Club, as she finishes telling her B-I-G fish story.



Hollywood's newlyweds, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Lewis (Loretta Young), are shown smiling as they accept the congratulations of their friends at an intimate party at the Grove.



John Boles was caught by the camera as he chatted with Irene Dunne at a film party in the Coconut Grove when Eddy Duchin's famous orchestra opened its engagement there.



**Len Weissman, SCREENLAND'S** cameraman, and his candid camera are always on the spot whenever and wherever the screen stars gather—at the Del Mar Race Track, the Cocoanut Grove, the Sand & Pool Club—everywhere!



When John Barrymore attended the opening of his own picture, "The Great Profile," he was besieged by autograph hunters. And surprising as it may seem, John loved it.



Myrna Loy and hubby Arthur Hornblow, Jr., were among couples who danced to music of Clyde Lucas' band at the Grove when it opened its engagement at the famous night spot.



Pat O'Brien and Bing Crosby officiating at the Del Mar Race Track in which they own an interest. They welcomed the patrons and assured them of good, clean, honest fun.



Mary Martin and Bing Crosby entertained the guests at the party sponsored by Crosby at his Del Mar Race Track by singing numbers from their new film, "Rhythm On the River."







# CHARLIE'S MAD AGAIN!

**This time, the great Chaplin turns on dictators—and if ridicule can kill, they're corpses!**

**By Thomas Nord Riley**

THINGS look fine, Charlie Chaplin has never been so sore. When Mr. Chaplin gets sore he makes a motion picture. The sorer he gets the funnier the picture. This time he is so all-fired griped with a couple of foreigners he has spent a million bucks on a flicker called "The Great Dictator." If there is anything in the adage that ridicule can kill, there will be a couple of bodies, all right.

"It's going to be the comic masterpiece of all time," admits Jack Oakie when harried. "It's going to be the funniest thing anybody ever gandered, including the time grandma somersaulted down the cellar stairs with the cake batter." Mr. Oakie could be prejudiced. Mr. Oakie is in it.

It is Mr. Oakie who is giving us the lowdown on the picture and on Mr. Chaplin. It is time somebody did. More is known of the inlays in Garbo's teeth than of the whole of the most famous comedian in the world. He is polite, but remote. Myths cover him completely and eerily. He is said to be a mushy sentimentalist, a tightwad, a crusader, a *Hamlet* sort of bird. What are the meat-and-potato facts? How does he work? What kind of a boss is he? Is he tight, sentimental, or morose? Outside of Miss Goddard and a few relatives nobody is better implemented to squeal on Mr. Chaplin than Mr. Oakie who has just completed a four months' stand with Mr. Chaplin in Mr. Chaplin's personal haunts. Ostensibly, Mr. Oakie was at work, but most of the time he and Charlie were chasing each other around the lot. It turns out that this Mr. Chaplin is quite a character when you get to know him.

In "The Great Dictator" Charlie is shooting the works. It is his supreme effort. Everything the left-handed little comic has learned in fifty years of being funny has been poured into the job. He's even thumbed his nose at the Chaplin tradition. For example, he's using a cast of well-known actors: Oakie, Paulette Goddard, Billy Gilbert, Reginald Gardiner. And a new-fangled Hollywood gadget called a script is also being tried. Most important, "The Great Dictator" has a voice. Besides all these radical innovations are Mr. Chaplin's gags and situations. Every-one is his very own brainchild, guaranteed original, and you have never seen a brighter bunch of children either.

What has gotten Mr. Chaplin so infernally mad is the



Oakie and Chaplin talk it over on set of "The Great Dictator." Facing page, closeups of the caricatures and, top of page, Chaplin with Paulette Goddard, who plays the heroine.

way dictators belittle and harass human beings. Mr. Chaplin has a large respect for human dignity and he can't stand seeing it soiled. He gets sore. The last thing that got his dander up was machinery; it did dismal things to people. He became so aroused he made a picture called "Modern Times." It was a satirical dig calculated to stop the Machine Age dead in its tracks. A good many factories are running in spite of "Modern Times" but Charlie says they can't last. There'll be a helluva bust-up and then everything will be done by hand again, like it ought to be. However, Mr. Chaplin is angrier about dictators than he ever was about machines; consequently, "The Great Dictator" is undiluted murder, even if it is hilarious, for it is out to exterminate dictators with satire. It is a one-man attempt to laugh them out of their jobs.

The plot is this: A little Jew is mistaken for a dictator of a great nation and is compelled to carry on in the rôle. It is passed around that Mr. Chaplin was smitten by this theme whilst strewn languorously on the beach of Carmel. He has had upwards of ten million ideas since "Modern Times," but only this one took. Mr. Chaplin has been more or less wacky ever since, and, if we can put any stock in Mr. Oakie, the whole studio got the same way. Happy, that is, but nuts.

Up to now we have not mentioned the name of THAT CERTAIN PERSON, but it is no use being coy any longer. Mr. Chaplin will impersonate that loud Austrian paper-hanger you have been reading about—Adolf Hitler. In doing it Mr. Chaplin is running a good chance of being blitzkrieged, although Mr. Hitler could do a little blushing himself when it comes to this impersonating business. He started it long ago when he grew a facsimile of Mr. Chaplin's counterfeit mustache. The Italian lion, Mussolini, will be reduced to a kitten by our Mr. Oakie, who is hep to dictators. "It's a cinch," he says, "impersonating those guys, Hitler and Mussolini. Anybody could do it. They're just a coupla actors—acting, all the time acting. For the Mussolini part all I had to do was to remember the newsreel shots of him. But Stalin! Now *there* you have a tough child. He's not in the picture because he never *does* anything; there isn't anything a body can mimic. He just sits behind that walrus make-up, deadpan as a corpse, never so much as clicking his bridge-work. If Charlie'd said, 'Oakie, you go be Stalin,' they'd had me where the hair's short.

"When Chaplin called me on the phone and asked me how I'd like being in the picture, I like to swoon right there!" Mr. Oakie paused to pat his flourishing bay-window. "I figured with a fine (Please turn to page 93)



# *In* DEFENSE *of* HOLLYWOOD



BY  
*Claudette Colbert*





Above, Claudette with Ray Milland in latest film, "Arise, My Love." In other scenes here with Ameche, MacMurray, Cooper, Barrymore, Stewart, and Tracy.

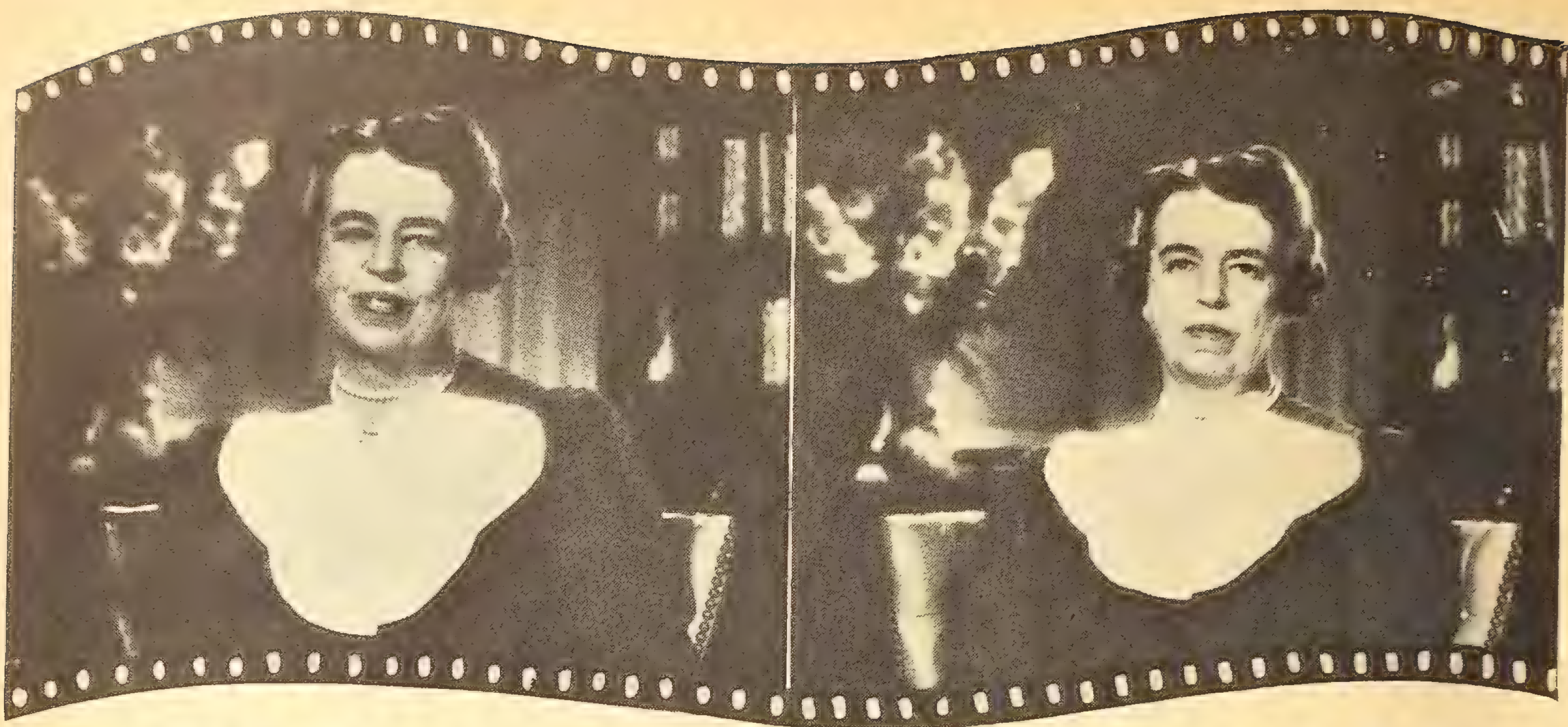
## Hollywood Men! Are they heels, hams, conceited fools? Let Claudette, who's played opposite 'em all, tell you the truth

THE Hollywood man, for the past few years, has been getting a major kicking around. Hardly a day passes but someone, with an air of magnificent boredom, calls him quote a heel, a ham, a cad, a coward, and a conceited fool unquote. In fact, the movie male has been called practically everything except a he-man. There seems to be some rule against that. As these detractors usually turn out to be slightly green-eyed men with receding hair and advancing chins, and no more charm than a gum-drop, I am inclined to believe that there is a little dash—a soupçon—of jealousy involved. Now it so happens that I have been kept pretty busy playing in pictures (good heavens, get me a piece of wood to knock on) these past few years and I feel that I can speak with authority regarding the Hollywood leading man. I have worked with Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Ray Milland, Gary Cooper, Don Ameche, Henry Fonda, Jimmy Stewart, Fred MacMurray, Charles Boyer, Herbert Marshall, Ronald Colman, Fredric March and Melvyn Douglas, quite a gathering (*Please turn to page 94*)



**As Told to Elizabeth Wilson**





# “FIRST LADY”

**Eleanor Roosevelt's first experience as a player on a real movie set, not in a newsreel, presents a new and gracious picture of the versatile First Lady**

FIVE months ago Eleanor Roosevelt was an hour late for an appointment, and what an unheard of thing that was! Miss Malvina Thompson, her trusted secretary, struggled in vain to awaken the First Lady's conscience in regard to the unfairness of keeping other people waiting.

Eleanor was adamant. "Suppose I am late," she said naughtily. "Then what? They'll just have to wait, that's all. I'm having fun, and I don't want to lose a minute of it. I'm not going to hurry."

What Mrs. Roosevelt was doing was watching the finishing scenes of a one-reel motion picture film that Arthur Leonard was directing, picturing Dave Ellman's "Hobby Lobby," so popular on the air. She, herself, had just taken part: telling about the hobbies of the White House family. It was her first experience as a player on a real movie set, not in a newsreel, and with "screen make-up" on. She was as charmed as a child.

In the newsreels they always photograph her "just as I am," and "sometimes I am shocked when I see myself," she had told Ira Senz, the honored make-up man, as he studied her face and selected his colors. But I have learned that the cameramen have another way of putting it. "She is the easiest woman to photograph in the world. She has no vanity," as Neil Sullivan of Pathe News describes it. He has photographed her over 100 times, and has had a chance to weigh her "co-operative-ness" with that of queens and princesses.

"I love anything that is new to me," she told Mr. Ellman, as they sat in comfortable studio chairs talking about the series of pictures which he hopes to make. "This is new to me and I love every minute of it."

A few weeks later, on July 17th to be exact, (remember that date? Something rather important was going on in Chicago at that moment)—Eleanor Roosevelt was again waiting in the big, cavernous studio where she had made



Mrs. Roosevelt makes her movie debut in Dave Ellman's "Hobby Lobby," telling about the hobbies of the White House family. At right, Mr. Ellman and director Leonard study the First Lady for camera angles.





# IN MOVIE DEBUT!

By

**Betty Shannon**

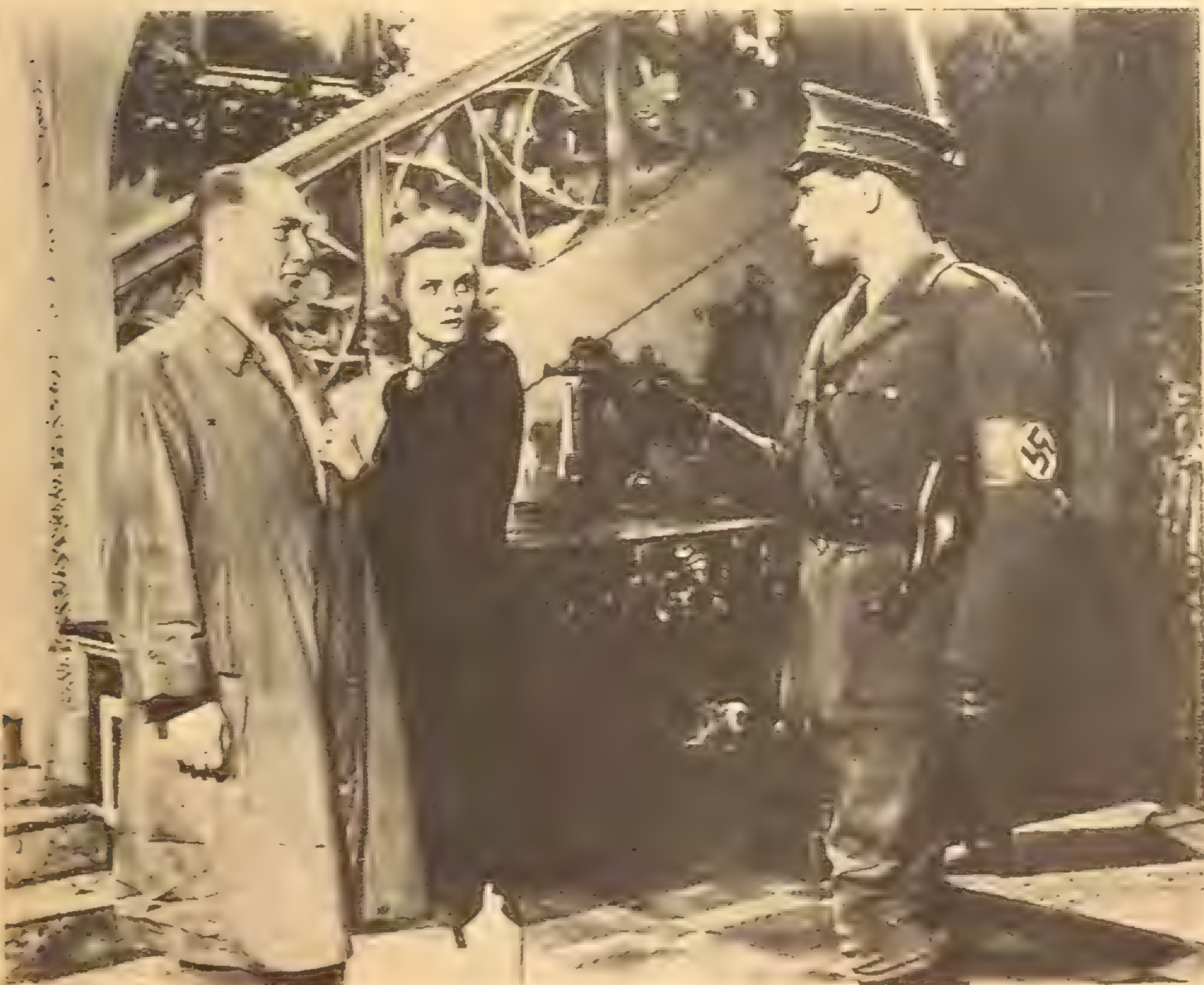
her screen "debut"—but this time she was taking a star part. She was playing the solo rôle as an ambassadress of good-will in behalf of a "forgotten" movie with a brave, unforgettable theme, which had been lying around the shelves of American film vaults for two years, because the old-time motion picture distributors in this country had considered it "dangerous." Though the same distributors did agree that it was a good motion picture.

She was going to do a prologue for the powerful English-made picture, "Pastor Hall," written by the late Ernst Toller and based on the now historic story of the German minister, Pastor Martin Niemoeller, who was thrown into a Nazi concentration camp because he would not change the simple doctrines of faith, which he had always taught his parishioners, to agree with the doctrines of the Nazi party. United Artists have recently released it.

A few days earlier, her son, James Roosevelt, who is now quite an experienced motion picture executive and is the president of Globe Productions, Inc., had flown from the coast to consider the possibility, as some one has said, of becoming the picture's "white knight." One of the advisors on whose opinion he intended to rely would be that of his mother, whose infallible judgment, as far as stories and other things too were concerned, he and his sister and brothers had known from their childhood up.

His mother had approved of "Jimmy's" sponsoring the picture. And, having acquired a certain confidence on the screen from the results of the "Hobby Lobby" picture, I presume, she had agreed to appear in an introduction enlarging upon the great character of the German pastor as pictured on the screen, who preferred death to giving up the right to preach as he had always preached from the pulpit of his little church.

It was now Wednesday, July 17th, as I have said (*Continued on page 97*)



A scene, at left, from "Pastor Hall," timely and impressive screen drama which James Roosevelt is offering, with a prologue spoken by his distinguished mother. Wilfred Lawson enacts the title rôle.





# The SON of

Louis Hayward as the son of MONTE CRISTO, Joan Bennett as the beautiful GRAND DUCHESS ZONA whom he loves and defends. Opposite page, top: George Sanders as GURKO LANEN, dictator, who uses ZONA as his pawn; the political marriage which almost takes place—until the daring MONTE CRISTO steps in and saves the day.

**Glorious romance in the great tradition, told from the thrilling film starring Joan Bennett and Louis Hayward, with George Sanders in cast**

***Fictionized by*  
Elizabeth B. Petersen**



# MONTE CRISTO



*Fictionized from the Edward Small Production released by United Artists. Complete cast and credits on Page 71.*

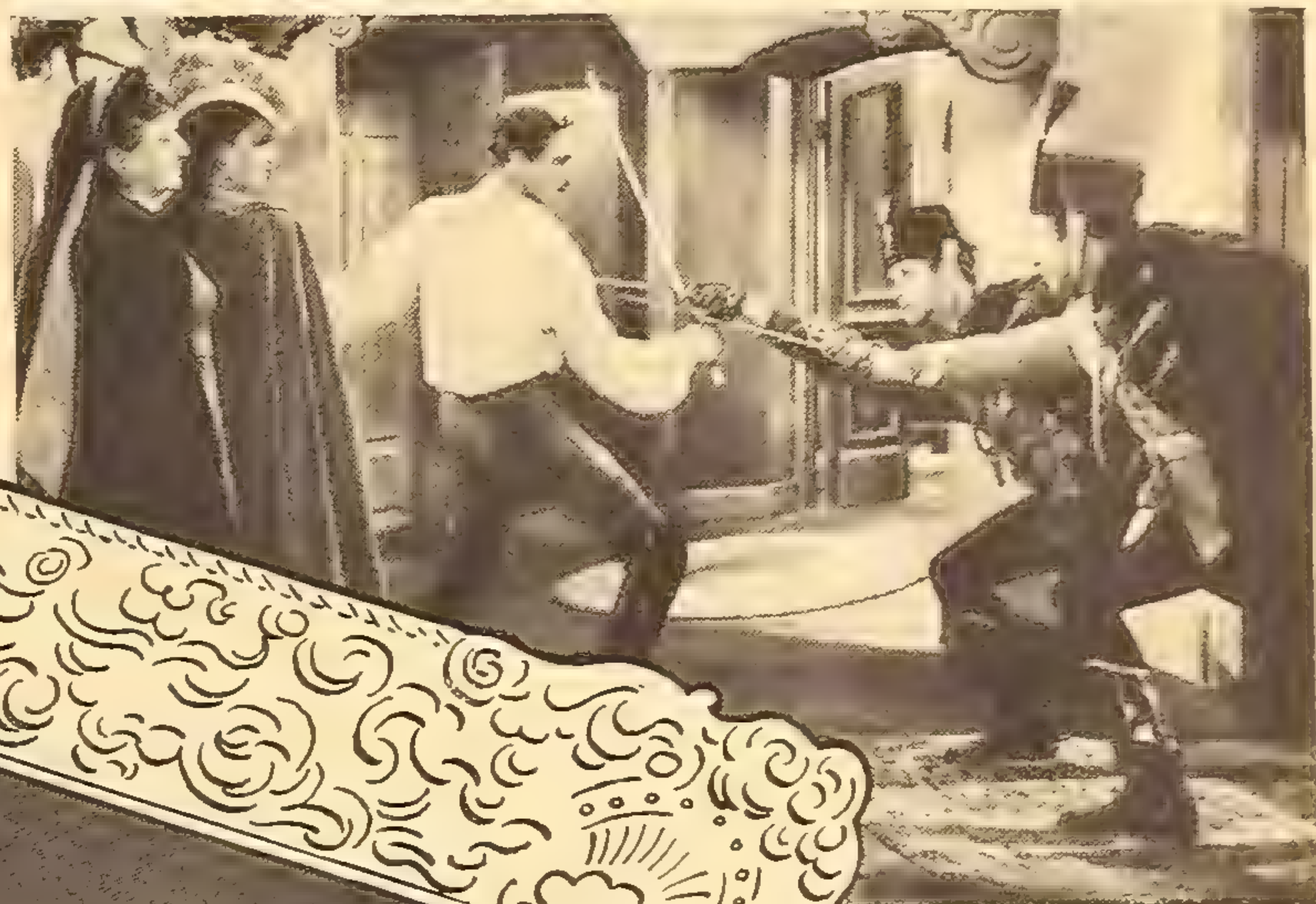


**H**E WAS like his father, this son of Monte Cristo, like him in his zest for life and adventure, like him in his courage too and in the way he had with sword and rapier. Only the son of such a father could fence with that sure deftness, could take to himself a cause he believed in

and follow the star that was his destiny through whatever danger it might bring.

Europe had need of a hero! For it was the dread decade that came between the years 1860 and 1870 when the whole continent was a political battleground dominated by Bismarck, Louis Napoleon, and the Czar of all the Russias. Smaller nations became but pawns in the gigantic game and overnight many of them became mere provinces and some men lost their power or their thrones and others rose to take their places. Such a man was Gurko

Lanen, son of a stone mason,  
Gurko the cruel, the  
hated, who  
h a d



created himself dictator of the ancient Principality of Lichtenburg, and in so doing had subjugated the young Grand Duchess Zona who was its rightful ruler.

It was toward the capital of Lichtenburg the young Count of Monte Cristo was headed now. He had made his way leisurely for it was business that had sent him and he was not too fond of the details of the great French banking house that bore his father's name. Adventure was more to his liking, and so on this day with the sky clear above him and a crisp wind beckoning his thoughts to the hunt he (Please turn to page 70)



Attention, you shy, awkward girls! Let an ex-misfit tell you how she improved herself

# Advice to

As told to  
Gladys Hall

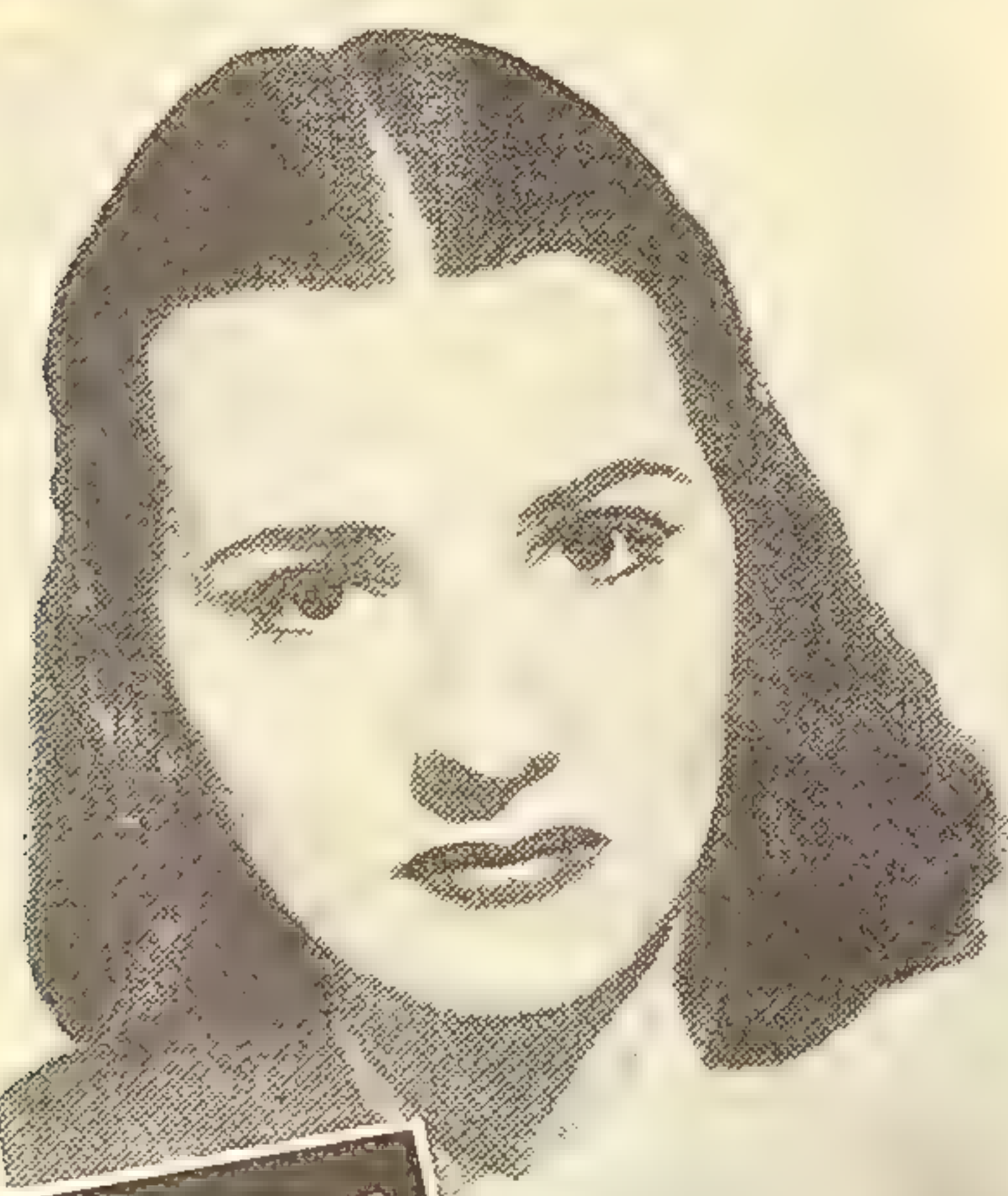
ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

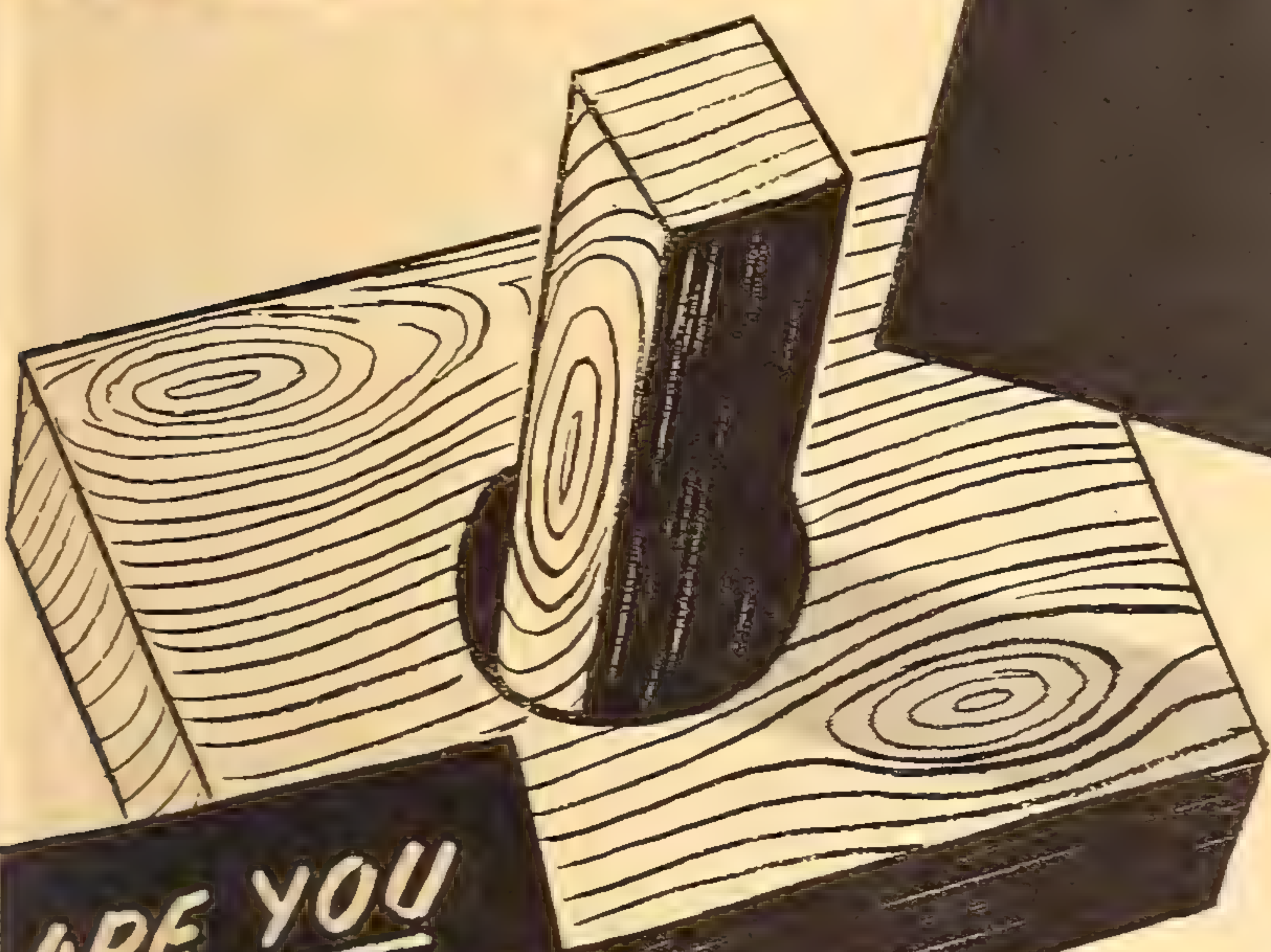
FIVE!





# Misfits

BY  
**BRENDA  
MARSHALL**



**ARE YOU  
A SQUARE  
PEG IN A  
ROUND  
HOLE?**

Glance over to facing page for the amazing camera progress of Brenda Marshall—who, when she first arrived in Hollywood, was a clumsy kid with a terrific inferiority complex. Look at her now: top, Glamor Girl; right, with Errol Flynn in "The Sea Hawk"; below, in her latest film with Jeffrey Lynn.



IF YOU look up the word 'misfit' in the dictionary (I did!) you find the definition given is, 'to fit badly; a bad fit; an ill-fitting garment.'

An 'ill-fitting garment'—yes, that's exactly what I mean. Look, if you have a dress that's a misfit, what do you do about it? You alter it, don't you? Even if you have to pick out all the stitches, one by one, and put them in again, you alter it. Well, then, *alter yourself* if you feel like a misfit, so that your life fits you or you fit your life, with the seams smooth and sleek and the hem neat and even.

I had to. I hasten to say that so you girls won't think I'm sitting here in Hollywood, sitting smug and pretty, giving you stuffy advice I didn't have to follow myself. 'H'm,' you might say, 'who's (Continued on page 82)



IF YOU were a psychoanalyst and you said to Fred MacMurray—"Now close your eyes and relax and when I ask you a question, answer quickly with the first word that comes into your mind"—Fred would close his eyes, feeling pretty silly, of course, and when you said rapidly, "What-is-your-favorite-word-in-the-English-language?", the unhesitant answer would be *Sleep*. Not guns, not Garbo, not even trout. Just sleep.

You see, sleep is something rather sacred to the MacMurray heart. That's why he and Walter, the new butler, are having a little difficulty at the moment. The first morning after Walter and his wife came to take care of the MacMurray's, Walter appeared to wake Fred at seven-thirty. In the past, other men-servants had tiptoed gently into the darkened room, tapped him lightly on the shoulder and whispered, "Seven-thirty, Mr. MacMurray. Time to get up," and Fred, opening one eye, had whispered back, "All right. Thanks," and with no trouble at all picked up right where he left off struggling with that eight-pound trout which had foolishly taken his fly. Naturally it took some time to land it. Net result: Mr. MacMurray didn't quite make that nine o'clock call on the set.

Came Walter into Fred's life and things were different: first the noise of Venetian blinds being raised, then Wal-

ter's polite but definite voice, "Seven-thirty, Mr. MacMurray. Time to get up." The inert form on the bed mumbles a muffled response. Silence for a few moments while Fred dreamily considers. Now, let's see, the trout was just about to ——— "It's a lovely morning, sir." Silence. "Did you enjoy the tennis matches yesterday, sir?" Both MacMurray eyes fly open. There stands Walter, arms folded, at the foot of the bed. Hang it all, this isn't cricket. Reproachfully he regards the loquacious offender. Then, slowly, a look of sheer duplicity comes over his face. "Yes, yes, the matches were fine," he remarks heartily. "It's all right, Walter, I'm awake now—er—you—hm—you can go now. See, I'm awake. Yes, indeed—"

The bright tone falls hollowly around Walter's immovable form. "The Modom says I'm to remain until you're up, sir." Walter and the Rock of Gibraltar have a lot in common.

Stymied, the MacMurray eyes screw shut. All right, all right, Fred thinks, go on—stand there—see if I care. Nobody's going to trick *me* into getting up so early.

Does Fred look grim here? No wonder—we woke him up for this story. On page opposite, wide awake for a love scene with Patricia Morison and big-brother business with Betty Brewer, for Paramount's "Rangers of Fortune."







There is no sound in the room but the faint ticking of the bedside clock. Slowly Fred opens one eye a trifle. There stands the imperturbable Walter, studying with grave concern the pattern of the patchwork quilt. Fred's eye winks shut quickly—desperately he tries to revision that trout—but somehow he can't. It has vanished. Suddenly he sits up in bed. "Now look, Walter," he begins grimly.

Walter raises his shoulders slightly. Sympathetically but firmly he shakes his head. (*Please turn to page 80*)

E-A-S-E and  
Go 'way Sleep!  
Let me

At last, the real low-down on MacMurray! A family friend gives the first actual report of what goes on in the big, shy fellow's supposedly private life

By  
**Natalie  
Visart**





# A Girl with Principles!

Candid closeup of Rosalind Russell, who won success the hard way



By  
**Michael  
Pearman**



**HERE'S  
THE  
ACTRESS**



**HERE'S  
THE  
GIRL**



The girl has principles and sticks to 'em! But the actress can indulge in a little artistic two-timing if she wants to—top, clinching with Jimmy Stewart in "No Time for Comedy"; then with Brian Aherne in a scene from "Hired Wife."

MEAN Rosalind Russell. The girl who even as a child had determination and principles. Some pretty funny, but a great many stark common sense. Who wouldn't eat fish or meat when she was a small girl, in spite of the parental warnings that she'd never grow up a big, strong, intelligent girl. She still won't eat them and here she is a big, strong girl and with more brains than you can shake a stick at—all of which goes to show something—but don't ask me what.

Here's a girl who loves to talk, which she does a great deal, but what is much more rare in a woman, she loves to listen, with that look on her face that shows both interest and understanding. She'll start a conversation with anyone, in gas stations, at football games, anywhere, with the theory that you must know every point of view to get the best out of life. No matter what the conversation's about you generally learn something interesting when talking with Rosalind.

Back on the New York stage (*Please turn to page 78*)



# BETTY GRABLE GRABS OUR SPOTLIGHT!

Cutest cinema  
blonde of all time,  
after her Broadway  
stage hit, returns to  
screen in "Down  
Argentine Way"





# *Sweater Sirens*





It isn't only, "Can he act?" that Hollywood asks. It's also "Can she wear a sweater well?" Well—!!!

We've fooled you! Not a trace of Lana Turner, Hollywood's original "Sweater Girl," on these pages. But we believe you'll be more than satisfied to see: Mary Beth Hughes, on facing page and at right—she's 20th Century-Fox's new beauty, you know; Linda Darnell, lower left; Sheila Ryan, decorative note in new film, "The Gay Caballero," below; and, proving that all men go for sweater girls—Don Ameche, with Betty Grable in "Down Argentine Way," big new musical.



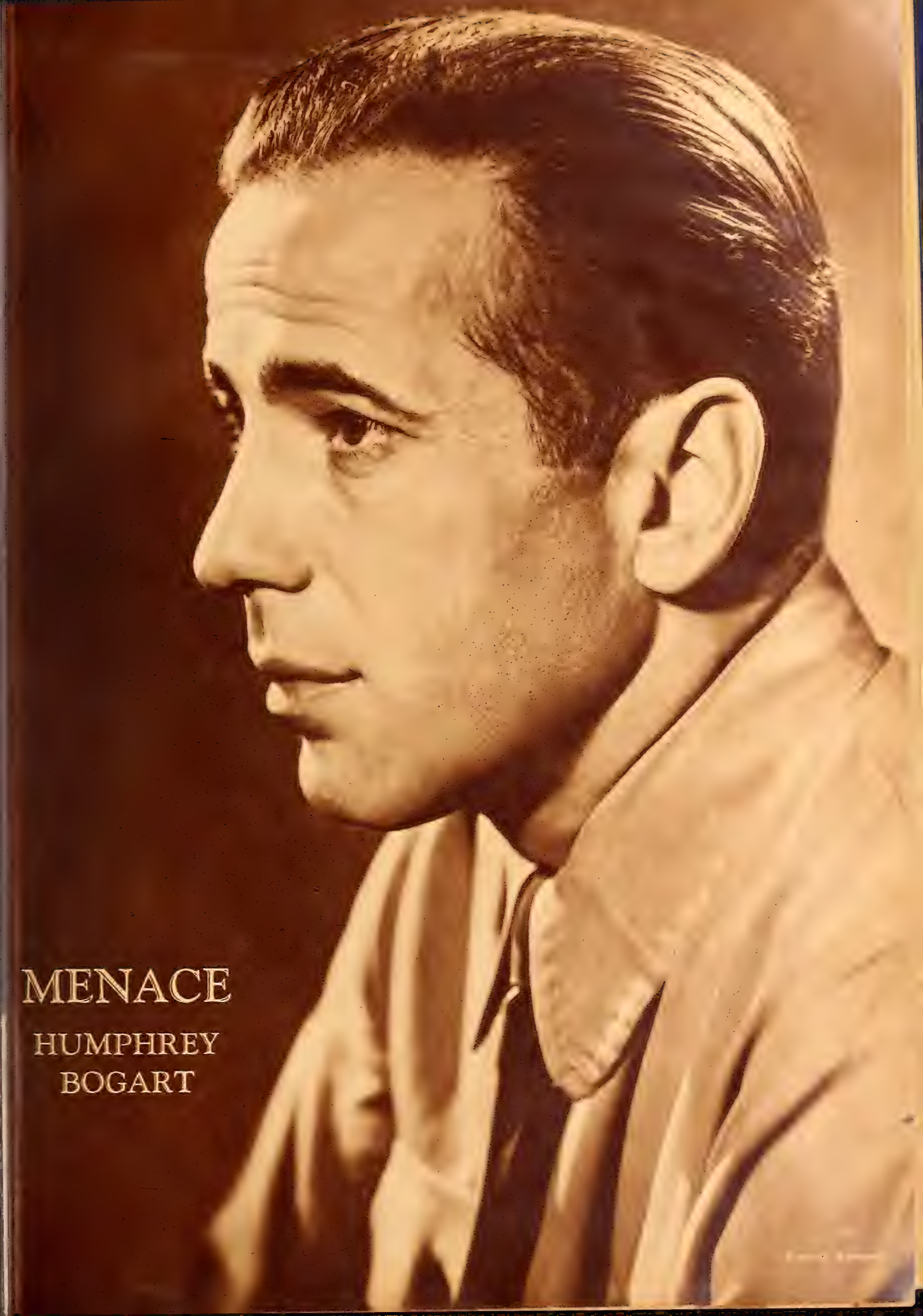




HERO

JEFFREY  
LYNN





MENACE

HUMPHREY  
BOGART



JOAN BENNETT'S  
*Own*  
NEW CLOTHES








## THEY GET THEIR WOMEN!

Of course you know that the North West Mounted Police always "get their man," but you'll learn much more about these fascinating fellows when you see Cecil B. DeMille's big new picture. For Mountie No. 1—Gary Cooper, no less—not only pursues his prey but also catches up with Madeleine Carroll and Paulette Goddard—though Robert Preston, upper left, seems to be providing a little competition. Anyway, "North West Mounted Police" looks to us, from here, like one of the "must-not-miss" movies.






# *The Bride Wore—*

Here, a filmy white chiffon negligée over a foundation of heavy dust beige satin. Facing page, black chiffon hostess gown with set-in sections of Chantilly lace. You're seeing Loretta on the screen in "He Stayed for Breakfast," with Melvyn Douglas.





Hollywood's most  
radiant new  
"Missus," Loretta  
Young—now Mrs.  
Tom Lewis—  
models her most  
exquisite, most  
intimate gowns



# Growing *Older* Gracefully!

No longer Babes in Arms, Mickey Rooney has now reached the advanced age of 19, and his co-star in "Strike Up the Band," Judy Garland, is all of 17½. Hi-ho!











Columbia

GO WEST, FOLKS, AND MEET US IN "ARIZONA"  
William Holden and Jean Arthur in Wesley Ruggles' new film





20th Century-Fox

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

Jane Withers in "Youth Will Be Served"



IT'S "VICTORY"  
for  
Fredric March  
and  
Betty Field



Two splendid players combine their acting talents in Paramount's dramatic picturization of Joseph Conrad's novel about the Dutch East Indies.



# "Save Me from Myself!"

*Fredric March*



WHEN we barged into Fredric March's dressing room on the "Victory" set at Paramount, he cut the war news off his portable radio and turned a cream-white smile in a cinnamon-brown face toward us. Good enough to eat—that smile. "How d'ya like my haircut?" he demanded, the smile merging into a grin and the grin broadening into a swell laugh.

Some haircut. It's parted on one side and combed straight down like shingles on either side of a ridge-pole. The sort of haircut that you will find decorating the conk of your great Uncle Gamaliel on page 29 in the plush-lined family album. The only difference being that Fredric March has the kind of hair that has never met its master and the ends persist in turning up in disarming curls.

"This," announced the man who studies the nature of every character he portrays clear down to the shoelaces, "was high fashion in the Dutch East Indies in the 1900's. And," slapping a thigh that resounded with muscles, "how do you like my Bond Streets? Leave it to the wardrobe department to cook up a snappy little number in keeping with the times."

Now that suit deserves attention. After all, if they can make stockings out of coal, air, and water, there is no reason on earth why they can't build men's suits out of shredded wheat biscuits—and after this we'll keep an eye

**A fine actor declares himself  
in favor of characterization  
as opposed to "personality"**

**By  
Fredda Dudley**

on the Paramount wardrobe department, because outside of a good grade of canvas, the eye of man has never seen material the like of which went into Freddie March's latest outfit.

In addition to his trick haircut and his gunny-sack ensemble, Mr. March was wearing a pair of oiled boots—just plain old boots. Pretty heavy to lug around, of course,

but nothing spectacular. Staring at them, Fredric said, "Seems a shame they don't wear wooden shoes in the Indies—that would have been something else different. And I tried to get John Cromwell, who's directing this picture, to let me wear some kind of fancy beard, but nothing doing. That would have changed me quite a bit, you know."

As a matter of fact, we had come to talk to the thoughtful Mr. March about men, women, and marriage, but life was being very good to us. Life or war or something was prompting Fredric March to open up on the one subject he studiously avoids: Fredric March.

"Changed you? How do you mean?" we slipped in craftily, rubbing our mental hands together. This was going to be an interview!

"Well, to begin with," he said solemnly, "I've been on the stage and in pictures for the past twenty years. I've seen every picture I've ever made several times, in order to criticize the portrayal, to try (Please turn to page 91)



# They've Got AUDIENCE APPEAL!



YOUR GLAMOR GUIDE... YOUR GLAMOR GUIDE...

By Margot Maye





#### OPPOSITE

Plaid invades the evening! Bonny bouffant gown of vivid red, green, black and white satin-stripe rayon taffeta, dramatically topped by stark black velveteen. Striking but very young. Only about \$15.00 at Flah & Co., Syracuse. **TWO ON THE AISLE**—First, hooded side-tie wrap of festive red wool, black velvet lined hood. About \$13.00 at Halle Bros., Cleveland. Snow-queen cape of pure white bunny fur, about \$11.00 at J. L. Hudson, Detroit. **BACKSTAGE BEAUTY** steals the scene in a subtle gown of deep blue rayon crepe, skillfully draped with glitter clips at the neck. Vivid jewel tones, too. A mere \$11.00 at Oppenheim Collins, Brooklyn; Power's Dry Goods, Minneapolis.





# THREE STARS MAKE A WISH



Make a wish. Write it on a tiny slip of paper. Slip it under the jewelled lid of Lisanda's amusing new trinket. If it *won't* come true, you still have the fun of flaunting Wishing Box on your lapel! About \$2.00 at Arnold Constable, N. Y. To inspire your wishing, here are the heart's desires of three lovely young Universal starlets!

*I want to sail the  
seven seas -  
Peggy Moran!*



*I want to do  
a dream house  
all in Antiques  
Nan Grey*



*I want to play serious  
dramatic roles.  
Helen Parrish*





## FRAMED IN FUR

Pampered princess look, at sweet and low prices! Left, rich Laskin Mouton Lamb in a gay yoke-back jacket, plus bumper toque with a big felt bow. Both, about \$60.00 at Carson, Pirie, Scott Co., Chicago. Grey's good, especially eel grey African kidskin with lustrous highlights, in an extravagant looking yoke-back swagger. About \$89.00 at Gimbel Bros., Pittsburgh; Mushroom felt cloche, about \$5.00. Write for store names. **ORIENTAL EXTRAVAGANZA** jewelry is first for Fall, like this golden scimitar and warrior-head series, inspired by "The Thief of Bagdad," Alexander Korda's film masterpiece, released through United Artists. Collaret, about \$4.00, bracelet about \$2.00, earrings, \$1.00. Crystal-gazer turbin pin, about \$3.00 at Adler's, Kansas City.

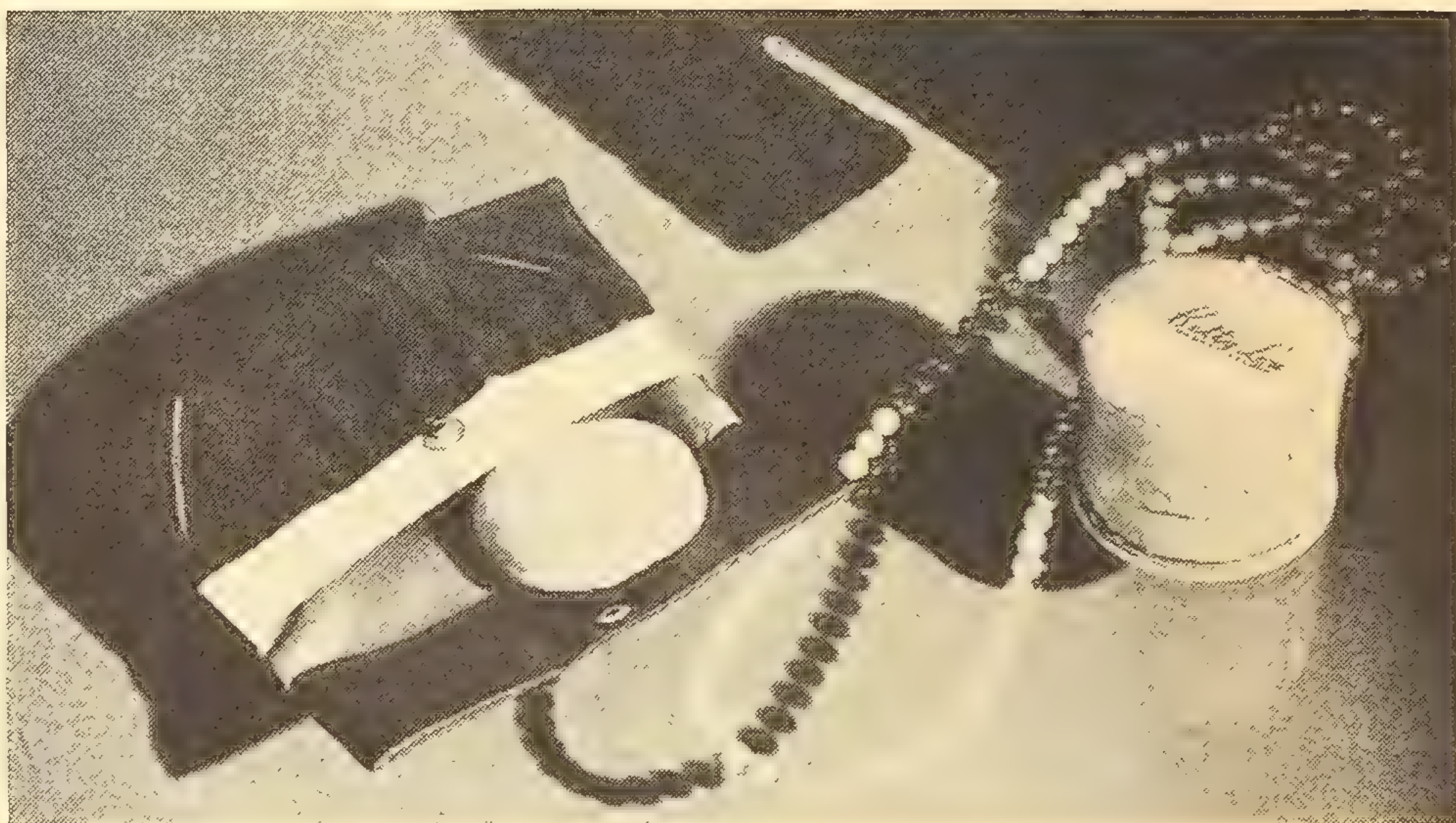


# *Yours*

## FOR LOVELINESS

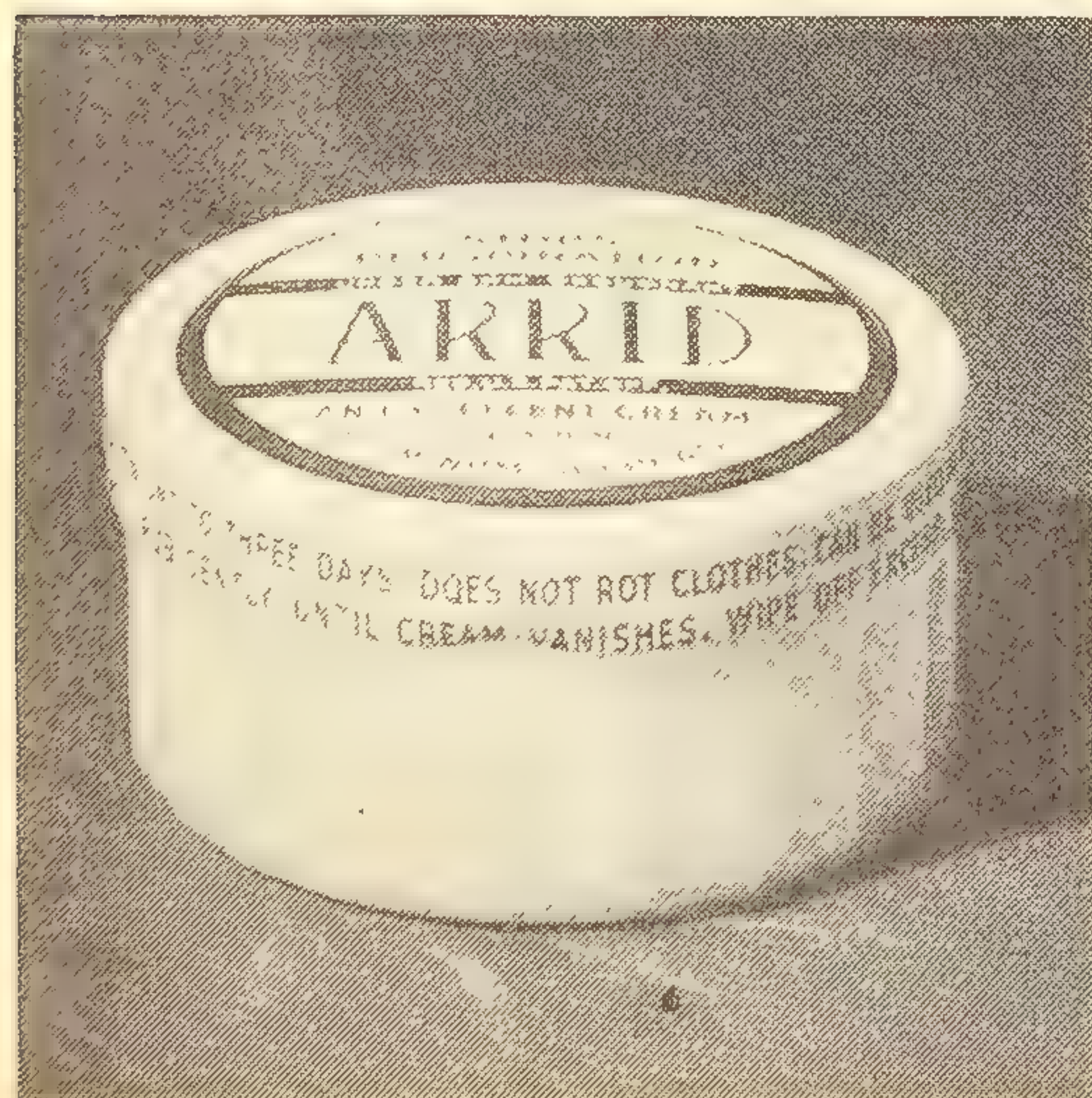


**N**OW that famous and favorite beauty first-aid, Hinds Honey & Almond Cream, goes glamorous! This fragrant preparation that keeps hands so softly smooth and guards so efficiently against dryness and chapping comes in the luxurious white bottle decorated with fuchsia, above. Stunning on your dresser, a grand gift idea. \$1.00 everywhere.



**P**OWDER puffs and plenty of them are a must for any well-appointed dressing table! You'll find the Betty Lou variety at chain stores everywhere, economically priced as in the little transparent cylinder, shown above, holding three for \$.10. For your purse or when you travel, the little rayon silk envelope with rubberized lining, shown left, is wonderfully convenient for your cosmetic kit and puff. Only \$.10, too. Remember for good grooming's sake to replace puffs quite frequently.

**I**N STEP with fashion's mood militaire, Louis Philippe launches a gallant new cosmetic color-scheme, Patriot Red, shown below. There's Patriot Red Lipstick, specially blended to stay warm and alive in the cold light of day, without smudging or smearing. In the same brilliant true tone, Louis Philippe Compact Rouge, soft and natural-looking. Completing the threesome, harmonizing Poudre Incarnat in a handsome golden box. Highlighted at cosmetic counters everywhere.



**D**RESS-UP days are here! You'll be wearing glamorgowns for evening, smart wools for daytime. Arrid, left, plays an important rôle in fastidious Fall smartness. This fine, greaseless, odorless deodorant checks perspiration safely, protects feminine daintiness, protects clothes from discoloration. Awarded the approval seal of the American Institute of Laundering. In \$.10, \$.39 and also \$.50 sizes at all toilet goods counters.





# FIGURING OUT FALL



**MORNING**—For every day, under tailored clothes and suits, an efficient girdle of brocade with the new note of spiral boning in its back seams, to lend superb control. A band of wide elastic at the top, in back, adds to ease. About \$4.00. With it, a new-design bra of batiste. Bias cut sections around straight cut “inner circles” streamline and sculpture beautifully. About \$1.00. Both are Eddy-Form ideas. **NOON**—Luxury, in every smart seam of this luscious nude color satin all-in-one with lace bra top. But wait! Very workmanlike at smoothing down hips, thanks to the disciplining side panels of satin Lastex. An R & G design at about \$4.00. **NIGHT**—To give you a siren shape, Maiden Form’s lovely little featherweight girdle of fine cable net with light front panel. About \$5.00. The moulding satin bra plays a dual rôle. Wear it for daytime. For evening, you moor it very low in back with the aid of the little detachable tab, shown in the small illustration. About \$1.00. Write for store names and information on all garments illustrated.





# Your **GUIDE** at a **GLANCE**

**SELECTED BY**

Pick your pictures here and guarantee yourself good entertainment without loss of time and money

## "THE HOWARDS OF VIRGINIA"



**ONE-WORD GUIDE:**  
**MAGNIFICENT!**

**APPEAL:** To every real American.  
**PLOT:** High spots of Elizabeth Page's best-selling novel of Colonial America, "Tree of Liberty," crammed with the romance and patriotic adventures of a fiery frontiersman who crashes another world when he woos and wins the daughter of an aristocratic Virginia family. Their life together unfolds against the stirring background of the American Revolution.

**PRODUCTION:** By Frank Lloyd—meaning you can count on the best, not only in costumes but characterizations. Lloyd went direct to Williamsburg for beautiful backgrounds; he collected priceless interiors; but most important of all he made his historical characters live, human beings rather than stuffed shirts. They all behave like real people, for a change.

**ACTING:** Perfection! Cary Grant is the hot-headed *Matt Howard* to the literal life. Martha Scott is a lovely *Jane*. Richard Carlson makes Thomas Jefferson a provocative and picturesque figure. Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Alan Marshall, fine.

Columbia

## "FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT"



**ONE-WORD GUIDE:**  
**THRILLING!**

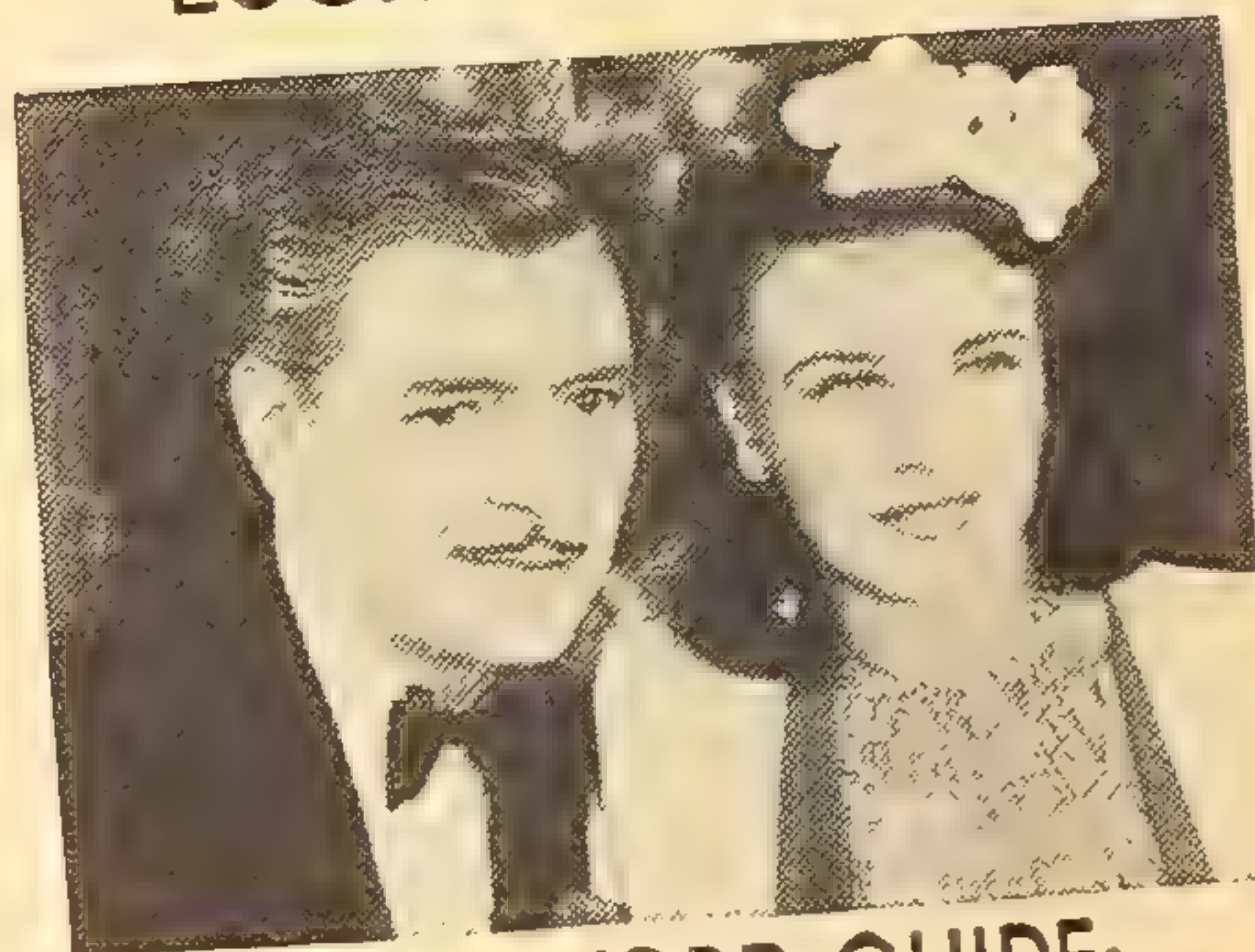
**APPEAL:** If you're a reader of the daily headlines and/or a fan of Hitchcock melodrama.  
**PLOT:** Just one climax after another as maestro Hitchcock stirs up more suspense than you've been through since—the last Hitchcock thriller. He makes the fantastic escapades of an American reporter in war-torn Europe, tracking down spies and rescuing political refugees, seem almost as credible as today's newspaper—as indeed they are.

**PRODUCTION:** Well, you know your Hitchcock—past master in matching the mood of a scene in every department, from draperies to demi-tasses. You're in for spectacular shocks, especially when a transatlantic airliner crashes.

**ACTING:** The Hitchcock touch again, even transforming Joel McCrea, making him more colorful; Herbert Marshall, stirring him from his stolid dignity; Laraine Day, giving her new poise. There's no "type-casting" here—George Sanders for once is a sympathetic character. Albert Baserman is particularly good.

Walter Wanger-United Artists

## "LUCKY PARTNERS"



**ONE-WORD GUIDE:**  
**DELIGHTFUL!**

**APPEAL:** To all in search of charming entertainment.

**PLOT:** What happens when a pretty girl and an appealing, if mysterious gentleman buy a sweep-stakes ticket together, planning to take a platonic honeymoon if their horse wins. Well—their horse doesn't exactly win, but they take the trip, anyway, and a swell if incredible time is had by all.

**PRODUCTION:** Lewis Milestone has managed his material with such dexterity as to make you forget he is skating on very thin ice, especially in Niagara Falls. It's all in excellent taste and humor, with scenes of fantastic hilarity balanced by believable interludes.

**ACTING:** The last two people you'd ever think of as a team except possibly in a crazy dream, are Ronald Colman and Ginger Rogers—yet strangely they go very well together. The elegant and aloof Ronnie actually seems amused at Ginger's antics, and it's fun when they face each other in uproarious court-room scene. Jack Carson, Harry Davenport, Spring Byington help.

RKO-Radio



# to the **BEST CURRENT PICTURES**

## Delight Swans

### "RHYTHM ON THE RIVER"



**ONE-WORD GUIDE:**  
**REFRESHING!**

**APPEAL:** If you like Bing Crosby at his best, surrounded by sparkling cast and tunes—even if you don't, there's Oscar Levant.

**PLOT:** Good-humored exposé of "ghost" song-writing, showing up famous "hit" composer who hires two youngsters to turn out the tunes he can no longer dream up until they walk out on him to make good on their own. A plot!

**PRODUCTION:** Swell, with Victor Schertzinger's down-to-earth direction imparting a wholesome, folksy atmosphere to the tin-pan-alley scene. Don't get the idea it's corny; there's many a sly dig and even a mild touch or two of genuine satire.

**ACTING:** The Crooner is at his most ingratiating—about time we admit that Crosby is a pretty clever, though lazy, actor. Smart showman, he permits Levant to stroll off with many a scene, and the impudent "Information Please" wit abuses the privilege. Basil Rathbone, Mary Martin, Charles Grapewin—all grand.

Paramount

### "CAPTAIN CAUTION"



**ONE-WORD GUIDE:**  
**ACTION!**

**APPEAL:** To fans who frankly prefer swashbuckling sea-fights to streamlined cinema.

**PLOT:** Adapted from Kenneth Roberts' book about early American nautical exploits, concerning the captain's brave little daughter who alternately loves and hates the handsome first mate—and the trouble her tantrums get her—and everybody else—into.

**PRODUCTION:** Best when all at sea—just one big, gory battle after another, with never a dull moment until even the heroine, an inexhaustible little spitfire if ever there was one, begs the hero: "Take me home." By that time the most redblooded fan will be willing to second the motion.

**ACTING:** Victor Mature of the faultless physique battles his way through the title rôle, his doubtful reward—besides an increase in his fan mail, of course—being the hand of heroine Louise Platt—the minor-league Hepburn. Bruce Cabot works hard as the heavy. An unknown actor, Alan Ladd, contributes a few truly fine moments in a minor rôle.

Edward Small-United Artists

### "BOOM TOWN"



**ONE-WORD GUIDE:**  
**BIG!**

**APPEAL:** To everybody who wants his money's worth at the movies—you get it here, and more, too.

**PLOT:** Oil! And women. Like oil and water, they don't mix, and when they meet there's trouble—which makes for excitement, which makes this picture. Pals and partners, Gable and Tracy, split over Claudette Colbert; make up, fight again over Hedy Lamarr, but what a cause.

**PRODUCTION:** Colossal is the word, with fist fights and oil fires and Lamarr's beauty burning up the screen. Story and dialogue are definitely formula, but the direction, while uninspired, does keep things moving at a rapid clip. It's lavish, lusty, boisterous.

**ACTING:** Tops, with Tracy, as usual, stealing every scene he's in, but crowded by Clark Gable, who gives his rôle of brawny Big John all he's got—which is more than enough. Claudette is fine as the lady both men love, while Hedy, in a smaller rôle, not only looks more gorgeous than ever but gives a clever performance.

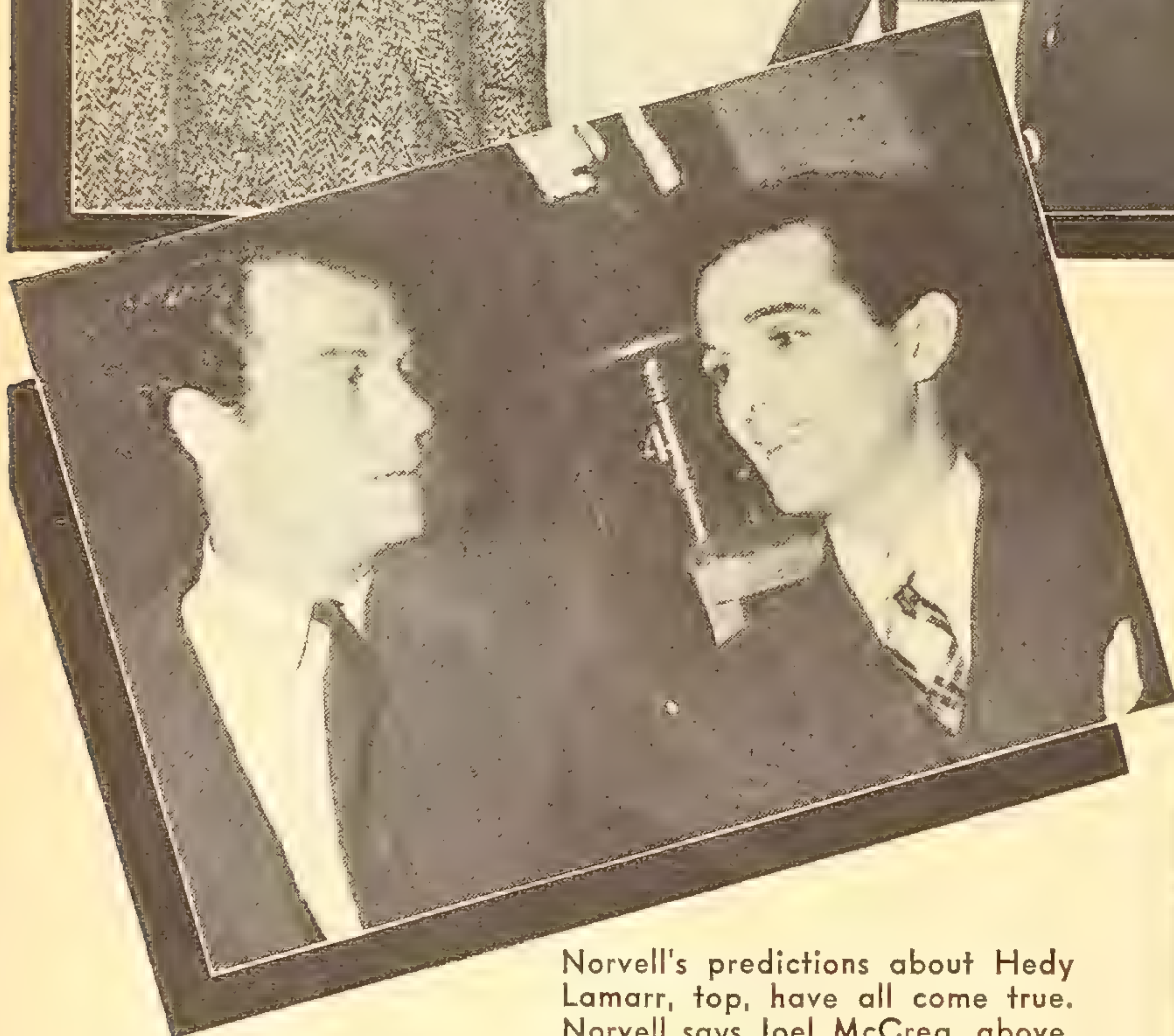
M-G-M





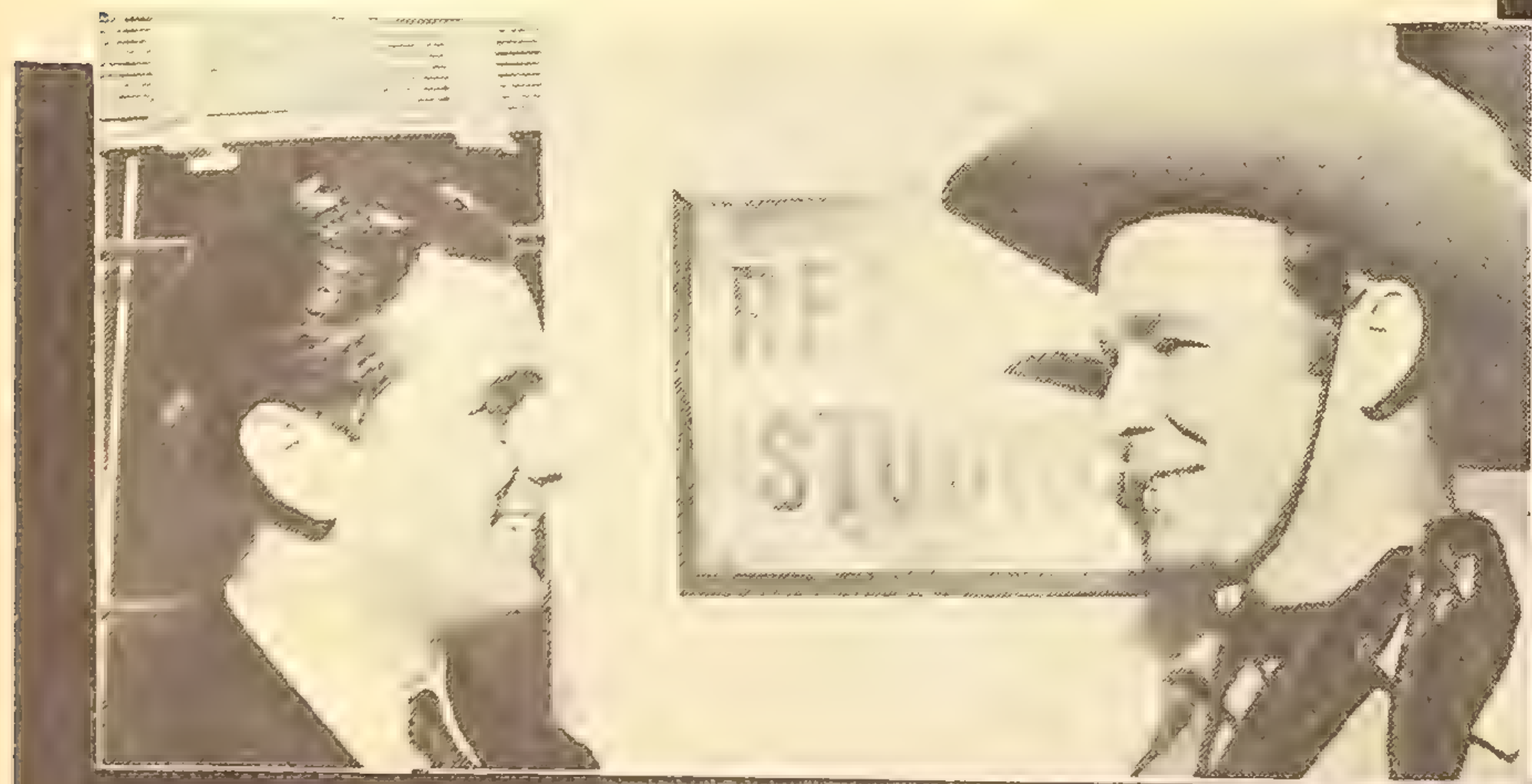
# WISH UPON A STAR

Norvell, noted Hollywood astrologer, will fascinate you with his amazing predictions. Find out what the stars foretell for you



Norvell's predictions about Hedy Lamarr, top, have all come true. Norvell says Joel McCrea, above, is the steady, reliable Scorpio

type. Below, Norvell predicts big things for Roy Rogers in the coming months. Top right, Norvell with Judy Canova, who's coming into the best cycle of her life, professionally speaking.





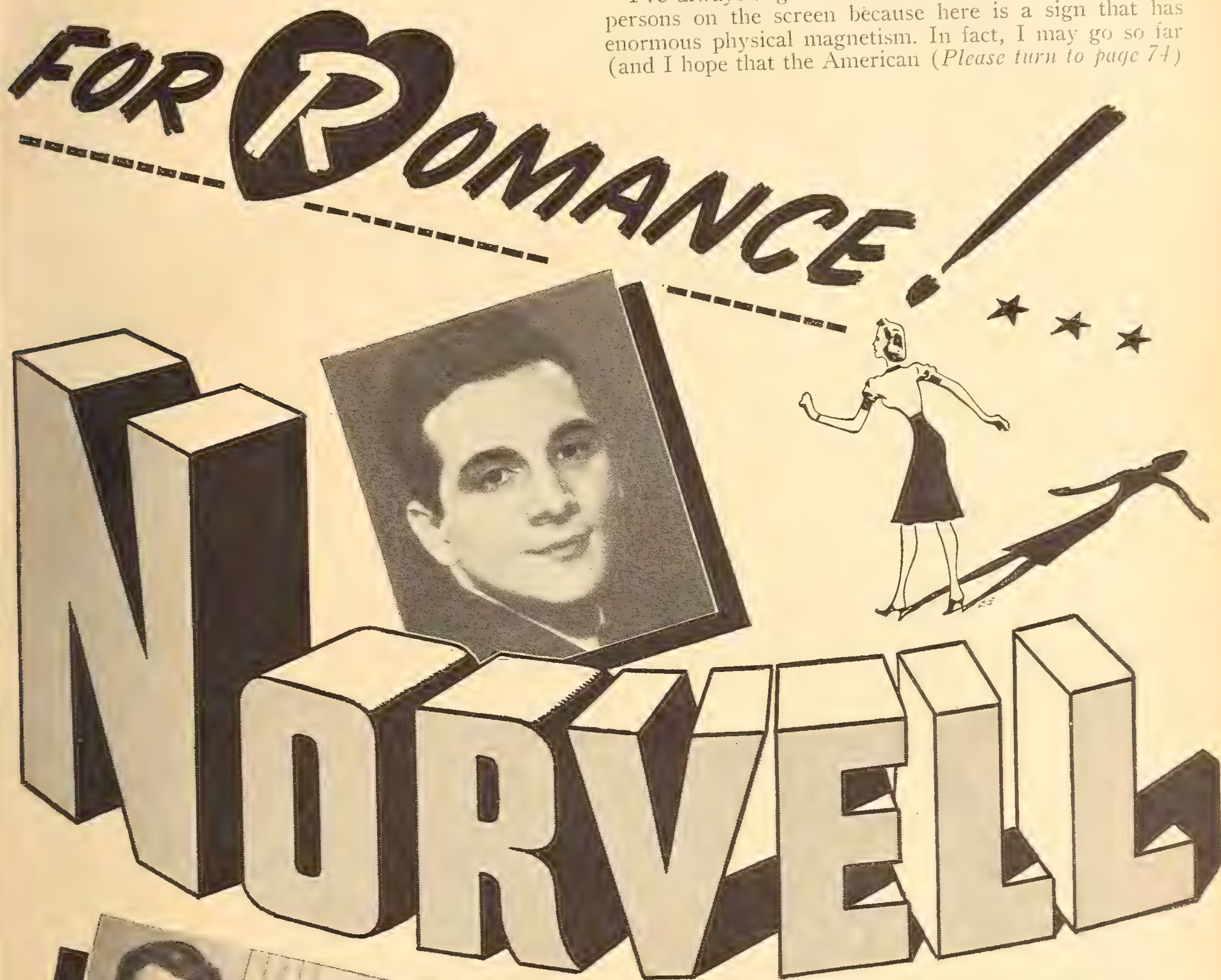
HOLLYWOOD was perfectly furious when David Selznick announced that an English girl had been cast for the rôle of *Scarlett*. Everyone resented this young interloper whose name was Vivien Leigh and predicted that she would be the most despised of all stars ever to appear in a picture. I had the good fortune to set up Miss Leigh's horoscope after she had started the picture and I was perfectly delighted to discover that she was a Scorpio. Although, in my discussion with David Selznick, I had visualized *la O'Hara* as a Gemini because

of her strangely dual and tempestuous nature, I knew after he had discovered Vivien Leigh that the Sign of Scorpio gave her all the fire and temperament necessary to interpret the season's most difficult rôle. Paulette Goddard is a Gemini and the world little realizes how close she came to playing *Scarlett*!

Those of you who are not versed in astrology and who would like to do some checking up on yourselves or friends, might be interested in knowing that Scorpio is the section of the Zodiac ruling those born between October 23 and November 22.

I've always regretted that there were so few Scorpio persons on the screen because here is a sign that has enormous physical magnetism. In fact, I may go so far (and I hope that the American (Please turn to page 74))

# FOR ROMANCE! NORVELL



Newcomer Gene Tierney, left, lost no time in consulting Norvell regarding her screen future. Lower right, opposite page, Virginia Field learns that her sign and Richard Greene's sign are not compatible.

## FREE HOROSCOPE!

Norvell, Hollywood's favorite astrologer, will tell you what the heavenly stars predict for you. There are different planetary indications for every sign in the Zodiac and there's an individual reading for you according to *your* birthdate. These condensed solar readings are FREE to SCREENLAND readers. Fill out coupon below and send with a stamped, self-addressed envelope to NORVELL, Box 989, Dept. M., Hollywood, Calif.

Please send me NORVELL'S Horoscope. I enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope.

MY NAME IS.....

MY ADDRESS IS.....

CITY.....

MY BIRTHDATE IS.....



Katharine Hepburn has three leading men in "The Philadelphia Story"—Cary Grant, James Stewart, and John Howard appear with her in this screen version of her stage success.



# What's This About

**Let's get straight about Kate! Dynamic star now making her movie comeback gives the lie to her own legend in this frank interview**

**By Liza**

**T**HE latest legend going the rounds in Hollywood is that Katharine Hepburn is a new Katharine Hepburn. Hollywood is a fabulous place and like all those kingdoms in the fancy story books it just has to have its legends. They make very pleasant dinner conversation. They also fill up space in the columns, but beautifully. The only trouble with legends is that after a while people begin to believe them.

There was a legend several years ago—started by a scribe on a deadline, no doubt—that Shirley Temple was a midget. (My goodness, you should see that long-legged girl now!) This legend was hastily nipped in the bud—though a lot of people insisted upon believing it, until they saw the next Shirley Temple picture.

Now I shall do a bit of nipping at this latest legend

regarding a new Hepburn. As one of the thousands of people who liked the old Hepburn I heartily resent all this talk about a new Hepburn. I liked Hepburn because she wasn't according to Hollywood formula. I liked her because she was honest, natural, fiery, and independent as hell. I'm certain she still is. You can't be like that and change. So when Hollywood says, "Hepburn has changed," I'm fit to be tied. A new Hepburn, indeed—why, that's just so much—er—legend.

It's not Hepburn who has changed, believe me. It's Hollywood. Hepburn came to Hollywood eight years too soon, which is probably the only time in her life she can be accused of bad timing. If she had waited (though I don't know what she could have done, taken a few extra courses at Bryn Mawr, perhaps, or run off a few New York stage plays) until 1940 to make her entrance into the celluloid city, her presence here would have caused no unfavorable comment. She would not have been criticised. She would not have been called rude, snooty, peculiar, unapproachable, temperamental—and box office poison.





# A NEW HEPBURN?

She would simply have been called a great actress, and a brilliant discovery. Ah me, what a lot of grief she could have saved herself if she hadn't been so premature.

When Hepburn arrived in Hollywood in 1932, on an RKO contract, Hollywood was right in the midst of its Glamor Period. Glamor was spread all over the place, thick and sticky, like honey on a pancake. The Glamor Girl was in her heyday; so was the White Drawing Room. Hollywood, assisted by Miss Ruth Chatterton, had discovered elegance, a phony sort of elegance, but elegance, and place cards, finger bowls, white ties and lorgnettes were all over the place. If you didn't dress for dinner you drew the drapes (with little white balls on them) carefully to guard your dreadful secret. Of course no Glamor Girl would stick her head out of the door unless every little tinted curl was in place, her make-up was perfect, and her Hattie Carnegie simply shrieked with chic. She nestled luxuriously under the silver fox robe in her town car, and thought, "Ann Harding shouldn't be allowed to appear in public looking the way

she does, her hair stringing, and those sloppy clothes. It gives Hollywood a bad name."

That was Hollywood in 1932 when Katharine Hepburn, college graduate, stage actress, and awfully good Connecticut Family, arrived at RKO to make "A Bill of Divorcement." Ruth Chatterton, Kay Francis, Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer were the Big Four of the cinema and everybody copied them—their manners, their hair-do, their clothes, their parties. Katharine Hepburn was no more like them than a morning-glory is like an orchid. Hollywood could have forgiven her that, *but* as the months passed she made not the slightest effort to be like them, or anyone, except Katharine Hepburn. In a formula town, that she should dare to be different—well, that was going a little too far. The arena was prepared for Hepburn.

Hepburn did not spend her time in beauty parlors the way the other stars did. She wore her finger-nails and her toe-nails *au naturel*, and rather short—which was quite a refreshing novelty with (*Please turn to page 90*)



# WHY

# ACTRESSES

**Boldly facing the problem years, these Hollywood actresses sympathetically share their poignant experiences**

THERE is nothing that gives most women sleepless nights as much as the thought that before long they'll be facing the problem years. That dreaded period in any woman's life—that alleged end of youth and beginning of a tiresome boredom and old age.

Well, perk up, ladies! It's all bunk. Middle age isn't the end of everything. It's the beginning. And even though you are stepping on the forties—or if you're already wading in them—what difference does that make? You've still a lot ahead of you. And you can still be as young as you want to be.

No, I'm not being Pollyanna. And I'm not being Walter Pitkin or Dale Carnegie. I'm only passing on to you what some of the best known stars in Hollywood think about facing middle age—and of keeping young. There is one actress in particular who has set a course for herself that has proved both full and gratifying. She's one woman who proudly admits her age and who intends to keep on admitting it from now on, for life is one grand



thing to her. That actress is Mary Astor.

There's an interesting story about Mary. Not so long ago, she was at a party. One curious woman said to her, "Really, Mary, how old are you?" Mary smiled and said, "You won't believe me if I tell you." "But of course I will," the other gasped excitedly. "Now come on, how old are you?" "I'm thirty-four," Mary answered.

The woman looked at Mary as though she were saying, "How can you lie so brazenly?" She smiled weakly and said, "Oh." Later on, Mary heard this same woman telling a friend that Mary said she was only thirty-four.

"Thirty-four!" said "friend" exclaimed. "Don't be silly. I saw her on the screen when I was twelve. She must be at least—well, I'd say forty-five."



# DON'T

# FEAR

By  
**Jack Holland**

## MIDDLE AGE!

And so it went. Everyone laughed—oh, but politely—at Mary. Finally, in self-defense, she sent for her birth certificate. Proudly she displayed it to her friends. Their reply was usually, "You can't kid me. It's faked." Mary even had her certificate copied and sent to the doubters. Once, a suspicious interviewer was questioning her on her age, so she immediately yanked out a document to prove her point. The document turned out to be the road map of Florida. And the interviewer smiled at her with a smile that implied Mary was as balmy as a spring breeze.

But it makes no difference what the doubters think. Mary *was* thirty-four last May. Think back a little and you'll see how plausible it is. She has been on the screen since she was fourteen. When she was one of the biggest stars in Hollywood, drawing the largest salary—which wasn't so long ago, she was about twenty. Now, a lot of water has gone under the bridge. And much can happen in fourteen years.

Even if Mary *were* forty-five, she still wouldn't look a



The women on these two pages are all facing the same problems which beset middle-aged women everywhere. But because these women are actresses they cannot afford to let the passing years dim their lustre, and so they have been forced to find a solution in life and work. Above, Mary Astor; left, Spring Byington and Kay Francis. Facing page, the radiant smile of Irene Rich, and Fay Bainter, also pictured with her young son, Reg, Jr.

day older than she does now. She has an amazing gift for keeping young. And yet it's surprising that she has kept her youth so well. Certainly no woman has had more tragedy in her life than she has. Certainly no actress has had to face the problems that should have aged any woman terrifically. But tragedy and deep-seated problems have only enriched Mary Astor's life. They haven't aged this lovely star of "Brigham Young." Rather, they have mellowed her and taught her one supreme thing—tolerance and understanding. And they have added to her love of life and her innate courage.

I was talking to Mary in her lovely home in the Pacific Palisades about youth and how she has been able to hold on to it, despite her trials. She smiled at me in a winking sort of way, lit a cigarette, and relaxed in her chair. "I'm not the only woman who has known tragedy,"

she explained. "I've had my share and it all came at a time when I was trying to get a new hold on a career that seemed to be slipping away from me. You see, I'd always had whatever I wanted. I was never worried about anything. Then, suddenly to find myself thrown in a new world, a world without security and without love, was a terrific shock, and I went through a period of mental turmoil and indecision. But somehow, I couldn't seem to take the attitude of resigning myself to my supposed fate.

"I was then—and still am—determined to beat every trouble that came my way. I wanted to prove to myself that no tragedy could throw me. And I certainly had no intention of ever letting anything take away all that life—and youth—had to offer.

"One thing helped me through this trying time. That was my own peculiar sense (Please turn to page 85)





**CAMEO CINDERELLA—** Lovely Vera Gilmer, who lived in Los Angeles most of her life, came East and became one of New York's most popular models. She hadn't been in Manhattan more than two months before Russell Patterson, famous artist, picked her as the girl with the "classic cameo profile." She recently went to Hollywood to return to Vivien Leigh the "Gone With the Wind" cameo brooch, shown in picture at left, and to appear as Cecil B. DeMille's guest on the Lux Radio Theatre. The priceless brooch was borrowed so that reproduction could be made.

**D**ID you know that it is Ann Sheridan's secret ambition to be able to play the harmonica in a harmonica band? . . . I wonder how Garbo feels about it! When she and Dr. Hauser made an appearance at a performance of Noel Coward's "Tonight at 8:30" series, not a person seemed aware that they were present. They didn't get one tumble from the fans. . . . You no longer see Jon Hall practicing native South Sea dances around the local night spots any more. He did get into practice for his dancing scenes in "South of Pago-Pago" that way, but now he's back doing the rumba and La Conga again.



**A**NY young man's name linked with Helen Parrish's after her break up with Forrest Tucker was sure to be looked on with callous eyes, because this young couple, Hollywood feels, was ruthlessly parted for very selfish reasons. So don't put too much stock into the romance RKO is building now between Helen and one Charles Lang. Confidentially, Lang is an intimate and long-time friend of Helen's brother, Bob.

**I**T TAKES an actress to pick an actress. A number of years ago Madame Nazimova was shown the tests of ten young girls and asked to choose the one with the most promise. She chose the most unlikely of the lot—a quiet, unassuming, rather plain girl. Recently Madame Nazimova saw this girl again on a movie lot—she since has become a name to reckon with on the screen. Nazimova told the girl of the incident and how satisfying it was to see such success. "I am Madame Nazimova," she went on to explain. She needn't have introduced herself at all, because what she didn't know was that she had long been the idol of the very girl she had marked for success. That girl's name is Laraine Day.

**N**O ONE would think of calling Artie Shaw cautious, much less superstitious. But, underneath, he must be more deeply hurt by his marriage fiasco than he will admit. Whenever he brings one of his beautiful dates to Grace Hayes Lodge these nights he refuses to sit at a certain very conspicuous table—it's the scene of his first serious fight with Lana Turner.

**T**HE crowds of curious onlookers clicked indignant tongues when Loretta Young's sister, Polly Ann, breathlessly arrived at Loretta's wedding in full screen make-up. Everyone began moaning about Hollywood's unfeeling disregard for anything sacred, but they shouldn't have taken Polly Ann to task. She wouldn't have missed that wedding for anything and the crowds might have been far more amazed had she arrived in the full regalia of bridal gown and veil herself. She was being married, in a picture, all that day at the studio. It was a toss-up to get out of her make-up or her bridal finery—they kept her working until the last moment. She chose the clothes.

And here's pretty Jean Rogers ushering in the new football season. This is how Jean looks in "Yesterday's Heroes," the big football picture in which Jean plays the feminine lead opposite Robert Sterling, who is her gridiron hero in it.





PAULETTE GODDARD has always been a wonderful pal of the two Chaplin boys, but now she has become a greater hit than ever with them and all their friends. Since the boys found out that she could execute a few slick jiu-jitsu tricks and that she actually threw Lynne Overman in "North West Mounted Police" she's become their favorite heroine. Their father has rigged up a gymnasium for them at the studio and big-hearted Paulette is showing them how the artful wrestling is done.

EXPECT it's a case for the Hays office to ponder. Rita Hayworth has just received a fan request to top all fan requests in audacity. It came from a group of sailors aboard the U. S. S. Yarnell. There was no mention of an autograph or a picture. They didn't ask Rita to be pen-pals with them—they wanted one of her brassieres to, as they put it, "make the Yarnell the envy of the Atlantic squadron!" That goes to show you what influence Hollywood has on our first line of defense.

MOVIE stars do the funniest thing. Who would ever think of going to a night club to hide! Hedy Lamarr made her first appearance at a night spot since her separation from Gene Markey, and tried to make everyone believe she wasn't there at all. She arrived with a young couple and with her gloved hands shielding her face she sought out the farthest and darkest corner in the room. She spent the evening impassively slouched there, hiding. When she left, she sneaked out the back door.

# HOLLYWOOD

**Lively Gossip and Glamorous Goings-on of Cinema Celebrities**

**By Weston East**

In "First Love," Robert Stack gave Deanna Durbin her first kiss, which was just a bashful peck; but in "Spring Parade" she gets soundly kissed by Robert Cummings, below. Right, Marlene Dietrich wears the pants. Marlene, who started the slacks vogue for women, will wear pants for the first time on the screen in Universal's "Tropical Sinners," new film with an American naval island in the South Seas as its background.





THE rowdiest, but one of the most enjoyable fun fests in Hollywood, is the West Side Tennis Club's annual party for its members. It is always a costume affair and this year, believe it or not, Alice Faye was the big, outstanding hit of the evening. Impersonating a gay 90's belle having a time for herself down on the Bowery, Alice was three-deep in men the entire night. She tossed off a million dollars worth of songs—just like that. Too bad Tony Martin, whom she divorced in March of this year, wasn't there to see her. I'll bet he would have put an end to all their differences and, then and there, persuaded Alice to take up where they left off and give that much-rumored second try at marriage a chance.

DID you know that Claudette Colbert cautiously peeks at any gift of flowers sent her and if the blooms are roses they are never unpacked but sent off to the patients at a local hospital? Claudette can't live in the same room with a bunch of roses. . . . When you see the rough and ready skirmishes and tussels between football stars in "Yesterday's Heroes," know that in most of the scenes, powerful wind machines were set to blowing over tons of ice to keep the hardboiled gridiron guys from fainting with the heat. . . . All in all, Bill Holden grew six complete beards for "Arizona." He grew the last one, a complete set of whiskers, to make just one final retake.

IN MORE sophisticated circles, Great Profile Barrymore can carry on in his inimitable style and prove very amusing with his frank and startling language. However, John found that less cosmopolitan people can fail to appreciate him and, what's more, even go so far as to shut him up. Three middle western women tourists, in a booth next to him at the Derby, were frankly shocked at his goings-on, but John went right ahead. Soon the women were joined by three bruisers who all looked as if they might be professional strong men. When all three stepped over to Barrymore's table John became as silent as a clam, and in a few minutes left the restaurant with only a mutter.



"Tugboat Annie Sails Again" with Marjorie Rambeau as TUGBOAT ANNIE, which was one of the last rôles and finest portrayals by Marie Dressler, below, before her death.



Above, scene from "Tugboat Annie," with Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery as the CAPTAIN, the rôle played by Alan Hale in "Tugboat Annie Sails Again." Below right, scene from old film with Marie Dressler, Robert Young, Maureen O'Sullivan.

**Remember Marie Dressler as *Tugboat Annie*? Here are scenes from her most memorable movie to refresh your memory**

NO ONE ever tried harder, had as much to give and managed to make less headway in pictures than Liz Whitney. Dynamic Liz, with all the rumored rôles in the offing, hasn't yet got to first base. And now the irony of it—one of her famous horses will make the grade before she does. White Rose, a beautiful nag, will make her début in celluloid in "The Philadelphia Story." Katharine Hepburn will ride her.

YOU'LL never guess how big, handsome John Wayne is managing to pick up an extra bit of change these days. It's a secret, but I'll let you know that husky, he-man Wayne sells personal instruction in bridge to anyone interested, in a private room at this club. He seems to get more of a kick from his "teaching" than he ever did from acting.

WHY was Gary Cooper so intent on trying to disguise himself at a recent concert that he hid in an out of the way corner and wore black glasses, although he was already sitting in the dark? I'll bet he thought he was unrecognized! . . . At dimly lighted night spots these nights the gals who put those softly luminous phosphorescent highlights to their coiffures are getting the lion's share of admiring glances. It's something brand new in Hollywood.





SOONER or later a bombshell is going to be dropped in filmland society circles that will bring back that old feud between real, capital S society and Hollywood's own brand. Liz Whitney and Mrs. Harrison Williams have taken up the Hollywood social set and seem to be having a lot of fun. However, the leaders of Southern California's social aristocracy are as cold to movie names as ever. No film player is allowed membership in the exclusive Los Angeles Country Club. Both Liz Whitney and Mrs. Harrison Williams are members. It's interesting and amusing to ponder what will happen when these two demand admittance, as they undoubtedly will, for their friends from "the other side of the tracks."

A GROUP of local women writers very successfully took over the Farmers' Public Market and turned in a pretty penny to the Red Cross by having movie stars donate their services and turn salesmen in this great food emporium. Mischa Auer, appropriately, was placed in charge of the nut department. Joe Penner sold ducks. Shirley Temple held forth in the candy department and never had so much fun in her life. Shirley, a real million dollar baby, was thrilled to see and get her hands on so much real money. "Imagine," she said, during her first ten minutes as a salesgirl, "one lady just bought a whole fifty-cents' worth of candy!"

M-G-M was determined at first to hush up the fact that they found their new male Adonis dishing out fancy victuals to movie folk at *Ciro's*. They thought he couldn't become a great cinema lover with the "stigma" of having been a waiter sticking to his past. But young Cliff Danielson now there's a guy who is handsome) would have none of it. "There's nothing wrong with being a waiter," says he. "If I ever get to be an actor and go to *Ciro's* to eat there'll be no putting on lugs. And what's more, you can bet I'll know how to be considerate to the fellow who serves me and give him a break!" Sounds like some of the movie big shots are being told off by a fellow who should know.

Marjorie Rambeau, below, was brave when she agreed to play ANNIE, knowing filmgoers still remembered the late Marie Dressler's fine interpretation of that rôle.



**Now see Marjorie Rambeau in the modern version of that lovable character—in "Tugboat Annie Sails Again"**



Above, Marjorie Rambeau in a scene with Alan Hale. Below left, Miss Rambeau with Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman, the young married pair in the new film, and who are Mr. and Mrs. in private life. See it and compare portrayals of the two casts.

IT DOESN'T pay a star to try to fool his fans. Recently Gene Autry took Lindy, a stand-in for his famous horse, on a personal appearance tour with him. The majority of his young admirers hooted, "Where's Champ?" They weren't fooled. They know that Champ has a small white spot on his chest and Lindy hasn't. It's the only way the two horses can be told apart, but the fans had no wool pulled over their eyes.

JOAN FONTAINE is taking life easy these days, and she never looked as well or as smartly dressed in all her life. Lazing in the sun at the Coral Casino at the Santa Barbara Biltmore she has completely regained her health. Her sunning clothes are the smartest I've ever seen. In pale blue and white Joan caught and held every eye at the fashionable pool-side every time she made an appearance.

THE Jane Wyman-Ronald Reagan eagerly awaited heir is without a doubt the most planned-for baby to come to Hollywood in a long time. The money for the child's education has been set aside. His school in the East has been picked. In fact, both parents are so sure it will be a boy that his first toy, already waiting for him, is a pair of miniature red leather boxing gloves.



# "The Son of Monte Cristo"

Continued from page 29

engaged a guide and a pack of hounds and was off. After all, it mattered little that he would lose a day in seeing Gurko. The man would have little enough relish for his visit as it was, since he was coming to tell him the House of Monte Cristo would not give him the huge loan he had asked from them.

The hounds were in full pursuit after a stag when Cristo first saw the carriage. Careening down the road it came as though pursued by demons and he saw the postillion rise now and then and look behind him while the coachman whipped the horses to new frenzy. This was something to Cristo's liking, this sense of danger, this promise of adventure to come. Then he saw the stag leap across the road in front of the galloping horses and the hounds dart after it in hot pursuit. It was all over in a second, the horses rearing and the carriage lurching in that horrible moment before it crashed against a tree, and the horses broke loose and stampeded into the woods.

Cristo's first impulse was to help the coachman and postillion recapture them. Then he saw the two women, the older one weeping as she knelt over the girl lying on the grass beside the road. Cristo needed only that first sight of her still figure, of the soft black hair pushed away from the small heart-shaped face to know that he had found at last the woman he had been seeking all his life. She opened her eyes, slowly, wonderingly, and he saw that they were blue, the same incredible blue of the late afternoon sky and he felt as if all heaven was opening before him.

"I assure you, Madame, it was an accident," he said, and his voice was shaken.

"Accident!" the older woman glared at him. "You call setting your dogs on us an accident!"

Even as she spoke her eyes turned in the direction from which they had come and Cristo saw their fear become a living thing. And far in the distance he saw the clouds of dust kicked up by horses' hoofs.

"Can you get us to Petsh quickly?" the girl asked, and his answer was a quick step toward her and his arms lifting her to his saddle. Then at his curt command the guide had lifted the other woman to his own horse and they were off on the trail that led through the woods.

Cristo, the courageous, found himself trembling with this girl sitting before him on his saddle, for it was as if he really held her in his embrace with his arms holding her, her head so close to his he felt the petal smoothness of her skin and her hair blowing against his cheek become a wayward kiss.

She had been silent so long he longed to hear the softness of her voice again.

"In my haste I haven't discovered yet to whom I should offer my apology," he said, and seeing her startled glance he went on reassuringly, "I am the Count of Monte Cristo."

"My name is Zona," the girl hesitated the merest moment, "Zona Pffaffendop." And she turned her head away so he would not see her lips breaking into that impish grin.

They were nearing the border now and Cristo felt the girl's body lose some of its tension as they saw the distant roofs of Poland. Then there were the lighted windows of the inn and the horse stopping at last in the cobblestone courtyard and he holding her in his arms as he lifted her to the ground. He hated to let her go, and as he saw her follow the innkeeper up to her room he begrudged the minutes that

would pass with her out of his sight and found himself longing for the one that would bring her to him again.

He did see her again. But it wasn't as he had dreamed it would be, walking in the garden with the moonlight on her face and the stars in her eyes and he finding the courage to tell her he had come to love her in that small space of time. For even as he stood in his own room thinking of her he heard the noise in the courtyard below and saw the soldiers crowding into it. Lichtenburg soldiers here in Poland, ordering the gates opened for them! And he knew the girl was in danger as he heard two of them run up the stairs and pound on her door. It could be no small thing that would make soldiers show such contempt for another country's frontier.

Then as he stood there he heard the sound of splintering wood as they broke through her door. "Your Royal Highness!" one of them said and Cristo marked the irony in the voice. "My orders are to escort you back to Lichtenburg. I am also instructed to secure a certain letter you are carrying to the French Emperor, written as we have come to know by Your Highness' Prime Minister, the Baron von Neuhoff. A letter asking for help from France to overthrow our leader Gurko."

"Must I remind you that I am the Grand Duchess of Lichtenburg?" the girl asked and Cristo thrilled to the quiet courage of her voice. "I command my own person!"

"I trust Your Royal Highness will not make a search necessary," the man persisted. "The letter, if you please!"

It was all Cristo needed to hear. He opened his door cautiously and motioning the girl to silence crept toward the two officers standing in front of her. Then in

Right, the beautiful GRAND DUCHESS ZONA (Joan Bennett). Below, the DUCHESS ZONA, disguised as a simple peasant girl for an attempted escape from the palace, is discovered by GURKO LANEN (George Sanders), ambitious and ruthless dictator of Lichtenburg who is holding ZONA as a prisoner.

a lightning flash he ripped the sabre from the scabbard of one of them and whirled upon the other. "I think Her Royal Highness said that she commanded her own person!" he said as he lifted the sword. "My friend, here, will introduce me."

As the officer's hand went to his own sword, Cristo took Zona's arm and almost hurled her back into the room beside her companion. Then, sword in hand, he waited for the onslaught. Other soldiers came crashing up the stairs but Cristo standing with his back to the broken door had the vantage place. He fought grimly, but gayly too as a man will who looks upon his sword as a comrade. With a quick lunge he leaned forward, ripping the captain's sword from his hand, holding the rest of them at bay, and he laughed as if he found danger to his liking.

Neither of the women heard the window open behind them and the soldier climb





into the room and so they were unprepared for the sudden dash he made between them. Before they realized what was happening he struck at Cristo's head with the butt of his pistol. When Cristo fought his way back to consciousness again he was lying on the bed in his own room and the soldiers were gone and Zona with them.

He had a purpose in going to Lichtenburg now. But it was a few days before the wound in his head would allow him to travel and so when he arrived there he saw the newspapers with their headlines screaming of von Neuhoff's treason. Lichtenburg was in a turmoil. Soldiers guarded the streets and the people went silently about their business, with only their frightened eyes showing the outrage that had come upon them. But as Cristo walked among them he felt their uneasiness and the oppression that held them.

His face became grim when he saw the

soldiers wrecking a drygoods shop. They dragged out the son of the proprietor who was scarcely more than a boy and began questioning him. "Hans Mirbach," they demanded, "where is the press that printed this filth?"

Cristo saw the crudely printed newspaper they were brandishing before him and the headlines exonerating von Neuhoff and his heart lifted as he knew that even in this dictator-ridden country there were souls courageous enough to strike out for freedom, and he knew the boy was one of them for all that he so steadily denied any knowledge of the thing of which they were accusing him.

Even before the boy wrenched himself away from the officer holding him and ran, Cristo had decided his cause lay with him. Darting through the crowd after him Cristo managed to hold back the pursuers, tripping one after the other as he ran, and then as they were passing a narrow alley he took hold of the boy's arm and pulled him into it.

"But this is my own house," the boy whispered, staring up at the building the soldiers had been demolishing.

"Certainly it is," Cristo agreed, forcing him to go through the back entrance. "This is the one place they'll never think of looking for you." He smiled ruefully. "But ducking in was simple. I wish I knew how we were going to duck out again."

"There is a way out!" Hans said eagerly, and now it was he who took the lead, going through the wrecked basement. He pushed down on the wooden floor and a section of it slid back to reveal a crude flight of stairs leading to a tunnel below. "We sent the papers out this way," he explained, "but I couldn't escape through it, for the passage leads to my friends and I couldn't betray them."

A rat scurried by and Cristo looking at the damp stone walls and the water flowing under the loose planks beneath their feet realized they were in the sewers under the city. Slowly they made their way

Left, in a lightning flash, the young Count of Monte Cristo (Louis Hayward) ripped the sabre from the scabbard of one of the Lichtenburg soldiers and fought grimly, but gayly as a man who looks upon his sword as a comrade. Below, Cristo talks with Zona (Joan), who's bewildered over his foppish characteristics.



## "THE SON OF MONTE CRISTO"

An Edward Small Production released through United Artists. Story by George Bruce. Directed by Rowland V. Lee.

*Grand Duchess Zona*....Joan Bennett  
*Count of Monte Cristo*..Louis Hayward  
*Gurko Lanen*.....George Sander  
*Mathilde*.....Florence Bates  
*Colonel Zimmerman*....Lionel Royce  
*Conrad Stadt*.....Ian MacWolf  
*Fritz Dorner*.....Clayton Moore  
*Baron von Neuhoff*...Montague Love  
*French Ambassador*..George Revavent  
*Hans Mirbach*.....Rand Brooks  
*Captain*.....Theodore von Eltz  
*Schmidt*.....Jack Mullall

through the intricate passageway and then they turned into a wider space and now it was through the ancient catacombs they went and in the dim light Cristo saw the tiers upon tiers of coffins buried in the niches of the wall. Then as they reached the end of the passage the boy rapped a signal against a heavy door and it swung slowly open.

There were about fifteen men in the room and Cristo stepped back and his hand went to his sword as he saw that one of them was the officer who had been holding the boy when he made his desperate break. But the man smiled as he came towards them.

"I saw what you did!" he said. "That was enough to insure your welcome here. I am Fritz Dorner, Lieutenant of the Household Guard."

"I am Edmund Dantes," Cristo smiled. "Sometimes called the Count of Monte Cristo."

"It is like meeting a legend face to face," Dorner said and his hand went out to Cristo. "We are proud to have you with us. But fate has just dealt us a death blow. Gurko has given orders that Baron von Neuhoff is to die at midnight. You must have a high opinion of our country! Welcomed in a tomb with the news that our greatest man is to be assassinated and the knowledge that our little Grand Duchess is a prisoner in her own palace, and at the mercy of Gurko's attentions. The scoundrel is trying to marry her!"

Cristo saw the men's fists hardening as they listened and heard their voices rise demanding that they be the ones chosen to rescue the prime minister and help their Duchess.

"None of you can help me," Dorner said slowly. "I'd have to have someone in the palace beyond Gurko's suspicion."

Cristo stepped forward then. "Perhaps I could qualify as the volunteer you need," he said.

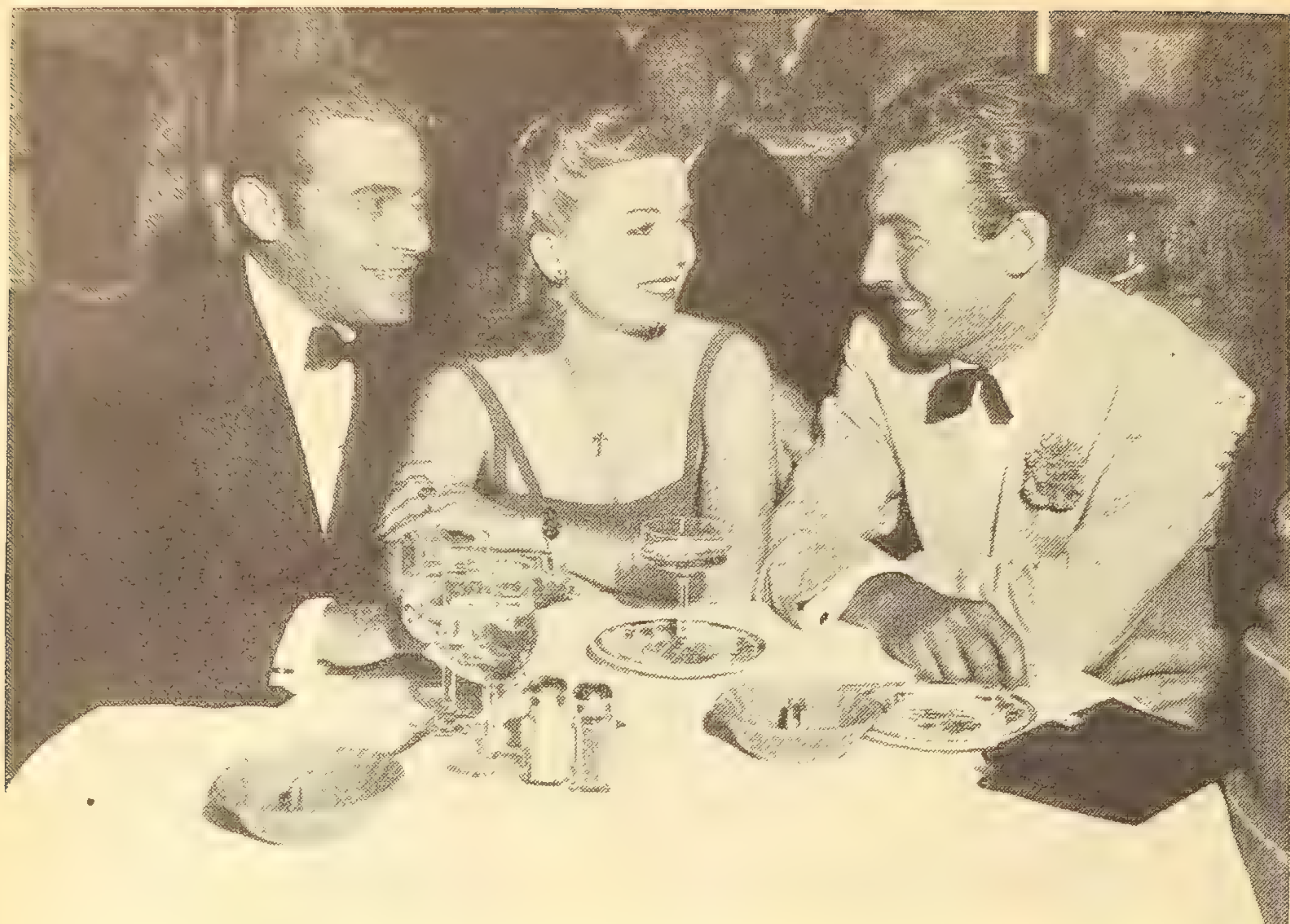
"But how could you, a stranger, get into the palace?" Dorner demanded.

"By using a bank draft for twenty-five million francs as a calling card," Cristo smiled. "Gurko applied to the House of Monte Cristo for a loan. And I have just decided to grant it!"

It was almost too easy ingratiating himself into Gurko's confidence, for the loan and the easy compliments on his lips had opened the palace doors wide to him. Cristo had to tell himself that this was fighting too, this fencing with words instead of a sword, but it was fighting that came harder for him.

And that night he saw Zona again. She had been summoned to the banquet table





Len Weissman

Jon Hall, who's back on screen in "Kit Carson," and his lovely wife, Frances Langford, are pictured chatting with maestro Eddy Duchin at a ringside table at the Grove.

at his request for Gurko could refuse Cristo nothing now that he had granted him the sorely needed loan. He was just raising his glass to his lips when she came through the door, her imperious little head held high. At first there was her smile when she saw him. Then she realized he was here as a guest of the man she hated, and Cristo saw her eyes hardening as Gurko introduced him.

"The Count of Monte Cristo is the last person I expected to receive here," she said, and her voice told him she held him as her enemy.

"Turning up in the most unexpected places is an idiosyncrasy of the Cristo family," he laughed.

"The Count is a great friend of our little Principality," Gurko looked at the Duchess triumphantly. "Lichtenburg is indebted to him in the sum of twenty-five million francs."

Only the sudden trembling of her hands showed that she had heard and she was silent during dinner, and when it was over she took the first opportunity she could to leave. A few moments later Cristo made his excuses too, and stopping in his own room only long enough to get his cloak he went into the garden.

Dorner had whispered to him that he would find her here and she was sitting beside the fountain when he came, her face tragic as she stared down at the flower in her hand. She looked up then and saw him and the flower fell from her hand.

"You change characters quite easily, don't you?" she asked. "I saw you first as a swashbuckling gallant and now I see you in the rôle of a silly fop, flattering the ego of a man your first personality would have every reason to despise. Just what is your true character?"

"I'm a business man," he laughed. "A banker, to be exact. I believe in making my clients feel superior to myself."

"In Petsh you made me believe you a chivalrous gentleman," she whispered, turning away so he would not see the mist clouding her eyes. "What you did that night became one of my most beautiful memories. Too bad I had to see it shattered by knowing you loaned Gurko the money he needs to completely shatter my country. What you have bought is a partnership in his crimes against it."

"I'm sure you do Gurko an injustice," Cristo's voice sounded regretful. "I con-

sider him a remarkable man. We understood each other, almost at once."

"Love at first sight, I suppose!" she said bitterly.

"Oh, no!" He smiled at her. "That can only happen once." He longed to tell her how he really felt but in a dictator's garden even roses may have eyes and lilies ears. So instead he said, "Do you know you're even more beautiful when you're angry?"

She rose contemptuously and left him and when he went back to his room he found Dorner waiting for him, dressed in a long cloak that was almost a replica of his own. Cristo stood by as the man pressed a secret spring and the great fireplace swung open to reveal the stairs leading to the dungeons below.

Cristo was the first to go, tying on the black mask Dorner had brought him as he went. And then as the officer waited in the shadows, his pistol drawn to protect him, Cristo crept up to the turnkey and covering him with his gun demanded von Neuhooff's freedom. Back of them as they fled came the shouts of their pursuers but Dorner led them to the old square tower that had not been used these fifty years now and underneath it was the underground passage connecting with the sewer and the catacombs. And von Neuhooff was safe in the secret hiding place of his followers.

*The Torch* had struck for the first time! That was the name Cristo had signed to the impudent note he sent to Gurko and that was the name he was to be known by now. And hearts that had given up hoping beat with courage again as they thrilled to his deeds of daring. No one knew where *The Torch* would strike again, except that they knew it would always be for Lichtenburg and for the people and for little Zona who was their Duchess.

And in the palace Cristo went about with another mask, one of indifference, and he was considered so harmless that Gurko took him into his full confidence. "But I had hoped it would be possible to leave soon," Cristo said in a bored voice when Gurko asked him to stay to meet the French Ambassador who was coming with an urgent message. "You see this visit took me away from Paris at the very height of the social season."

He sat toying with his ruffled wrist bands when the Ambassador was an-

nounced as if he were trying to conceal his boredom. But Gurko's face was red with anger as he listened to the Ambassador's ultimatum and realized that von Neuhooff had been able to get a message through to France.

"Unless you surrender Her Royal Highness into the custody of the French Government at once she will be liberated by force!" the Ambassador said.

"What would be your attitude if Her Royal Highness announced her marriage to me?" Gurko demanded, his smile cloaking his words with velvety softness. "If she thought her people were in danger of a Russian invasion she would do almost anything to save them. And surely Your Excellency realizes that Russia is just as interested as France in using Lichtenburg as a buffer against Bismarck. I understand the readiness of your Government to support von Neuhooff against me. But is it as eager to support him against me and Russia?"

The Ambassador hesitated and Cristo knew Gurko had won. *The Torch* must strike quickly to prevent him from making the pact with Russia.

But first he must see Zona. He went into the garden and it was then he saw her up on her balcony and in an instant he had scaled the flower-covered trellis that led to it.

"It's such a pity you have to be a Grand Duchess," he said, "when there are so many roads to be traveled, mountains to be crossed, so much happiness and laughter and all the things you could have if you had really been Zona Pffaffendop on your way to Paris in a carriage. Love could come riding up to you then. But it's almost impossible for love to pass the sentries at the palace gates."

"The man I love would not find it impossible to pass sentries," Zona said, lifting her head proudly. "I'd go out to meet him. A man like *The Torch*."

"A ruffian?" Cristo pretended he was shocked. "A masquerader?"

"A ruffian and a masquerader who is unselfish enough to risk his life for others," she said, looking at him scornfully. "Such a man would dare to take love in his hands and be its master."

"You don't think I have daring?" he asked. "That I could be master?"

And before she realized what he was doing he had taken her in his arms and crushed her to his heart, his eager lips closing over hers. For a moment he felt her heart beat against his, then she tore herself away and her small hand went up and struck him full on the mouth.

"That is to remind you that this is a palace and I am its mistress!" she said, and her voice was trembling with her tears. "And I think you are the most conceited, insufferable, stupid man I've ever known!"

The red imprint was still on his cheek when he wrote the note signed *The Torch* and wrapping it around a brick sent it crashing through her window. He had not dared reveal himself to her, for he was sure she would not have believed him. But she would heed that note and late that night she would be at the postern gate dressed in peasant clothes waiting for him and her loyal followers who would see that she had safe passage to Paris.

Everything went so easily. Maybe he should have suspected something had gone wrong for there was no sentry on watch when the peasant cart driven by Hans with Dorner by his side drove up to the gate. But Cristo had thoughts only for Zona as he waited tensely, his mask shielding his eager eyes, and at last he saw the Palace doors open and she came running toward him.

Suddenly as he went out to meet her there was the clash of swords and soldiers leaping from the shrubbery. Then Gurko stood there smiling ironically at the man



he knew only as *The Torch*. "Throw down your sword!" he commanded.

But Cristo's hand tightened on its hilt. "I'll give it to you!" he cried as he lunged forward.

But Cristo's hand tightened on its hilt, too and it was a duel of skill that the two fought with Cristo needing all the subtleties of swordplay that his father had taught him. And as Zona watched breathlessly she knew at last who *The Torch* was. Only one man had such a way with the sword, the man who had fought for her at Petsh. And fear darkened her eyes as she saw him surrounded, his back to the garden wall and the Palace guards closing in on him.

But *The Torch* could not be taken so easily. He waited until he saw Hans make his escape in the cart, then in an instant he had disarmed Gurko with a twist of his sword blade and vanished into the darkness. "Don't worry!" he called to Zona as he fled. "I'll be back!"

So morning found Zona a prisoner still and Cristo in the palace playing his rôle of the slightly bored onlooker. But he had need of all the subterfuge he could command when he witnessed the signing of the pact with the Russian Ambassador, the agreement which pledged Russia to put Gurko on the throne of Lichtenburg and to keep him there by force if necessary. That meant Zona would have to marry him to save her country from destruction by the Czar.

There was so little time. The Ambassador's carriage was waiting at the gates to take him on his journey to Russia. But *The Torch* moved swiftly too and just outside the city he caught up with it. There was terror in the envoy's eyes when he saw the masked face confronting him and it took little urging of Cristo's pistol to make him give up the important paper.

But for once *The Torch* had made a mistake. He had revealed his identity to Gurko. For Cristo was the only man beside himself who knew of the existence of the pact.

It was Zona who came to warn him. "You must get away quickly," she cried. "Gurko's men are on the way to arrest you." Her voice trembled as she told him how Gurko had taunted her with his discovery and how he had watched her with his smiling, cruel eyes as he had tried to trick her into admitting that she knew Cristo and *The Torch* were one.

"I'm remembering all the terrible things I said to you, at the time you were daring everything for me," she whispered. "But even when I said them I hated myself for it. Can you forgive me?"

"I remember one thing you said," he told her gently. "That you would go out to meet a man like *The Torch*. Is that still true?"

"It's always been true," she whispered brokenly. "From the very first day at Petsh. But now you must go quickly!"

"If you had only been Zona Pffaffendop!" he smiled.

"Please, maybe just for a moment I can be," she said. And then she was in his arms, her slender body clinging to his. "I'm afraid! I feel this may be the last time we shall ever see each other and I love you, more than anything in the world."

"Keep saying that until I come back," he whispered. He moved toward the fireplace. But he was too late. Gurko and his men were already at the door.

Cristo flung a stool at Gurko's head and dashing to the window broke through it and jumped to the ground below. But more soldiers were waiting and when Dorner came to his aid he was captured too. It wasn't to the dungeon they were taken. Gurko had lost his confidence in it since von Neuhoft's rescue, and had ordered them taken to the jail on the outskirts

of the city and it was there they learned they had been sentenced to death.

"I understand now how my father felt," Cristo said ruefully. "Twenty years in a cell, stone walls, cold, not even a voice!" He stared down at the metal pan of food a guard had pushed through his cell and then he saw the envelope lying beside it and tearing it open he discovered it was an invitation to Zona's wedding to Gurko. And on the margin Gurko had written in his heavy sprawl: "I have already conveyed your regrets to Her Royal Highness."

"I wonder why I never thought he had a sense of humor," Cristo said grimly as he read it to Dorner.

Neither nights nor days can be counted in a prison through which no light of sun or moon can show their passing. So there were only the jibes of the guards to tell them that the day had come on which Zona would be married and they must mount the scaffold. For Gurko had decreed the two events would take place at the same moment.

But the tyrant had reckoned without the rest of that loyal band. The leaders were gone but von Neuhoft had taken their place, and there were still men like Hans willing to risk their lives for their friends and for liberty. So on that day when a cart drove up in front of the prison it was Hans and von Neuhoft dressed in peasant smocks who jumped down and pretended to unload their provisions. And at their signal the burlap bags covering the wagon were thrown aside and men fully armed swarmed out of it and seizing the guards imprisoned them in their own cells.

Cristo and Dorner were freed, but maybe even now it was too late. In less than an hour the wedding would be performed. Cristo gave the wedding invitation to Hans and asked him to print two hundred duplicates of it on his press and distribute them among their members who would use them to gain admission to the palace. Then he himself went to the Russian Embassy, deserted now of everyone but the servants, since the household had already departed for the wedding, and at his pistol's point forced the Ambassador's secretary to open the safe.

The pact was safe now. But once more Cristo donned his cloak and mask. And so it was *The Torch* who came to the palace as Zona stood beside Gurko, and as the spectators stumbled to their feet the men

who had come there on the forged invitations rose as one with von Neuhoft at their head.

"Call the Captain of the guard!" Gurko ordered. "Arrest these men."

"At the moment your guard is taking orders from us!" Cristo swept him a mocking bow. "This palace is completely surrounded." And taking out the pact he gave it to von Neuhoft who held up his hand for silence.

"This document is written proof that Gurko Lanen was willing to sell his country, his Queen, and her people into bondage," the prime minister thundered. "Gurko Lanen, I arrest you in the name of the People of Lichtenburg for the crime of high treason against the State. The penalty for which is death, not only for you but for all you represent!"

Gurko drew out his pistol and as Zona stood there, her trembling hands covering her face, he pressed it against his heart and drew the trigger. A shout was heard and the great doors of the throne room were thrown open as the guard appeared on the threshold, staring in horror at his master's dead body.

"How did you escape?" the Ambassador demanded. "The palace is surrounded."

The officer stared blankly. "The guard is carrying on its duties!" he said bewildered. "There is no one outside the palace."

Cristo laughed then as he looked at the officer, completely lost with no one to command him. But it was to Zona he went, kneeling before her as he lifted her hand to his lips. "Imagination is a wonderful thing, Your Highness," he said. "You can use it when everything else fails!"

Zona leaned over and her trembling fingers untied his mask. And so it was as himself, young Monte Cristo, that he faced the crowded ballroom and their cheers rang through the room as Zona lifted her lips to his.

Our readers will be interested to know that the picture we fictionized in the October SCREENLAND, under the title "The New Yorker," has reached the screen with the new tag of "Christmas in July." It's still the same swell story and you'll want to see it when it comes to your neighborhood theater, no matter what it is called.



Len Weissman

Myrna Loy and her husband, producer Arthur Hornblow, Jr., are seen entertaining Constance Moore, who was their guest at an intimate dinner party in the Coconut Grove.



# Wish Upon a Star For Romance!

Continued from page 61

Society for Scientific Astrologers will forgive my being colloquial) to say here is the most sex appealing of all the signs. Moreover, Scorpio subjects have the lush viewpoint, the extravagant way of living which makes for exciting movie stars. As one who has always been depressed by the back to the fireside movement of latter day Hollywood, I welcome any newcomer cast in the heroic tradition.

When Scorpio women have, in addition to their boundless physical appeal, a face to launch a fleet, the result is glamor as is glamor. Vivien Leigh is Scorpio at its best. When I interpreted her chart I predicted her divorce and coming marriage to Laurence Olivier. In fact, that prediction was first made public in SCREENLAND. What will the outcome of that marriage be? Astrologically it will last, for they have much in common in their work, and although there are some differences in temperament, I am sure that they can overcome their differences and be happy in marriage.

There are some warnings in Vivien Leigh's horoscope, however, for her sign is ruled by Mars, planet of war, and this planet has been grievously afflicted for some time. I advise Miss Leigh to remain out of war zones, no matter how intense her sympathies. I advise her also to count her blessings and be content. Scorpio subjects are very apt to request, "More, more," even when the gods' stocks are depleted. Miss Leigh has a full share of love, fame, beauty and happiness. More attempts to augment these may prove disastrous. It is obvious that Vivien Leigh can go on in her already great career for some years to come, but her strange, changeable and unpredictable nature may cause her to suddenly give up her career in favor of marriage.

It is significant that the most fatal of modern femmes is a Scorpio. I mean, of course, the incomparable Hedy Lamarr. No matter how many other movie ladies give us a watered version of the Lamarr charm, no one can touch the original. In

fact, only the camera of James Wong Howe in "Algiers" ever captured it completely for the screen.

I met Hedy before the making of "Algiers" and she was discouraged about her future. After setting up her chart and looking back at her face, I was able to assure her that the world would soon be hers.

Through astrology I was able to predict her marriage to and divorce from Gene Markey, and every columnist in Hollywood took me to task for being so pessimistic. But you can't fool the stars! Hedy and Gene were never intended for a life together.

Hedy's chart shows that she will marry again soon. This third time will probably stick. She should marry someone of her own age, if possible. Young men are a bit frightened of so much beauty, however. Recently an actor, who shall be necessarily nameless, said to me, "You know, I'd give anything to have the nerve to ask Hedy for a date, but I wouldn't dare." Such modesty among actors is so rare, I asked why.

"Because she looks like the sort of girl one would have to send diamonds to instead of gardenias and I wouldn't dare become serious with her unless I had at least five million dollars."

I do hope that Hedy's expensive look isn't going to frighten off all the men of her own generation and leave the field clear to the boys who salted it away before the surtax. Of course I wouldn't advise wooing any Scorpio woman empty handed but you needn't come loaded down with buckets of emeralds, boys.

Material and acquisitive though Scorpios be, they are incurable romantics, and a full moon may get you as far as a diamond bracelet.

Not in the glamor league, but a girl as gifted and exciting as any in Hollywood is Scorpio-born Eleanor Powell. I'm especially fond of Eleanor because she takes her astrology seriously and never fails to

consult me when she has an important decision to make. I've always predicted a marriage for Eleanor during 1940 and I hope she doesn't upset all my calculations. She is the extremely idealistic type of Scorpio and will marry for love. She would even give up her career for it, but I hope not as there is no one else to take her place in the work she does. Her chart warns against overworking (a great danger for those born in this sign), and gives indications that she may return to the stage spasmodically. In future years one or two children are shown for Miss Powell.

In the gents' department of Scorpio we have Dick Powell, whose career has been sadly afflicted by Mars lately. Dick has the male version of Scorpio appeal and while it moves ladies' matinees to cooing dithers, it has inspired some male critics to ribald criticism. (Just jealousy, Dick.)

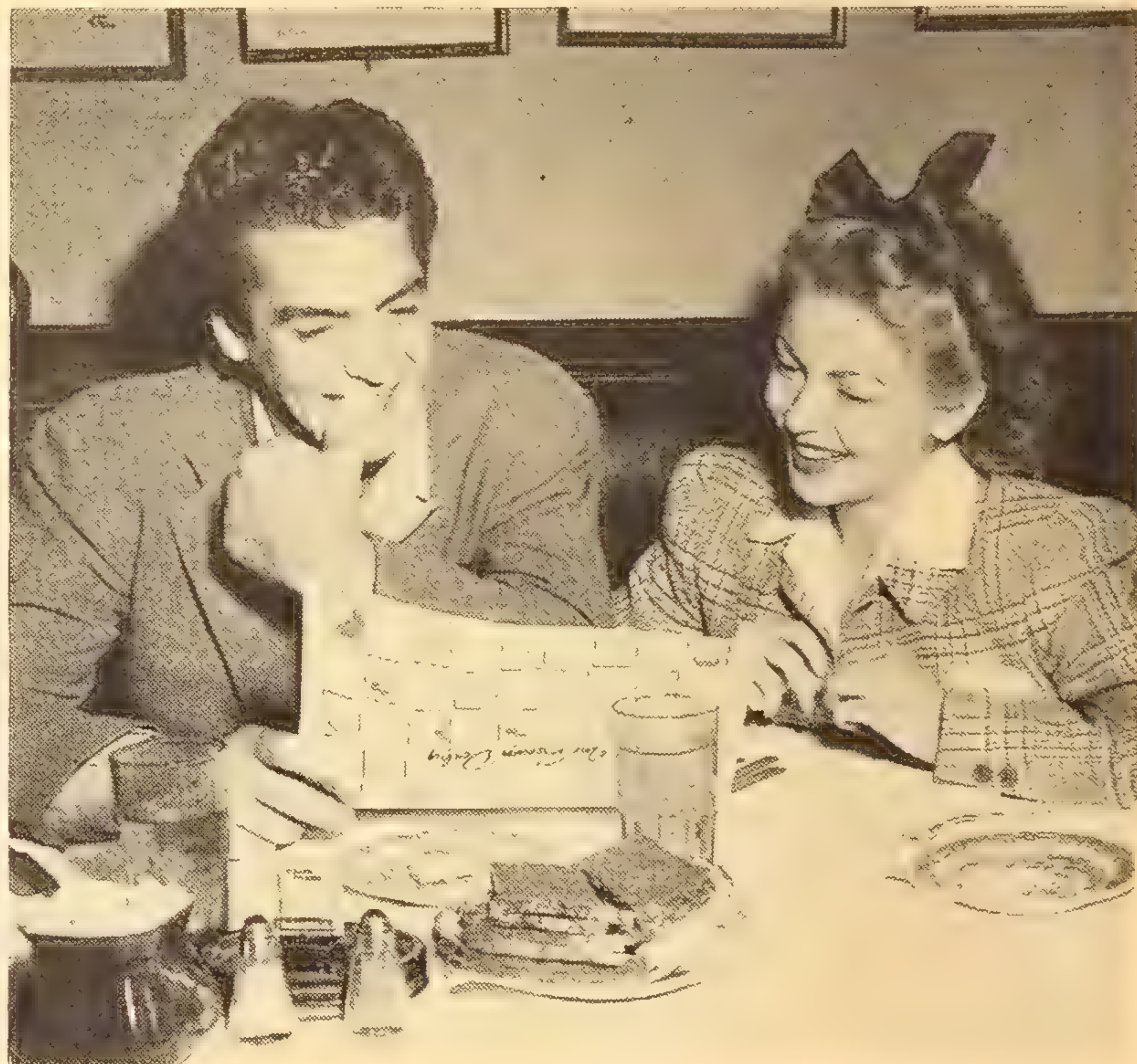
His career will pick up after the release of "I Want a Divorce." Dick's and Joan Blondell's marriage will last, as I told you a few months ago, for they have listened to the warnings in their stars and have tried to overcome the differences in their charts.

Pat O'Brien is another perfect Scorpio husband. His marriage is that thing of increasingly rare beauty, a permanent union. His career, which has suffered the ups and downs of the Mars ruled, will be on a more satisfactory basis next year. Now that his salary squabble with Warner Brothers is ended Pat will go on his lush Scorpio way doing realistic, down to earth type of drama that his fans seem to like. It is significant of Scorpio that when his studio threatened to cut his modest salary of fifteen hundred or so a week, Pat is reported to have replied, "But I couldn't live on less than fifteen hundred!" Our sympathies reach out to him in his struggle and we are happy that he will be able to continue buying beans for the Winter season at least!

Scorpio types run to extremes; they are either built on stream-line models like Vivien Leigh and Hedy Lamarr or their faces and chassis take on the scream-line modelling of a Judy Canova. Have you seen this screamingly funny comedienne in "Scatterbrain"? She's the funniest girl since the late Marie Dressler (who was born in Scorpio the same as Judy Canova).



Hollywood's newlyweds—Laurence Olivier and his bride, Vivien Leigh. The romantic screen pair were photographed when they returned to the film city after their honeymoon.



It's rumored that Lana Turner will marry Vic Mature, screen leading man, now that she has divorced Artie Shaw. Above, looking over a menu at the Brown Derby, they seem mighty happy.



It's true that this versatile sign has given us such comedians as Miss Dressler, Will Rogers and Jack Oakie, who became famous for their humor rather than their beauty, but not since Marie Dressler has there been a great Scorpio comedienne on the screen, and Judy Canova will be on the screen for many a moon. After attending a screening of "Scatterbrain," I had the pleasure of setting up Judy's chart and I found out why she is just coming into the best cycle of her life, professionally speaking. Famous on the air for some time, and well known on the stage, this is Judy's first starring picture. Her chart shows continued success and marriage within two years.

William Henry is a Scorpio. Ten years ago when he was playing at the Pasadena Community Playhouse I predicted his career accurately. "You may never be a sensation," I told him, "but you'll work steadily, build up a fan following, and marry happily and have children." What more could a man ask for?

In our Scorpio discovery section for the month I would like to present Gene Tierney, a budding young 20th Century-Fox star. This girl has all the quality, charm and magnetism of a Leigh or a Lamarr, and what's more important to a career, she's so very young that she will be on the screen a long, long time. Miss Tierney has just appeared in her first picture, "The Return of Frank James," and plays a featured rôle with Henry Fonda. Originally from the New York stage, Gene is being given a build-up second to none by that master showman, Darryl Zanuck. According to the evidence in her chart, Miss Tierney will let nothing interfere with her career. She will marry, but not before 1943, and like all Scorpio-born, she must choose the marriage partner carefully. She can find happiness in the marriage state if she chooses wisely and carefully. Miss Tierney has a truly brilliant future. If she doesn't make a great success then her stars are wrong indeed. Make a note and we'll check next year.

Hardly in the newcomers' section, but still new to many of you perhaps, is Roy Rogers—another Scorpio lad bound to go places in something other than Westerns. Because the trend seems to be so definitely toward bigger and better Westerns, Roy's

stock has risen rapidly in the past year. His ruling star will shine even brighter in 1941, and I predict that Roy Rogers will be in the big league in the coming months. Added to a pleasing Scorpio personality, he possesses a capable singing voice. His chart shows that his present marriage will last indefinitely.

There are two gorgeous Scorpio girls whose careers have felt the restraining influences of Mars in the past year. Some personalities are great enough to surge ahead and succeed despite their afflictions, whereas others seem to struggle harder to attain their goals in life. Such has been the case with Ruth Hussey and Virginia Field. Miss Hussey has been consistently excellent and possesses more than average beauty. She hasn't yet made much of a dent on the public consciousness, but it will take only one good part to make a star of this young lady. Movie producers are hard to change from their set habits, and newcomers still have to struggle and work hard for recognition. Perhaps that's what's wrong with movie attendance lately. It's all very reassuring to witness the weary procession of older stars such as Stanwyck, Crawford, and Shearer, decade after decade, for their art is tried and tested, their personalities and features indelibly etched upon the fibres and sinews of our minds and bodies, and we applaud their endurance as well as unflagging youth and beauty, but it would be a metaphysical triumph to see more young beauties still in their twenties on the screen. Ruth Hussey will get her chance. It's in the stars and even the producers can't dictate to them!

Then what's wrong with beautiful and talented Scorpio-born Virginia Field? This charming young lady has won distinction for her excellent work in "Waterloo Bridge," but she is more noted for the fact that she is Richard Greene's big moment. With careful grooming and more pictures, Miss Field can be built to a star of box office proportions. I see no great happiness for her and Dick together, for their signs are unquestionably wrong for each other. If she marries him, it may end in divorce. Her chart shows two marriages.

While Scorpio women may seem hard to get, possessing as they do such high voltage allure, the men born in this sign are easily captured and held. Marriage to them is an

important, sacred and irrevocable step, and they do not divorce easily without great reason.

That's why I was able to predict a permanent alliance when Joel McCrea married Frances Dee. While the newspapers always bear down on my divorce predictions, it is forecasts of enduring marriages of which I am most proud because, as you well know, the odds are against these in Hollywood. I point with pride to Joel and Frances. I was among the few persons to whom they confided their marriage plans and I urged them to go ahead, that it was safe. Joel McCrea is the steady, reliable type of Scorpio; his career has always been consistent and his work beyond reproach. The coming years bring few changes in his life.

Those of you who were born in this highly interesting and talented sign might like to know what work you are best suited to. If possible, Scorpio-born should follow the artistic professions: writing, music, singing, dancing, acting, designing, cosmology, these are the first choice. Second best for Scorpio girls are teaching and secretarial work. The men born in this sign are good in radio, advertising, newspaper work, insurance, aircraft designing, piloting, and law or medicine.

The love life is so important for those born in this sign that it might be wise to give the right and wrong signs in marriage. Right signs are: Cancer, Pisces, Gemini, Aquarius, and Capricorn. Wrong signs: Leo, Aries, Virgo, Libra.

Some things to avoid in love and marriage are the following: Don't be too dominating. Avoid being critical of the one you love. Do not see too much of each other. Live your own lives and avoid "in-laws." Watch your finances and save money, for Scorpio cannot live with poverty. In marriage take marital vacations from each other every so often. The Scorpio personality is driving, energetic, and tiring. Recognize this fact and give the marriage partner a little mental rest.

Those of you who were born in other signs of the Zodiac may check below to find out what planetary forces are at work in YOUR own life this month.

#### Aries—March 21 to April 20

Favorable vibrations from Jupiter this



Mickey Rooney demonstrates, on a linen napkin, some notes from the song, "Love's Got Nothing on Me," for which he wrote the music, to Eddy Duchin, who says Mickey's got a hit.



Gilbert Roland and Simone Simon surprised everyone when they arrived at the Grove together, and from their expressions they sure were enjoying that whirl 'round the dance floor.

All photos by Len Weissman



month incline you to great activity mentally. Good time for dealing with those in public position, or with newspapers; publicity, writing, signing papers, these matters are highly favored and may bring profit. Finances may seem slightly disturbed but progress is coming slowly. Mars afflictions are not so numerous and your personal and business life should reflect more calm. A good month for social activities, meeting members of the opposite sex, and matters concerning the home. Romance should thrive during the first two weeks, but warnings of quarrels and misunderstandings exist during the last two weeks. The head should rule the heart in your case, and this month you must avoid being over-emotional and excitable. Make no hasty decisions and do not break off any romantic union without thinking it over seriously first. There are warnings about health, accidents, and children on the 5th, 19th, and 28th of this month. The following days are fortunately aspected: 1st, 2nd, 4th, 7th, 9th, 11th, 12th, 14th, 18th, 20th, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 27th, 30th. The other days are neutral for routine matters only.

#### **Taurus—April 21 to May 20**

A fairly fortunate month for matters concerning the home and finances, but somewhat disturbing for romance. The vibrations from Venus bring the temptation to flirt. This may cause a broken romance; by being cautious you may avoid distressing romantic disturbances. The opposition of Saturn may bring about delays in business matters, but any plans you now have should be clung to as they can suddenly materialize. Favors change of residence, also seeking a new contact in business. Your talents should be applied to work where you can use your artistic and creative abilities. Messages may come from far off persons, travel is favored, and any changes that come into your life are for a definite purpose. The health should be guarded this month for Mars may bring danger of inflammation, blood disorders, and cuts, sprains or bruises. The 4th, 8th, 12th and 24th hold warnings regarding finances, legal matters, and losses through deception. The following days are fortunate: 2nd, 3rd, 5th, 7th, 10th, 13th, 14th, 16th, 18th, 20th, 21st, 23rd, 26th, 28th, 29th, 30th. Other days are neutral.

#### **Gemini—May 21 to June 20**

Watch the health in the first half of this month. Avoid doing things that might be dangerous. A disturbing aspect of Saturn inclines you to carelessness in regard to dark places or public vehicles. The ankles and hands are especially sensitive for your sign, so be cautious while these disturbing aspects dominate the heavens. The investments you may make this month should profit you in the future for Jupiter turns a kinder face in your direction. The second week of this month is especially fortunate for working with the public; favors salesladies, secretaries, beauticians, librarians, musicians, teachers, and nurses. This is a fairly good month for decisions in love or marriage. If single, an engagement or courtship is highly favored. More than one member of the opposite sex may evince sudden interest. If married happily it can continue. Those making decisions in love should be prompted by intelligence rather than emotion. Do nothing to break off any romance until you are certain you are taking the right steps. This sign often attracts those in professions and public work in friendship and love. Personal progression is noted this month; study and work along artistic, creative and musical lines. Travel by land, air or water; visit relatives and friends all month. Fortunate days are: 1st, 3rd, 4th, 7th, 10th, 12th, 15th, 16th, 18th, 19th, 22nd, 23rd, 25th, 28th.

#### **Cancer—June 21 to July 22**

Rather critical and antagonistic vibrations from Mars and Saturn may be expected at the beginning of this month for you. By guarding your words and actions you can definitely progress in this cycle. Some person close to you may disappoint you or cause you to change your plans; money matters might prove somewhat disheartening, but if you keep at it you can batter down all opposition and go on to new goals in the coming weeks. Employment matters are highly favored, especially work where you are required to use your initiative and creative talent. If you are anxious to progress in business and finances this month take the necessary steps and seek out those in authority who can assist you. Good month for dealing with large corporations, insurance groups, investment houses, banking institutions and educational centers. Also favors correspondence, ideas for musical compositions, literary ef-

persons who might influence your future life for the better. The last week of this month holds warnings for the health; avoid over-doing, watch the diet, and be careful that worry and nervousness do not overcome you. There are better vibrations from Uranus and Neptune which promise a let-up on the nervous strain you have long labored under. If possible, you should change your home, or do something to relieve the monotony of your every day living. A good month to invest in property but not to sell; avoid speculation in stocks. Good days are: 1st, 3rd, 4th, 6th, 8th, 12th, 14th, 18th, 21st, 22nd, 24th, 25th, 27th, 29th. The other days are somewhat negative.

#### **Virgo—August 23 to September 22**

Rather serious matters may occupy your thoughts during this month, for Mercury forms aspects to Jupiter and Venus that cause you to take a serious and introspective view of life. You should concentrate

When the screen stars turned salesmen at Farmers' Market, for the benefit of the Red Cross, Shirley Temple was put in charge of the candy counter at Brock's Stand. What a break! Shirley's smile helped sell plenty of sweets and swelled the fund considerably.

*Len Weissman*



forts, radio or newspaper work. The affairs of the heart are somewhat uncertain, and the outcome of romance may depend on the particular type of person you have attracted. Change is the essence of your life at this time, but if you have attracted a person on your mental plane you can get along nicely. Marriage, the home, and children are highly favored. Fortunate days are: 1st, 2nd, 4th, 5th, 8th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 15th, 17th, 19th, 21st, 22nd, 25th, 27th, 28th, 29th. Other days are apt to be negative; avoid risks; watch the health and pocketbook.

#### **Leo—July 23 to August 22**

There are conflicting vibrations for your sign this month; they are apt to change from good to bad without notice, so act with the utmost caution in all your personal and business dealings. The affairs of the heart may be somewhat settled for Venus is not especially afflicted, but business matters may be confused and the emotions may be unsettled and disturbed. This is owing to afflictions of Moon, Sun and Saturn at various times this month. They may cause you to have losses through theft or fire; avoid dangerous or dark places. Be careful of any business dealings with strangers. The home should thrive, children are favored this month, and progress may be shown in affairs of the home. Social activities may engage your attention at this time, and you may meet one or more

on work, study, and personal progression. The vibrations from Neptune may cause concern about some matter that is in doubt at present. Messages that you expect may be delayed, and finances may not clear up to your liking. Any project that you are working on should be tackled vigorously for even if you do not see instant progress you will gradually attain your goal in life. One or more members of the opposite sex may come into your life this month (if you are single) and your life may be radically influenced by some person whom you meet. Make no decisions about love or marriage under these changing vibrations, for you must be quite sure when you finally do take the big step. Avoid jealousy, suspicion, quarreling with a loved one. Do not let others lean on you too much, especially family members. The last week of this month favors the health and diet, also favors writing letters, signing papers, or making new friends. Good days are: 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 5th, 8th, 10th, 13th, 14th, 17th, 19th, 20th, 22nd, 23rd, 25th, 27th, 29th. Other days are neutral, favorable only for routine business matters.

#### **Libra—September 23 to October 22**

Some confusion and discord may exist in the first week of this month. Avoid doing anything to add to this confusion. Work out your plans and then stick to them. Mercury and Mars produce nervousness and excitability; your actions should



be temperate and poised. The romantic side of your life may cause the utmost concern, so try and select a person who will assist you in maintaining your balance under these distressing vibrations. If happily in love do nothing to change this state, but if you have been assailed with fears, doubts and worries about your romantic problems this is as good a month as any to seek changes. Venus showers you with charm and brings you new opportunities; some person of prominence or wealth may seek your heart, decide calmly, and without fear of the future outcome. You have it within your power this month to rise in the esteem of fellow workers and to add new laurels in business. If interested in business career you can make a progressive move at this time through the assistance of a superior. Favor sales work, teaching, secretarial work, and the creative arts; interior decorating, designing, millinery, cosmetology, etc. Watch the diet during the

inner heart promptings you may seek changes in love. Do nothing rash or ill-advised in regard to marriage unless you find you have made a sad mistake. Watch the health, avoid accidents and injury to the hands and feet all during the month. Good days are: 3rd, 4th, 6th, 7th, 10th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 16th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 26th, 28th, 30th.

#### **Sagittarius—November 23 to December 21**

Guard your emotions at this time, for you may be inclined to hasty action in love. If you are truly anxious to make a change choose the second week of this month to break off an old love affair or marriage. One or more persons may suddenly come into your life romantically, and this may be the big change you have long desired. Promote your welfare at this time in business and finances, for Jupiter assists you and your afflictions are about over. A splendid time for going into a new busi-

ness venture, partnership, or into business for yourself. Avoid entanglements with relatives, and burdensome debts. If you follow your inner promptings in regard to business you can make a financial success in life. Avoid dangerous places, persons who might cause you trouble, fire, or theft during the last two weeks of the month. Legacies are favored, also investments in real estate. Not a good time for collecting old debts or making money suddenly. The financial side of your life should be stressed more than the romantic side at this time, for love will always take care of itself in your life. Good days are: 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 5th, 7th, 10th, 13th, 15th, 16th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 26th, 28th, 29th.

#### **Capricorn—December 22 to January 19**

You are slated to come out from under your heavy financial burden this month. Although your sign has been among the afflicted for some years you can breathe with relief this month and look forward to new and happier conditions. Of course you must be alert to grasp opportunities for happiness for many times you are so busy brooding over life's hardships that you neglect the thrilling moments presented by an indulgent fate. Be active in love this month. Make the most of a romance that should come into your life at present. If still single, you should be concentrating on plans for an early marriage. If married there are doubts that it will break up for

#### **Aquarius—January 20 to February 18**

Uranus, your ruling planet, brings you sudden prominence this month. It will affect your life in several ways; first, romantically, and second, financially. You have been restless and changeable in love, but this month may bring more stability and certainty in both love and finances. Someone you have recently met may radically affect your life for the better. The trend is progressive rather than retrogressive. Choose the path you wish to follow and then let nothing stand in your way. Favors dealings with the public, work where you use the brain and hands, musical activities, dancing, singing, acting, and writing. If you have ambitions in these directions, let yourself be gradually drawn into this type of work for you are happier in creative work than commercial. As usual, you may overdo. This causes concern for health. Avoid exposure, watch the lungs, avoid excessive smoking, drinking, eating, and rest a good deal. If you are active in the business world you may expect changes in the nature of your work, raise in salary, or better conditions in your employment. Uranus and Jupiter bring you honors, and social activities, especially those connected with fraternal organizations, or educational groups. A doctor or lawyer may come into your life and influence you in some decision. Good days are: 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 5th, 8th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 14th, 15th, 18th, 20th, 22nd, 24th, 25th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th.

#### **Pisces—February 19 to March 20**

You will have more than your share of romantic experiences this month. The cycle of romance set into motion by Neptune and Venus last month still continues, and if you steer this renewed emotional energy into the right channels you may find the ideal you have long dreamed about. The slight aspect of Mars in the middle of the month may cause a misunderstanding in love or the home; guard your words and actions, and do nothing hasty. Be more aggressive than usual in business and finances. If money is owed you seek it out; avoid helping too many persons; be a little more selfish, for others may take advantage of you at this time. Sign no papers without first examining them thoroughly, attend to routine matters concerning insurance, banking, investments, and other financial matters. Jupiter brings you more stability in finances and business. A good month to engage in a business of your own, especially restaurants, beauty shops, dress or millinery stores, or other work where you can directly meet the public. Avoid water and fire in the middle of the month, and watch the health during the last week. The vibrations from the Moon and Venus may bring about sudden or strange friendships; be careful of strangers, dark places, stairs, or unfamiliar places. The health may cause concern unless you avoid nervous exhaustion. Watch the feet and ankles. Good days are: 2nd, 4th, 5th, 7th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 13th, 15th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 22nd, 23rd, 26th, 28th, 30th.



Harold Lloyd did his share at Farmers' Market, too. He assisted Mr. Gil in selling cones filled with Mr. Gil's old-fashioned ice-cream and offered his autograph as an inducement to all purchasers. Entire proceeds went to the Red Cross Benefit Fund.

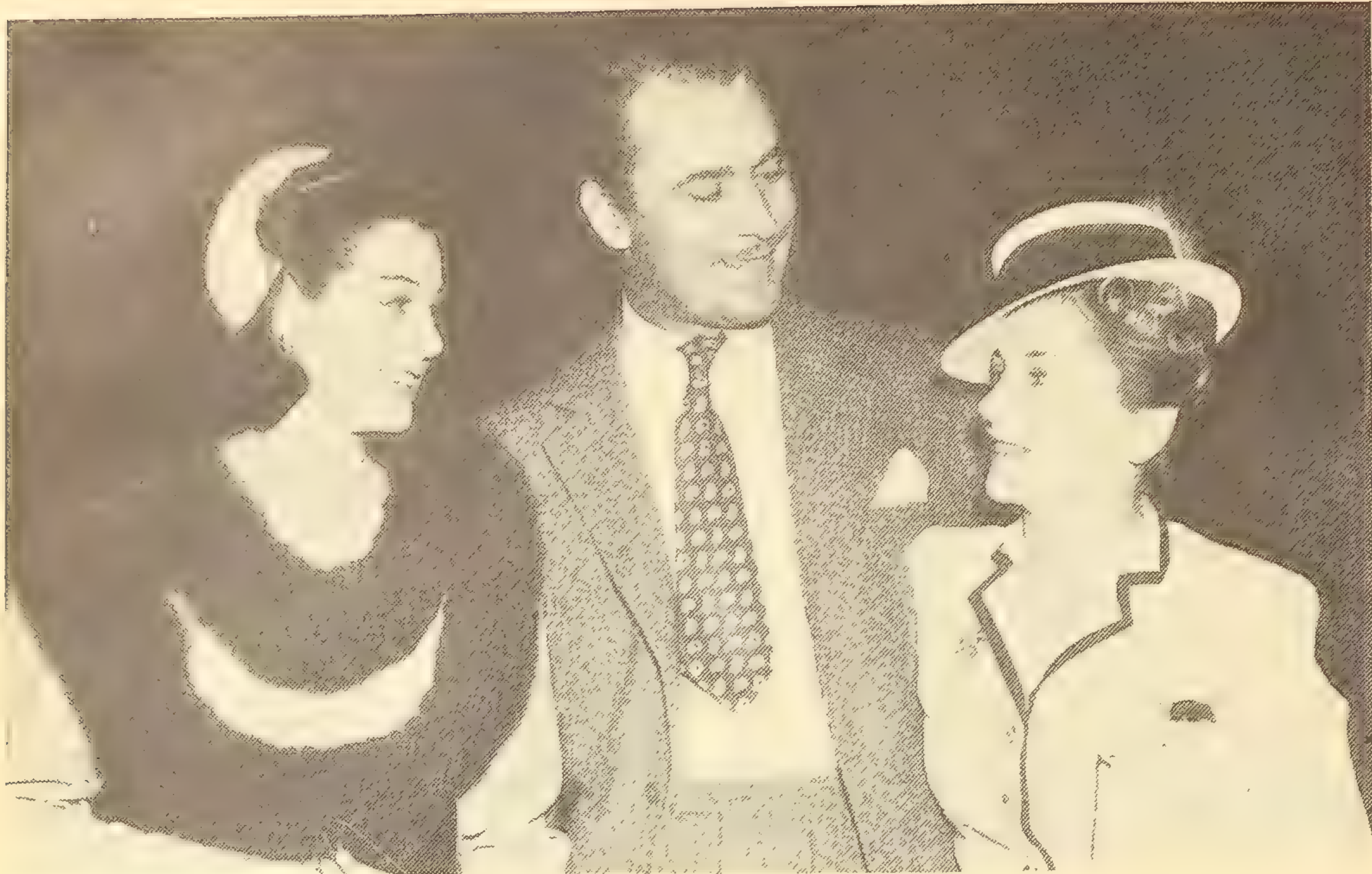
Len Weissman

month, avoid excitement and nervous indigestion. Good days are: 2nd, 4th, 7th, 8th, 10th, 12th, 14th, 15th, 18th, 19th, 21st, 23rd, 25th, 26th, 29th.

#### **Scorpio—October 23 to November 22**

Stimulating vibrations from Mars may bring you change in the business side of your life. Although there have been negative forces at work in your life recently you can profit from this changing cycle and rise to greater heights. You are definitely progressing in every way, and your ideas should find fulfillment in reality this month. If you are dissatisfied with your present position this is a good time to change it. Your finances should be under control, and any business venture you enter into should bring you success. With your artistic and creative ability you may take an unusual interest in art, literature, music, or acting. You can go on to great heights in the creative fields if you apply yourself. You are apt to be somewhat lazy and you must bestir yourself if you wish to attain your goal in life. Social activities are favored, but do not overdo. Meet persons in professional life, doctors, lawyers, politicians, and businessmen. Also good for dealing with advertising concerns, publications, motion pictures, radio, or with educational institutions. Romantically your heart is well under control. You have the ability to find real love happiness at this time if you wish, but if you listen to your





Joan Fontaine, who has fully recovered from her recent illness, visited her husband, Brian Aherne, on the set of "Hired Wife," and posed with him and his co-star, Rosalind Russell. Joan, at right above, is starring in "Back Street."

## A Girl With Principles!

Continued from page 34

when Miss Russell was twenty it was determination that forced her on, kept her working steadily. As a matter of fact she had to, to keep herself. Determination to succeed stopped her from using that far too often heard line: "My dear, I wouldn't take that part for anything—what about my prestige?" She took any and every kind of part she could get, and that versatile background has made her today one of the few top-notch stars who aren't "typed." Just think, from a demure English school mistress in "The Citadel" to a hard New York society dame in "The Women," and who could imagine "Craig's Wife" making such a quick speed reporter in "His Girl Friday"—or an efficient secretary in "Hired Wife."

"It's against my principles to try and get to the top by what I call short cuts and angles," says Rosalind. "Anyway, I don't think it can be done. There's only one way to reach the heights and that's through that dreary old thing called 'hard work.' It doesn't do you a bit of good being nice to a lot of important picture executives, because if they really want you for a part, believe you me you'll get it, whether you are friendly with them or not. And if you don't fit the part, or they don't want you in it, no amount of wrangling or short cuts can help you one little bit. Another of my principles which today people are apt to call strange is—not owing a thing to anybody. Even in the old days I'd walk or bus from place to place till the time came when I could buy outright my own automobile."

I happen to know as well that when she was over in Paris, the smartest dress designers fell over each other to try and give Rosalind their clothes, because that grand knack she has of wearing them would be the best advertising in the world. But no, not Rosalind; what she gets she pays for. By accepting those clothes she'd be in constant debt to the designers and that's not in the R. R. make-up. She adores clothes, and if she weren't such a successful actress she could and probably would design and own a dress shop. "It's always been my theory that one or two really good well-made dresses are a far better

proposition than a whole lot of cheap ones that may look fine for a while but lose their shape so much sooner," says Roz. Smart women are the smartest shoppers, too, as a rule, she thinks. Russell takes care of her clothes, won't wear a favorite Paris import to a party if it's one of those big charity affairs where you are pretty sure to have soup and ice cream spilled down your front and back. She gives her maid some money to go out and hire a costume, which is a bit risky, as the maid is only too likely to come back with anything from a Russian peasant to a Hawaiian princess dress for her mistress to put on.

One of the stock questions you have to ask when interviewing an actress is—Would you like to play in a costume picture? To which they nearly all reply, with a far-away dreamy look in their eyes, "Oh, of course, if only I could play *Juliet* or *Camille*!" Well, here's the exception that proves the rule, because Rosalind Russell wouldn't want to. "It's my theory that in this day and age when speed is the password, when children read gangster stories and we accept herds of people rushing about in gas-masks as calmly as we accept the daily milkman, it doesn't make sense to go to the movies and sit through a lot of fan-fluttering and sword-play. Some day soon, I hope, when the world calms down again, polite tea-time conversation will ring true once more, but just now I feel the public wants a bomb of terrific action to explode in the first minute and it's one of my principles to try always to give the public what it wants!"

One of the cardinal sins for a Hollywood actress is to go to her own preview. The studios hate it. It's apt to lead to trouble in that the star is sure everyone else in the picture is better photographed than she is, that her clothes aren't becoming, and that she's been cheated out of some lovely close-ups. Well, all M-G-M needs to do to have Russell fly to a preview is tell her *not* to go. Now they're wiser and don't say a word about when and where the picture is to be shown. But our Rosalind can smell a preview even if it's four hundred miles off in San Francisco, and it's one of the mysteries how she finds out. Once David Selznick did a sneak preview in a tiny theatre way downtown among the markets, but sure enough R. R. was there, and when he asked her how she found out and who told her she replied, knowing

that the informer would be fired if she gave away his name, "Why, Mr. Selznick, I always come down here to buy my meat, and being very tired I just stopped in to rest, and imagine my surprise when MY picture was previewed!" Another time when instructions had been given to the box office girl, the theater manager and the ticket attendant not to let Miss Russell into the place on pain of death, she not only went disguised in gray wig and old lady's black clothes, but when the picture was through stood next to Mr. Louis Mayer and the director listening to what they said about her and the picture. Then when they'd finished she pulled off the mangy wig, laughed in their surprised faces and flew off to where her pale tan Buick was hidden up a dark alley. If her mind's made up to see the preview nothing short of an earthquake will stop her from getting there.

When a picture is completed, the stars and directors nearly always exchange presents. Champagne — Scotch — perfume or dogs—but Rosalind's always determined to be original. The first part of George Cukor's present, delivered in a large truck, was a fully grown tree for his beautiful hillside garden, and then a small truck took around a table-cloth embroidered with a picture of that tree, so that George could sit in the shade and have his meals out in the California sun! So if she can think up brilliant things like that, far be it from me to force fish and meat on my children!

Miss Russell thinks Cole Porter must have had Hollywood in view when he wrote *Get Out of Town Before It's Too Late*. "After ten weeks or so on a picture of strict daily routine it's essential that you take a complete change. I mean in 'The Women' I got physically tired out, falling flat on my face out of a quickly opened door twenty or more times, plunging headlong into that moving bin for a couple of days, having my hair UP so tight with lacquer it nearly drove me mad. In 'His Girl Friday' it was the mental strain that nearly got me. I believe no picture before moved so fast or had so many words per minute, and getting those words out so quickly hardly gave me time to take a breath. I mean it. The monotony of never seeing anything but the same drive to and from the studio night and morning, of just going home dog tired to have dinner on a tray in bed and look over next day's lines before you turn the lights off—well, it gets you down if you don't get out of town and relax. In pictures you can't have nearly the fun you can on the road with a big musical comedy. That's because in a show you get to know the crowd so well, whereas in pictures just as you are beginning to know people and have those funny gags that make life fun, their work is through, and off they go onto another film and you probably don't see them again for six months. Then again, Hollywood spoils you and you begin to think you are the most important thing in the world. That's another reason I have to go East and visit my large family, to be made 'small' by my brothers and sisters who talk just as much as I do, about everything but pictures. I just can't get a word in edgeways back there about movies. That takes the gilt off my Hollywood gingerbread, all right."

Of course even some of the Russell principles fall by the wayside. When she came out West first, to make a picture for Universal, she was determined not to buy or own a single thing that couldn't be put right on the Chief with her heading back Eastward. Well, she's going to have a tough time getting that Beverly Hills home, half Victorian, half modern, onto the Chief. And I'm afraid that the brand new swimming-pool won't be too easy a job, either.



MRS. VINCENT ASTOR

MRS. PHILIP HARDING  
(ALICE ASTOR)

MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR

# AMERICAN TRADITION of Beauty

**B**efore the pearly freshness of the American girl's face, came an enduring tradition of fastidious care of her person.

Cultivate your skin's smooth enchantment gladly, frankly, without falter. Give your face at least once daily the authoritative Pond's ritual, based on the structure and behavior of the skin. Its users are among the fresh-skinned, *soignée* daughters of America's foremost families.

**BATHE** your face in an abundance of luscious Pond's Cold Cream—spreading it all over with creamy-soft slapping fingers. Slap for 3 full minutes—yes, even 5 minutes. This cream has 2 actions. One, cleansing. The other, softening. It achieves these effects by *mixing* with the dead surface cells, make-up and foreign accumulations on your skin.

**WIPE OFF** with bland and persuasive Pond's Tissues—and you've wiped off the softened debris, helped remove some of the softened tops of blackheads, making it easier for the little plugs of hardened sebum to push their way to the surface.

**FLOOD and SLAP** a second time with releasing Pond's Cold Cream. This slapping increases both the cleansing and the softening. As dirt is released, wipe off with gentle Pond's Tissues. Pores seem finer. In the softened skin, lines are less apparent.

**LUXURIATE** now in the cooling astringence of Pond's Skin Freshener, splashed on with a pad of cotton dripping with it. Then

**COAT** your whole face with the final blessedness of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Here is a cream whose specific function is to disperse harsh skin particles, little chappings caused by exposure, and leave your skin delightfully smoothed. Wipe off the excess after one full minute. Observe that this cream has laid down a perceptible mat finish. Your rich reward is your skin's satin touch—its flattering reception of and faithful hold on powder.

This, in full, always before retiring or during the day. A shorter ritual whenever your skin and make-up need freshening. Act now to start your new daily ritual—aid to a fresh, flower-soft skin. Already some thirteen million women in the United States use Pond's!

**GIVE-AWAY** for the thrifty minded—Frankly to lure you to our larger cream jars, which are actually a better buy, we are handing you **FREE** (for a limited period) a tempting supply of our equally authoritative hand lotion, **DANYA**, with each purchase of the medium-large Pond's Cold Cream. Both for the price of the cream! At beauty counters everywhere.

Copyright, 1940, Pond's Extract Company

## WOMAN-SKIN

owes its witchery to that tender look and feel, so different from a man's. And women through the ages intuitively have tended and coveted this treasured birthright of theirs, this delicacy of skin which lovers and poets have ever likened to the delicate face of a flower.



MRS. VINCENT ASTOR....MRS. PHILIP HARDING (THE FORMER ALICE ASTOR)....MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR.... present leaders of the family which has dominated American society for generations, have for years observed the Pond's ritual...MRS. VINCENT ASTOR devotes much time to the cause of music, especially the Musicians' Emergency Fund



# "Please Go 'Way and Let Me Sleep!"

Continued from page 33

"The Modom told me," he starts to say.

"Oh, rats," mutters our hero, and the MacMurray Number Elevens hit the floor and the bathroom door slams. A faint feminine chuckle comes from the adjoining bedroom and Walter permits himself a slight vestige of a grin.

Now, as a psychoanalyst, you would probably go through a long and complicated process to find out why Fred reacts so strongly to the word *Sleep*. As a matter of fact, you probably never would find out, for Fred talks about himself very little to anyone—and I have a feeling that a psychoanalyst would get about as far with Fred as a fly in a glue factory. The only reason I found out was because the other night Fred was in a rare and expansive mood of reminiscence—so rare and so expansive that Lilly, his wife, kicked me violently under the table. Although I had a vision of my best two-thread chiffon stockings running like mad and my shinbone being black and blue, I never batted an eye, being petrified he might come to and remember that he was "giving." So I just went on toying with my mashed potatoes, looking casually interested, and finding out all about Fred MacMurray and sleep.

Apparently there was a period of years when Fred just never got enough sleep. It started when he got out of high school. The American Legion Post in Beaver Dam each year gives a medal to the youngster with the highest athletic record during four years of high school—and unofficially they see that he gets a job. Fred drew one in the office of a stove manufacturing company—but that was not all. Nights he played in an orchestra, too, which meant a minimum of sleep. The mornings, he said, weren't so bad—but the zero hour came after lunch while he droned over orders that read "1X972354," meaning one stove handle. Sleep became an invisible Lorelei guiding him straight to the rocks.

"I spent most of the time in the wash-room, sloshing cold water over my face, but even that didn't help much," he said. "My next job that summer was in a restaurant. I'd always kind of played with the idea of working there. They had the best food of any place around and I thought, 'Gee, you could have anything, just think, anything you wanted to eat.' Well, I got the job—dishwasher—and my shift was 7 A.M. to 7 P.M. The boys from the band picked me up at 7 in the evening and we were off. We played for dances, or at road-houses, and we might have to drive anywhere within a radius of 75 or 100 miles. In the morning, when I arrived on the job, the stack of dirty dishes waiting for me looked like the Empire State Building. You see, the place was open 24 hours, and those dishes were always from early morning breakfast—eggs and oatmeal. Gosh! did you ever try to get oatmeal off? Well—you can't," he remarked with grim finality.

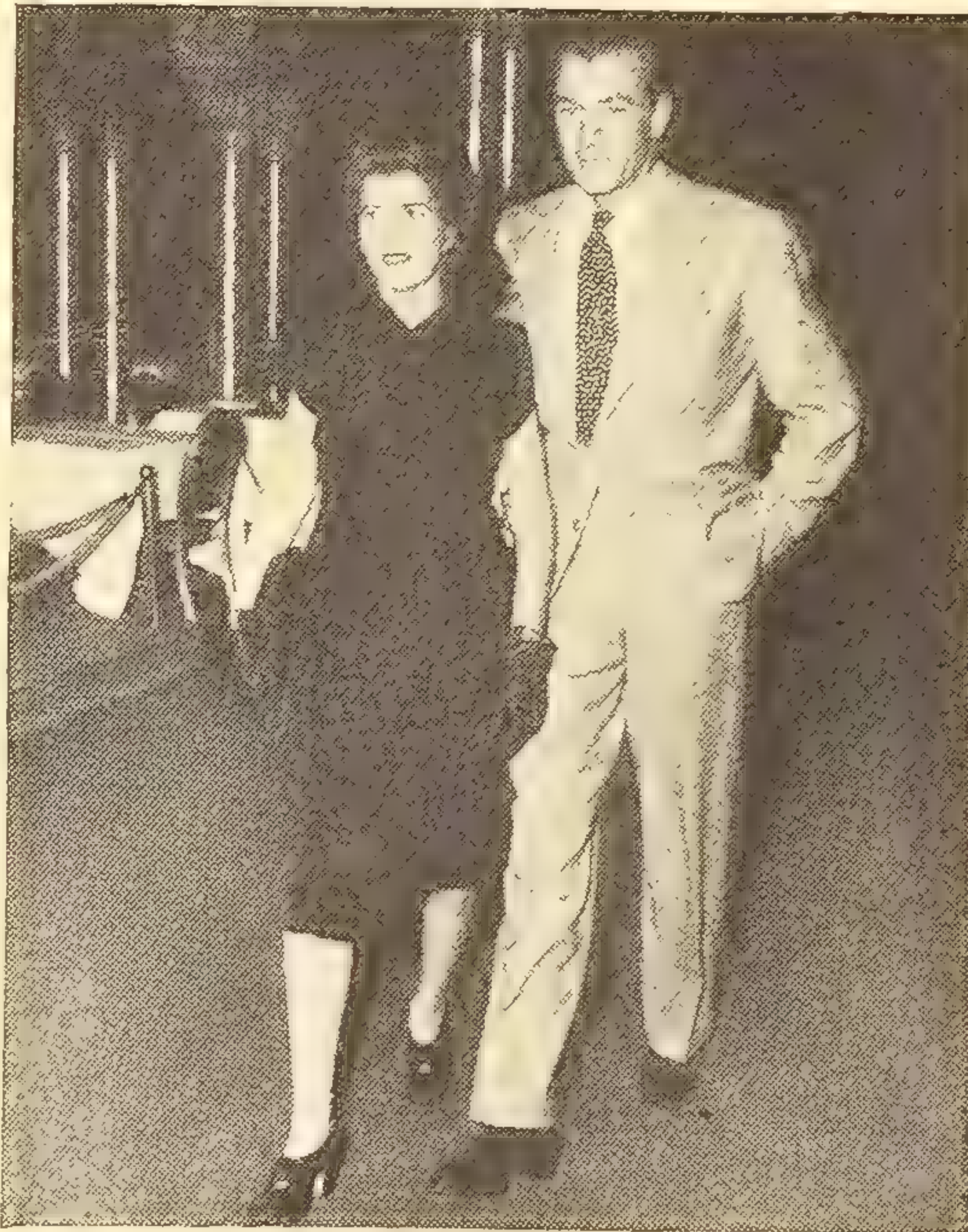
"But, Fred," I inquired, "did you get to eat anything you wanted?"

Raising one eyebrow he regarded me silently. At length he asked, "Can you think of anything you'd want to eat after having washed egg and oatmeal off dishes from 7 to 12? Well, I couldn't either. In the afternoon," he went on, "when the dishes were done, I had berries to pick and clean. Sometimes I'd play games with myself—to keep awake, you know. Full of bright and phony enthusiasm, you look at the clock and say, 'see if I can pick a box in two minutes,' or 'bet a dime I can do this whole crate in half an hour,' or whatever it was. As a dishwasher, though, I really flopped. The proprietor finally had a little heart-to-heart talk with me and told me he didn't

really think I was cut out for the work."

Fred chuckled. I had a vision of that proprietor coming out of a theater and stopping to look at the name MacMurray in lights—perhaps biting off the end of a cigar—and saying modestly to the Mrs.—"Well, I wouldn't say that I was instrumental in his success, but I did tell that young fellow he was in the wrong line of work!"

Finally Fall came and Fred went to Carroll College on a scholarship. But the problem of sleep became even more acute. Classes in the morning, football in the afternoon, the band at night. Well! figure it



Len Weissman

Gary Cooper and his charming wife were caught by our alert cameraman as they were leaving the Ambassador Hotel, after dining and dancing in the famous "Grove."

out for yourself. Staggering in at three or four in the morning, snatching a few hours, putting the alarm far enough out of reach so he'd have to get up to turn it off but not so far he'd sleep through it, taking his books with him to the roadhouse at night and studying between dances—big, curly-haired kid with sleep in his eyes but determination locking that square jaw.

Then he gave up college for the Big City. Armed with letters from an aunt to the only two people she knew in Chicago, he arrived. Down Michigan Avenue he walked, excitement and fear pounding in his veins. People hurried by, no one noticed the boy in his store clothes, valise in one hand, saxophone case in the other. What boy in store clothes are we hurrying by today, who tomorrow we will mob for autographs, I wonder?

His first letter got him a job at Carson, Pirie, Scott's department store, selling golf paraphernalia. The fact that he didn't know a niblick from a putter was a slight drawback but he *looked* as though he did—and after all, he didn't turn out to be an actor a few years later for nothing. His other letter was to a man who knew Morrie Sherman, so he was sent to the Sherman House to audition with the band, for the chance of working out of the Benson office, an agency for orchestras.

"I arrived in the midst of a tea-dance," Fred described the interview. "The leader came over and spoke to me. 'Play the sax,' huh? Well, sit in with the orchestra on this one, just pick it up."

"I lost the place, of course," Fred laughed,

"on the first bar and there I sat on the edge of my chair, bobbing the horn up and down, frantically trying to 'pick it up.' Gosh, it was awful! There was a kind of silence after they finished and the guy walked over to me and said, 'I guess you play hot.' 'Yeah, that's it, hot,' I said, catching at the straw, 'yeah, I play hot.'"

"They swung into *Dinah*. Jeepers, I can't even play *Dinah* very well today, and after all I've improved some—so you can imagine what I did to *Dinah*—then."

He kept wishing miserably that he was back in the closet where he learned to play. You see, when he got his first sax, he and his mother were living in an apartment house, and more from embarrassment than consideration of the neighbors, he used to lock himself in the closet and with a blanket around the horn to deaden the noise, and with sweat pouring down his face, practice like mad. It sounded better that way, anyhow, all muffled like singing in the shower.

Well, whatever Fred thought he sounded like, the leader, not knowing, of course, how a blanket would have improved him, thought it was all right and recommended him to the Benson office and they said they'd use him. Now he had everything fixed up Jim-Dandy—except that he'd short-changed himself on sleep again. Working all day, grabbing a bit of supper and then playing all night. Swinging off the train at his South Side station in the grey, early morning hours—turning up his coat collar as he hurried down the wind-swept street to his boarding-house, setting the alarm for seven-thirty, reaching for the clock when it went off and setting it again for a quarter of eight. He had it all figured out—the fifteen minutes extra meant going without breakfast, running for the train, thin ice, of course, if a shoelace broke or anything.

"There wasn't a day," Fred said, "that I didn't run hell-bent-for-election from the station to Carson's. If I was two minutes ahead of schedule I tore into a drug store, threw a milkshake down and tore right out again on a dead run."

But those fifteen minutes were worth it to him. In those days they were a vital necessity in order to face the next twenty hours.

Years pass. The fifteen minutes are no longer *really* required to pull body and soul together, but the ritual of the reprieve still continues, a hang-over from the lean years. So far, nobody has been able to break the spell. His wife, his mother, servants, everybody has tried and failed—that is, everybody but Walter. The Battle of Walter vs. The Fifteen Minutes still continues. However, there is now a gentleman's and a gentleman's gentleman's agreement.

The scene has changed slightly. It is seven-fifteen and Walter enters and remarks, disapproval coloring his tone, "It is seven-fifteen, sir, and you have fifteen minutes before seven-thirty." (In other words, the deadline). Then with great dignity he retreats.

That, of course, is the crux of the agreement, that Walter retire and leave Fred in solitary bliss with his fifteen minutes for silent communion. It was Fred's idea, and he was triumphantly sure it would work. However, somehow after he's opened his eyes to make sure of Walter's vanishing back, and though he settles comfortably down to consider the trout situation or the quail covey or whatever, it occurs to him that he hears Walter's ominously returning footsteps. He listens. No, just imagination; he turns over, a board squeaks in the hall; is Walter standing watch in hand outside his door? What time is it getting to be? Oh, shucks, the best part of his day has been ruined anyway, he broods bitterly, as he throws back the covers.

End of Round Two. Well, what's your guess? Personally, I'm putting my money on Walter. He looks like the winner.



LADY ESTHER  
FACE POWDER



CLINGS FOUR  
FULL HOURS



*Lady Esther Face Powder*  
"Flatters Longer  
because it  
Clings Longer!"



Yes, Lady Esther Face Powder clings for four full hours!

OF COURSE any girl with any acceptable shade of face powder can look well for 15 minutes, but you just let a quarter of an hour go by and the real differences in face powder quality begin to be visible!

For, says Lady Esther, my face powder will cling to you lovingly for four FULL hours! If you put it on after dinner, say at 8 o'clock, it will still be there, a lovely flattering force, when the clock strikes midnight.

*Lasting Flattery  
for your Skin*

It will give you the glow of natural loveliness, the radiance of a satin-smooth skin—for four long and happy hours. You can forget your powder puff and revel in the knowledge, in the supreme confidence, that you are wearing a powder that guards your glamour all evening and flatters your skin to death!

Money, says Lady Esther, cannot buy a finer face powder, and good taste cannot find a lovelier, more exquisite selection of becoming shades.

*Find your Lucky Shade  
at my expense!*

There is magic in your face powder if you know your lucky shade. Ask any stage director what lighting effects and slight changes in color can do to a woman's skin. The *right* shade can make her look years younger—but... the *wrong* shade can make her look years older!

So find your *right shade*... your lucky shade—in Lady Esther's long-clinging face powder. Don't try to choose your most becoming color by the appearance of the powder in the box. Powder shades are always deceiving, unless you try them before your own mirror, *on your own skin*. Only then can you find the one shade that will make you lovelier!

So send today for all 9 exquisite shades of my face powder, *at my expense*. See how they look on your own skin. Find out which shade is exactly the one for *you*.

Try every one—and find out which is the shade that becomes you, flatters you most. Then wear it confidently... certain that it will make your skin look glamorously lovely for four long hours!

★ 9 shades free! ★

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER, (61)  
7162 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 9 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)



## Advice to Misfits

Continued from page 31

she to talk, a movie actress and all!" I know we look pretty doozie on the screen, what with the uncandid cameraman and our clothes so elegant and our hair-dos and make-up and all. I know we must appear to 'fit' all right, to fit right into fame and luxury and the spotlight like paintings by a master into expensive, gold-leaf frames.

But when I think of *me* becoming an actress, it's the most fantastic thing! Why, when I think about it, I could stand up on a house-top and yell, IF IT HAPPENED TO ME, IT COULD HAPPEN TO ANYONE!

SCREENLAND has offered to be my house-top. I feel so *sorry* for girls who are misfits, for girls who feel out of things and lonely and sort of strangers in the world. I feel I really have something to say to girls like that, having been one myself. Why, I was such a misfit you couldn't have put me in a round hole if I'd been a round peg. Even now, I could do with a little letting out at the seams here and there.

I don't see any sense in writing an article like this unless you are honest about it. And to be honest, I'll say right off that the thing that makes us girls feel like misfits more than anything else is when we are unhappy about our *looks* or our *clothes*. Maybe it's being silly and superficial to admit this, but it's also being *girls*. Oh, there may be some girls with such great intellects and great souls that they don't *care* about looks and clothes. But I'm not talking *about* them or *to* them. I'm talking to just average girls, like you and me. So, let's face it, the way we look determines whether we feel out of things or warmly 'in' things, like soft little hands in snug silk gloves.

And there's no sense in saying that downright homely girls can make themselves over into Marlene Dietrichs or Lana Turners, either. When I read that kind of fiddle-faddle pep talk it makes me feel quite ill. But there is sense in telling you that I know a woman who is as ugly as the seven cardinal sins, judged by her face and figure. And yet that woman, married *three times*, is always the center of the group at a party, I mean the *male* group, too. She is one of the most attractive and compelling women I have ever met in my life. She is a teacher at a university. She has a brilliant mind, an amazingly stimulating personality and her interest in other people is as deep and warm as a mother's breast. She is an exception, that's true, but she doesn't have to be. She is an exception because she didn't sit and mope over her big nose, small eyes, muddy complexion, her figure which isn't 'stream,' the fact that she doesn't have much money. She didn't try to cut the material of her life into the coquettish pattern of a ballet skirt. *She cut the goods to fit herself*. She made the pattern strong and original, in design and texture—she *made her own pattern*. She used what she had, and used it to striking advantage, that's all.

There's no use denying that plain girls have a lot more work to do, fitting themselves into life, than girls with gorgeous faces and figures. Plain girls just feel they are *born* misfits, I know. There's no use denying that it helps to be born into a good social background, to have a nice home, good schools, clothes, advantages. I was born plain and I didn't have any of the so-called advantages and I might just as well tell you how misfitting I was so you will listen to what I have to say with some reason to believe me.

I was a misfit at home because my mother died when I was eight years old and a motherless child, left on a man's hands, is usually on the spot. Until I was sixteen, I looked like a little drowned rat. I went around with my hair in an old Dutch bob, pants down below my gingham dress, awkward as a leggy calf. I never knew what to talk about; I had a horror of boys. Even now, when I'm in a room with three or four boys and can manage to say three words without swallowing my



Never let it be said that a screen star's life is an easy one. Here's Ann Sheridan trying to dress and at the same time study her lines for a scene in the picture, "City for Conquest," in which she is co-starred with Jimmy Cagney.

tongue I think, "Can this be little Ardis?"

I was born on the Island of Negros, in the Philippines. I lived there for fifteen years. My father, Otto Peter Ankerson (my name was Ardis Ankerson) owned a sugar plantation on Negros. And our family and the caretaker's family were the only white residents of the island. I ran around like a little tomboy. I didn't know how to behave like a lady at all. I never saw any white boys. The only men I came into contact with were friends of my father's who, very occasionally, came from the States to visit us. When I first came to Hollywood, I nearly *died* when I met Errol Flynn, Jeffrey Lynn and other young men. The only man I felt at ease with was Donald Crisp, because he is older. I never even knew what a beauty parlor was, there were none on Negros. There were no hotels or clubs where I could see smart women.

There were no Little Theaters; no stage shows. The only movies were of the vintage when Lewis Stone was in his youth and Theda Bara the Dietrich of her day. The books in our house were the old classics, Dickens, Trollope, Jane Austen—and is it any *wonder* I was a misfit when I came to the States?

I tell you all this about me, not because it's about *me*, but because I hope it may be of some benefit to you other girls who are not born beauties, who live in little, out-of-the-way places without any of the so-called advantages or contacts. I tell you all this because I *know* that if you have the desire to fit successfully into your life, if

the desire is strong enough, it can come true. No matter where you come from or how you look or what your circumstances, *it can come true*.

I wanted to be an actress. I haven't an idea where I got the idea. Obviously, out of the nowhere. I must have been born with it. Anyway, that's what I wanted to be and I had about as much chance, you would say, of achieving my desire as—well, I can't find the words for it. I didn't have *any* chance, let it go at that.

Do you know the first piece of advice I'd give to any girl who feels she's a misfit? And mind you, I'm only giving advice I gave myself, and *took*. It's this: I'd advise her to read the biographies of famous women of all kinds. The life of Madame Curie, for instance. The story of Dorothy

Thompson. The life of Bernhardt. I'd advise her to read the life stories of successful movie actresses. I think you'd find, girls, as I found, that most of these women began by being misfits. Most of them had to take the ill-fitting garment of themselves and slowly, often painfully, cut it over to fit. When you read where some of these girls came from, from what conditions, when you see pictures of the way they looked when they were very young and then when you realize what they have achieved—well, don't you *see*?

Then I'd advise girls to copy their type of girl on the screen. I mean if you have any resemblance to Joan Crawford, say, try to imitate Joan Crawford. Or if you resemble Margaret Sullavan, or Bette Davis, or Ginger Rogers, copy the girl you most resemble. Copy her walk, her way of talking, her style of hair-dress and her mannerisms. Copy her clothes to the best of your ability. Of course it isn't a good idea to become a carbon copy of anybody. The object is to be as individual as possible. But in the beginning, if you are unsure of yourself, just like a baby who needs to hold on to something while it's learning to walk and, later, takes off by itself, even the prop of imitation is better than no prop at all.

I do think it's a very good idea for girls to copy the way girls on the screen dress. After all, we girls in movies do have the advice of experts. We are dressed by the Orry Kellys, Adrians, Travis Bantons; we *should* be the last word. I think it's a



smart idea to read the beauty hints given by the stars in the different magazines, too. We learn our beauty secrets from professional beauticians, the best there are. I think it's a good idea to read what the stars have to say about boy friends and dates. They have a lot of experience, most of them; they *should* know.

High school age is the most painful time, I think, if you are not one of those born belles who just naturally gravitates to the center of everything. I was *such* a misfit when I went to high school, in San Antonio, Texas! It was then I began reading the life stories of the stars, biographies, the new books. It was then I began going to the movies, taking note of what the stars wore and how they talked and walked and every little thing about them.

At first, I sort of stood back, was seen but not heard, watched other girls; and I noticed right off that two of the most popular girls in my class didn't have looks worth a bean. Yet they were in on everything, got invited to all the best parties and, at dances, the boys cut in on them like mad. Wherever they were, they 'fit' all right. I finally figured out that it was because they were such friendly girls. They were just as easy and friendly with the boys as with the girls. They gave me my first, most valuable tip. It was this: to remember that *a boy is often as self-conscious as a girl*. A boy can be a misfit, too, you see. Honestly, girls, honestly, if you do remember this, if you earnestly and wholeheartedly try to put a boy at *his* ease, you'll be at your ease, too. And there won't be any awkward silences or rough edges.

I learned another lesson in high school, too. And even though it may sound like a maxim out of a copy-book, it's the truth. There was one very rich girl in our class. Oil-rich. I'll call her Vera. Vera had a magnificent home, a swimming pool, tennis courts, cars, servants. She could entertain like a Maharanee, and did. She was attractive looking, too. *And no one paid any attention to her at all!* She all but had to bribe the crowd to go to her house. She made us feel inferior, somehow. She was always posing and preening like a bad actress against a gaudy back-drop. And we all preferred being comfortable on Maggie Carter's old back porch than stiff and prickly in Vera's steam-heated swimming pool.

I think there's something comfortable and comforting about that, that's why I'm telling it. So many girls worry because they haven't swell houses to entertain in. Honest to Hannah, you don't have to worry about that. Call me Brenda Bromide if you like, but it *IS* what you are and not what you have that makes you popular or unpopular. That girl had *everything* and she was such a misfit, she was a mishap.

I do think you have to develop something individual about yourself when you are in high, something that will make you stand out, make you interesting. I began to develop a patter when I was in my sophomore year. A very sophisticated patter (I thought)—a sort of New Yorkerish-Magazine line, a little sarcastic. It worked, too. It scared 'em. They began to say 'Ardis is a *scream*,' and that did it. They must have liked it, too, because I was voted the most popular girl in the senior class. Get yourself tagged as something—one girl was a 'wow' at basketball, another was 'hot patooties' when she did swing. I was 'a scream.' It's like being a piece of a jigsaw puzzle, you have to have your own little pattern or color to be a part of the whole.

But—when I got to college and started to pull the same stuff, I was a misfit again. I found they didn't go for it at all. It was adolescent smart-aleckness. In college, I had to shed it and shed it quick. Thing is, we may fit like a hand in a skin-smooth



\* Carole Landis and John Hubbard, stars of the Hal Roach-United Artists production "Road Show", as they appeared at the World Premiere in Hollywood.



"Love is an art  
**SOFT HANDS**  
can practice"

Says  
*Carole Landis*  
(Lovely Hollywood Star)

ALL RIGHT! BUT HOW  
CAN I KEEP MY HANDS  
SOFT....WITH DISHES AND  
HOUSEWORK TO DO?

LOTS OF GIRLS USE  
JERGENS LOTION. THEY  
SAY IT FURNISHES  
BEAUTIFYING MOISTURE  
YOUR SKIN NEEDS.

I LOVE  
YOUR HANDS,  
DEAR!  
THEY FEEL  
SO SOFT!

SO JANE STARTED TO USE JERGENS  
REGULARLY AND NOT LONG AFTER...

**Easy to help prevent  
disillusioning Roughness  
and Chapping**

**L**OVE-WORTHY, SOFT HANDS can so easily be yours! Suppose water, wind and cold do dry the natural softening moisture out of your hand skin! Keep furnishing new beautifying moisture with Jergens Lotion.

So quick to use—never sticky! Jergens applies to your skin 2 skin-smoothing ingredients used by many doctors. Soon "make over" pathetic, roughened hands. Start now to use Jergens Lotion.



**JERGENS  
LOTION**

FOR  
SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

**FREE! YOUR CHANCE FOR LOVABLE HANDS**

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW  
(Paste on penny postcard, if you wish)  
The Andrew Jergens Company, 3917 Alfred Street,  
Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada: Perth, Ontario)  
I want to see how Jergens Lotion helps me have  
soft hands. Please send *free* purse-size bottle!

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_



glove in one environment and be as misfit as a bargain basement dress in another. It's a pretty constant process of shedding our skins and slipping into new ones, this process of trying to fit into our lives.

I do think it's necessary to be kind of gay with the boys in high school. By 'gay' I don't mean necking, oh, no necking, none at all. But I do mean a gay, come-on manner. I do mean you should promise a lot so as to get all the attention you can, so all the boys will want to dance with you. It's a matter of *manner*, not *morals*. It's being a "teaser," I suppose, and I guess that's not very moral, either. But it's better for the *morale* to tease than to slump like a vine-bound wall-flower.

Lots of girls go through simply *nightmares* from self-consciousness. Well, there's only one way I know to beat that. And that's to force yourself to meet as many people as you can, as often as you can. Even though you know you are going to suffer, force yourself to it over and over. It used to be a nightmare to me to go into a room full of strangers. I'd make myself go into rooms full of people even when I didn't have to. I'd rehearse little things to say just as, later, I learned lines for a part. I'd go in and speak my piece. And after I did it often enough I began to have a little poise. At least I didn't suffer so much. It's wonderful how repetition will soothe the nerves.

I think calling attention to your own faults or defects is a keen way of helping yourself. For instance, one of the biggest stars in Hollywood has freckles, thickly, all over her face. Other stars who have freckles go about bleaching themselves and wearing heavy make-up. Not this girl. She deliberately calls attention to them; she'll say such things as "Oh, don't you just *love* freckles, they look so healthy!" And now people actually envy her instead of pitying her.

I know another girl, also a big star, who was so awkward they couldn't do anything with her. She could not walk gracefully. She marched into love scenes like a grenadier. She's very tall, with long limbs and a really awkward body. So she's developed a swinging stride which is, now, one of her chief attractions.

I used to be so embarrassed about my hands. I never knew what to do with them. They always fluttered and jittered when I was trying to be most poised. So one day I

said, "You know, I always jiggle my hands like this, it's the Zasu Pitts in me!" And that got a laugh, *with* me, not *at* me.

If you're too tall, get the habit of making cracks about Boadicea or the tall Diana—take it away from them, in other words. If you don't dance well, just say to the boy you're to dance with, "I dance like a toy elephant, you're about to be mowed down," or something like that. Then, if you don't follow his lead or step on his foot, there will be a mutual laugh, not a red and painful silence. When you go to a party where everybody is doing cute parlor tricks and you can't do any (as I can't) don't make an excuse to go to the powder room just as your turn is coming up. Just announce right at the beginning that someone dropped you on your head in infancy and if they want to put a dunce cap on your head you can wear it with dash and that's all you *can* do.

You are a misfit, you see, when people laugh at you; never when they laugh with you. The thing is, if you can't top the people you are with, *don't try*. Take the opposite stand. *Be a good listener*. A good listener is never a misfit, anywhere. Just give what you have to offer, if it's only your ears.

I think it's a good idea never to be *anti*-anything—unless you want to be a lone wolfess and can take it. Don't be too obviously shocked at anything. For instance, if you don't drink but are with a crowd that does, don't feel called upon to say, "I never take a drink," just take one, fool with it, don't drink it and let it pass. Keep your awareness of your own integrity but have a working premise when you're with a crowd.

Be interested in other people. I don't know of a surer way *not* to be a misfit than that. Ask them about their jobs, how they are getting along, whether they like the new job better than the old job, and why. Go out of your way, *way* out of your way to be interested in the other party. It's positively miraculous how interested the other party will become in you.

When I went to New York to go on the stage, I was still so shy when I was alone with a boy, I was tongue-tied and helpless. I started going out in a crowd. It was sort of the instinct of protective coloration with me. I recommend it. There's something about being with two or three other couples that takes the edge off for you; you fall

into step with the other girls, you don't have to bear the burden of conversation, there are a lot of laughs and under cover, as it were, you begin to find yourself.

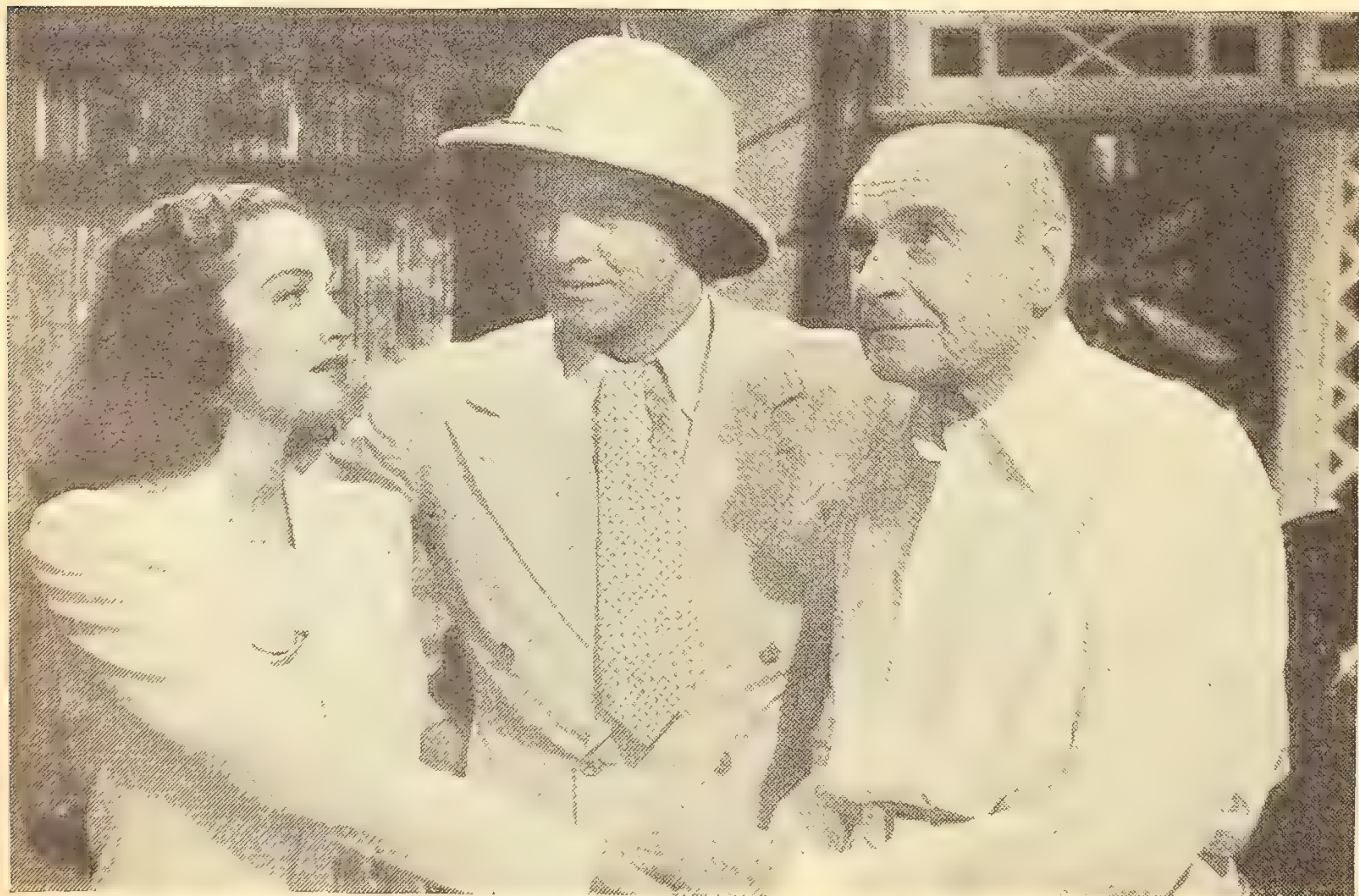
When I came to Hollywood, I slumped right back again, into all my inhibitions and awkwardnesses. I thought everyone out here was so *perfect*, that perfection nearly stopped me. Their hair, their nails, no sagging of stockings, even their *elbows*, not rough like mine but all creamy and smooth! They were all so sure of themselves, I thought, knew what to say and what to do every minute of the day and night. Then I saw some of the girls going around in old slacks, their hair, well, just *hair*. I saw one Glamor Girl red-eyed from crying, hurt by her boy friend, even as you and me. I saw another girl have hysterics just before she went into a scene. I realized that I'd been believing just what I was afraid you'd believe when you read Advice to Misfits by me—I got over the idea that I stood alone in thinking the things I thought. I got over the idea that I was the only one who ever felt herself stupid, different, out of things, imperfect, a misfit. I got over it and so must you, all of you.

It's so *important* that you get over that feeling, that you keep at yourselves until you are over it, that you know you are not alone in it. It's important, too, because while being a misfit usually brings only rather minor discomforts and embarrassments, it can be responsible for more serious misfortunes. It can lead you into trying to escape the wrong way.

"Being the misfit I was is largely responsible for the misfitting of my marriage. I was so ill at ease with younger boys that, when Mr. Gaines came along, twelve years my senior, my teacher at Madame Ouspenskaya's School, too, he sort of bridged the awkwardness I felt with boys of my own age and I *mistook the ease I felt with him for love*. Later, as I matured and found independence, I also found that I could adjust my life better by myself. And so found that I had a very difficult, very painful 'alterating' to make. I made it.

"I still have lots of alterations to make. I'm still shy, too shy to be sensible. I've never been to a Hollywood party, still afraid I won't fit. I still felt tongue-tied and dizzy when I had to make love scenes with Errol Flynn for 'The Sea Hawk.' I really was *too* silly about that. First I'd ask to have visitors on the set when Errol and I were making love, thinking that I'd feel less self-conscious, more as if it was just 'acting' if we had an audience. Then, I'd nearly die when we were watched and I asked to have visitors barred from the set so that we could make love in private. Then *that* seemed worse and I'd reverse again and ask to have the visitors back! I don't suppose Errol ever had to work so hard in his life, making love to a girl, as he worked to make love to me, so that I'd respond and not look like a scared rabbit or a wooden doll! Why, even when we had portrait sittings and had to take loving poses, I'd go hot and cold, have the jitters, giggle, act like an ingénue with her very first beau! Errol would arrange to meet me in the portrait gallery half an hour before time for our sitting so that he could talk with me, kid me, do his best to put me at my ease before the camera started looking at us! But I'm lots better than I was. I'm in love. Now I'm really in love. Now, because of that, I'm not afraid anymore. I'm happy. And it is certainly true that perfect happiness casteth out fear—fear of all trivial, unimportant things, anyway.

"And so, by letting out a seam here, a seam there, lowering the hem or taking it up, finding something (*real love, I mean*) which is far more important than I, I'm making the dress fit . . . and so can you, whoever you are, wherever you are."



The "new Lamour" with a new haircut, the Burma Bob! Dorothy, Robert Preston and Albert Basserman in a scene from "Moon Over Burma," film of adventure and romance in the tropical teak forests. Basserman, exile from Germany, where, for fifty years, he was the leading figure of the national theater, has an important rôle in the picture.





"A youthful spirit is fine if it's mellowed with good judgment," says Irene Rich. Above, in her rôle of SADIE in "Queen of the Yukon."

## Why Actresses Don't Fear Middle Age!

Continued from page 65

of humor. It's the kind that always permits me to see the funny side and always makes me look ahead to better things. And take it from me, there's nothing like a sense of humor to keep a woman young. I know. It's been my salvation.

"But really, I don't see why women are frightened of the years that lie ahead of them. And yet they are, and they usually all make the fatal mistake of trying to stay young. It's dynamite when any woman begins to act younger than she is, for she only advertises her age then. I firmly believe in mellowed maturity and in accepting each added year with grace and understanding of all it involves.

"In line with this, I must confess that I dislike beauty parlors. I've always believed that the less a woman does to her face the better her skin is and the more youthful she appears. I go to a beauty parlor about once every six months. The rest of the year I look after myself and get along all right. Instead of manufactured beauty to keep young, I prefer exercising. I like to play golf and I like to ride horses. In fact, I like any kind of outdoor exercise. I also go to a masseuse and to a regular body conditioner, for they keep me in shape when I'm working and can't exercise as much as I'd like to."

In other respects, too, Mary keeps herself young. There are her children and the stimulus they provide. "Children can do so much to keep a woman young. At least, I find it so. They are a constant challenge to me. I have to be young to understand my daughter Marilyn's problems, for example. She has a terrific mentality, and I do admit that she keeps me on the go continually. However, I never baby her. I insist upon her developing her own sense of responsibility, and I don't tolerate whining or self-pity. As a result, she feels perfectly free to come to me with any problem, and we talk about it easily and intelligently. Then there's my new baby. What fun he gives



HE WILL SAY

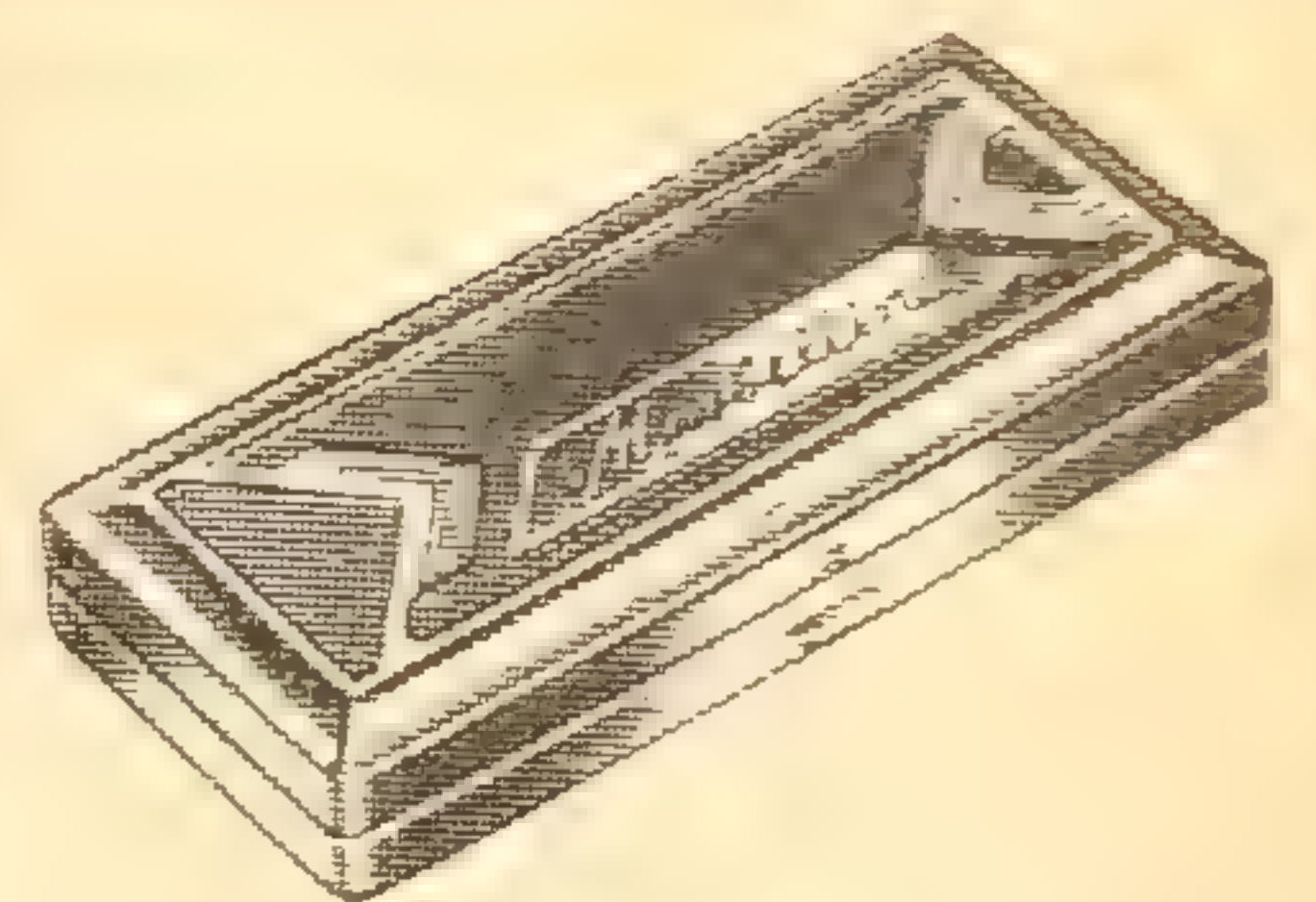
*Your Eyes*

ARE BEAUTIFUL TONIGHT

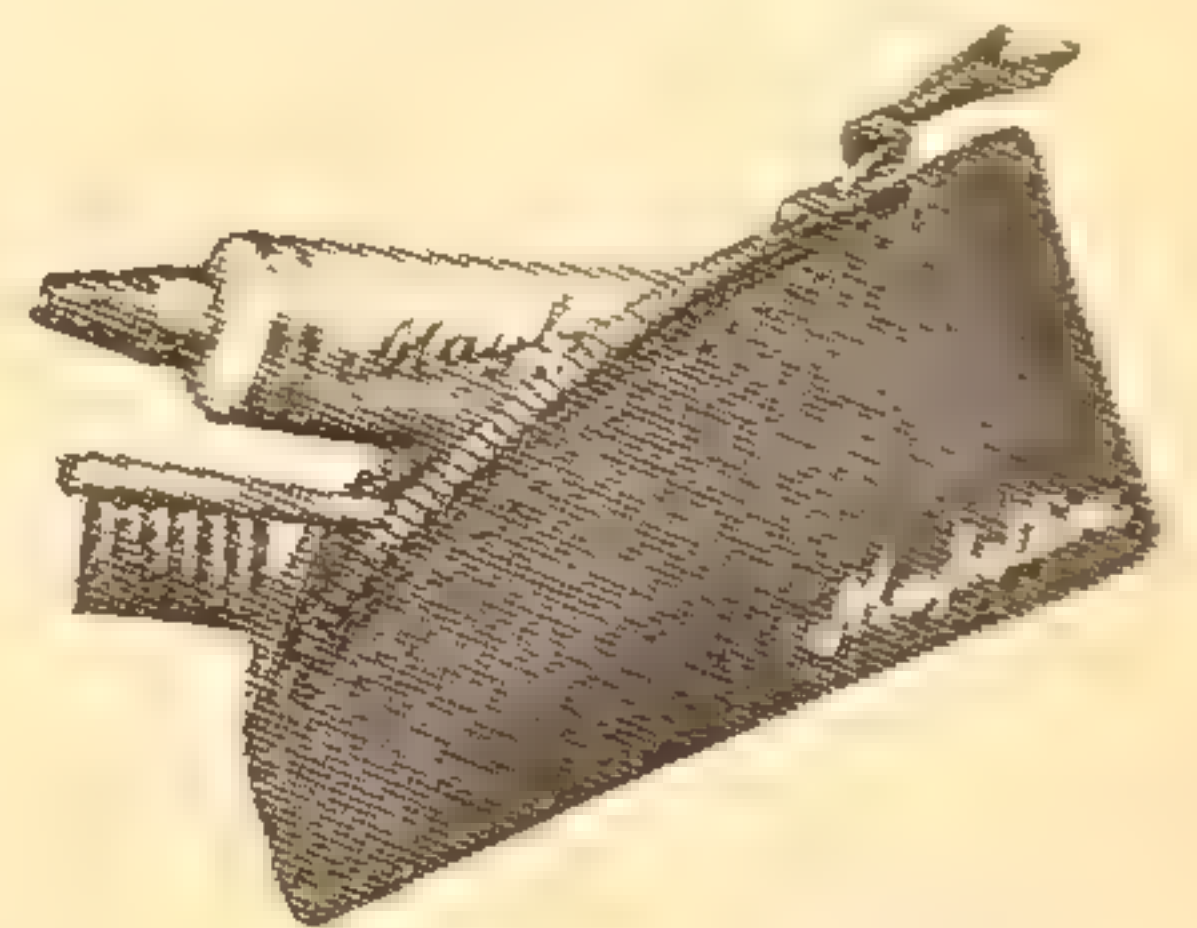
*Because* — a touch of Maybelline Eye Shadow subtly accents depth and color... Maybelline Mascara gives that desired effect of dark, long, curling lashes... Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil easily tapers the brows to a new winged victory! Every day — every night — wreath your eyes in beauty with world-famous Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Attractive purse sizes at all 10c Stores.



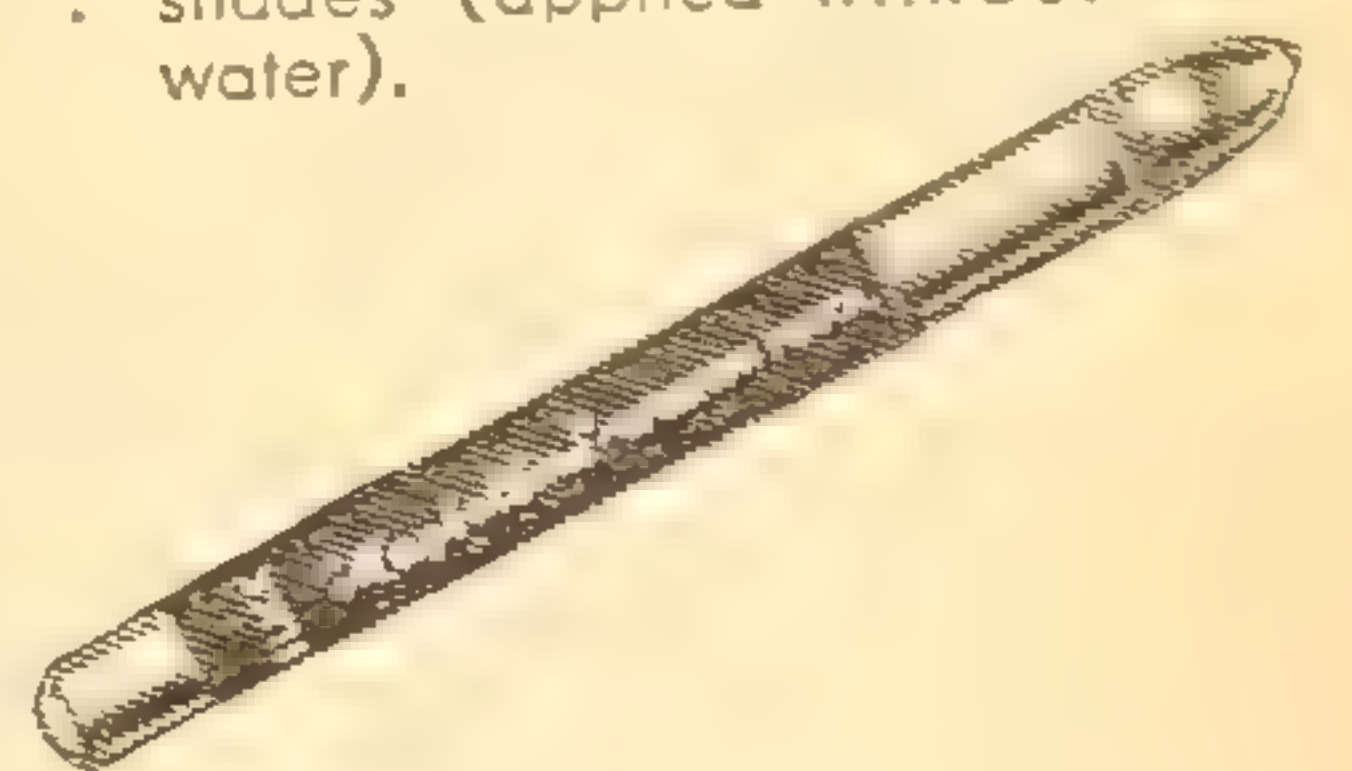
*Maybelline*  
EYE BEAUTY AIDS



Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in smart gold-colored vanity, 75c. Shades — Black, Brown, Blue.



Maybelline Cream-form Mascara in convenient zipper case, 75c. Same shades (applied without water).



Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil in matching shades. (Blue is for eyelid liner).



Maybelline Eye Shadow in six most flattering shades: Blue, Gray, Blue-gray, Brown, Green, Violet.



me! You know, I'd love to have two more children."

Mary's marriage to Manuel del Campo has proved a happy one. He's a gay and suave young man, full of ambition and spirit. Since Mary is so youthful in everything, and since she loves a good time, their marriage has proved ideal for them both. They are like a couple of kids when they go out together.

"I'm so proud of Mike," Mary confided to me. (Mike is her own nickname for her husband). "He is one of the most ambitious men I have ever met. He's working as a cutter at M-G-M now, and he's determined to learn all about the motion picture business. He works very long hours, so to keep from being a cutter's widow, I sit home and wait up for him. We always hash over everything that has happened during the day to both of us when he comes home. Mike's kept my life young and exciting in many ways. He has given me, above all, a renewed ambition and vital interests."

Mary expects people to continue to say, "Mary Astor only thirty-four! Ridiculous! I saw her on the screen when I was twelve." But as she says, "When I'm forty, they'll swear I'm seventy. I don't care, though. Life has been grand to me, and I welcome each new year. In fact, the older I get, the younger I feel and the more things I appreciate and have to be thankful for. Middle age, old age—it makes no difference. As long as I feel young, I'll be young. Besides, middle age can offer so much more fun and excitement, so much more realization of all that life implies than youth ever can."

I paid a visit to another actress who openly boasts of the fact that age has no terrors for her. And I found Fay Bainter smoothing over the sand on her beach, and even making picturesque designs.

"This is my job," she said with pride but with a gleam in her eye. "So's my patio garden. Don't you think I'm accomplished?" She grinned and said, "Now, you're not going to talk about 'Glamor After Forty,' are you? I hate that subject. Surely I'm over forty, but, oh! what fun it is being forty!"

After I had assured her that glamor wasn't my purpose, she really began to give.

"I have so much fun living that I never think of age. Inside, I'm as young as my son. In fact, I'm always tempted to buy a gingham dress. Then I take hold of myself, and say, 'Hold on, Bainter, you're a bit too old for that sort of thing.' But I do love gingham. You can feel so foolish in it."

"As for fearing middle age, that's silly. Instead, I'm sorry for youth. Being forty is a great thrill, and that's no bromide either. Anyway, I'm too busy to stop to think about being over forty. My son keeps me young for one thing. He's always a jump ahead of me. The one time of the day that I enjoy most of all is in the morning, after I get up, when he comes and talks to me while I have my massage. The problems he discusses with me never fail to invigorate me."

"One morning, he was telling me about a boy who had everything he could want—money, advantages, and a future. But that boy was bored. I asked my son what made him bored. 'You'll think it silly when I tell you, mother,' he answered, 'but he's bored with his parents!'"

"That surprised me a little and started me thinking. I turned to him and said, 'Do father and I bore you?' He took hold of my hand. 'Of course not, mother,' he replied. 'That's silly. How could I be bored with you when you're so much fun and when you amuse me so much?' Was I flattered then! Naturally, I can be young with a son who so stimulates me."

Fay's son is an integral part of her life. Yet she's not the possessive mother. She



Fay Bainter (Mrs. Reg Venable in private life) says her son helps keep her young, and that she must stay young for her son. Above, a charming little family group—Reg, Jr., helping Fay with her yarn while hubby entertains himself with a book.

realizes that he doesn't want to be around adults all the time, so recently she and her husband left the house to their son while he enjoyed playing host at his first formal dinner party. This is all part of her philosophy, a philosophy that insists she keep young so she won't let him down.

He's also a big help to her when she's worried about a scene in a picture. She'll fuss and fume about it, and he'll start to talk to her, telling her that she can play it right. Soon, Fay will get over the hurdle. Her son will see that the crisis has passed, and then he'll turn to his father and say, "It's all right, Dad, mother's out of the island."

Like Mary Astor, Fay is also lucky to have a husband who enjoys life, a man who is constantly finding something new to intrigue him. "My husband and I are inseparable," Fay explained to me. "We love to go out at night, and we usually do when I'm not working. One of us is always thinking of something new to do, of some new way to make our life fuller. It's this constant activity that keeps me alert and active."

"Naturally, my work keeps me young. At times, I've thought I'd like to quit and just be a lady of leisure. But I know—and so do my husband and son—that after a while I'd get dreadfully bored. I'm the type that has to be doing something all the time. There's nothing like hard work to keep a woman young, for it makes her forget minor things that might otherwise snow her under and assume too much importance. Every woman needs some interest to make her forget herself."

"Any woman, no matter what her circumstances are, can keep young if she allows herself varied interests, if she works hard at those interests, and if she is enthusiastic about life itself. If she is bored and listless with life, she's missing somewhere and allowing herself to become old in spirit—which is just about the end."

"I'm not the one to give advice, but since you asked for it, here goes. Life is what you make it. It can be a humdrum affair or it can be a series of new challenges. That doesn't mean that a woman should try to date her daughter's boy friends or try to be the center of attraction in a younger crowd. That's going a bit too far. But she can remember that each new year added on

to her life is another crack at something new and invigorating, another chance to make middle age as grand as it really is."

"I wouldn't trade my forty-odd years for anybody's twenties. I feel twice as young now as I did when I was twenty, for now I understand what life can mean to anyone who has the enthusiasm and the alertness to accept its constant newness. Youth, I've found, is too busy groping to know what life really can mean. Middle age gives you that respite, that kaleidoscopic view of all that you've missed and can still take advantage of."

When I went to see Kay Francis over at RKO where she is making "Little Men," I never expected to see her knee-deep in donkeys and playing stooge to Elsie, the cow with "moomph." Kay greeted me and laughingly remarked, "With all this for competition, I'll have to stand on my head to get any attention."

I was convinced then and there that Kay wasn't aging a bit.

"Yes, I have my philosophy for keeping young," Kay said, "and it all spells animation. That's the keynote. If a woman can find enough interest in those around her and in life to keep her alive, if she can keep a sparkle in her eyes and a lilt in her walk, then she's really found the secret of youth. I don't mean that she should live in a perpetual state of jitters, but she must remember youth, mental youth especially, depends on an alert expression and vital thoughts. Nothing is more aging than a dull expression on a face."

"I've always found it stimulating to be with people who are younger than I am. At times, I find their antics, their thoughts, and their deeds hard to take and understand. Then, I try to realize why they act that way, to be tolerant of their views. When we can see eye to eye with the younger generation, and by the younger generation I also include those who are one year or more younger than we are, without losing the things experience has taught us, we're doing all right."

Kay has often seen her life apparently ready to close up on her, to thrust her into a rut. But always, through sheer ambition, she has come through with flying colors and started all over again. Her thoughts, as well as her actions, are constantly alive.

"I've always known it to be true that no



woman can expect to understand the interests of those around her, unless she has a real interest in something herself. That's why I have several hobbies, and why I feel that hobbies should be a part of every woman's life. And, above all, I firmly believe that no woman should ever be afraid to change, from the way she does her hair to the way she thinks. I know I've changed my ideas and actions many times in my work alone, and I've never been sorry. For instance, I'd never have thought I'd be in a western, and yet I did 'When the Daltons Rode' just for the fun of it. And 'Little Men' isn't exactly up my alley, but it's giving me a lot of new experiences. You bet your life I'm going to stay young! Why shouldn't I?"

My next call was at Monogram Studio where another perennially young lady of the screen was holding forth as *Sadie*, the dance hall gal in "Queen of the Yukon." Introducing Irene Rich—the star who has actually commercialized her age.

There is certainly no busier woman than Irene Rich. She is constantly on the go. In fact, she has had exactly one week off in seven years. Here's her program of a few months ago, one that is typical of her continuous activity. She had practically collapsed after a picture she made at Columbia, "The Lady in Question," for she hadn't had a real rest in a long, long time. She called her doctor one night, and he insisted that she forget all about work for at least a month.

"I assured him I would rest," Irene said to me. "But the next night I had to go on the Red Cross benefit broadcast. Suddenly, in the midst of my talk, I thought of offering to go to any state in person to get a contribution of \$5000. When the offer came from Florida, I left immediately. In ten days, I traveled to Nashville, Miami, New York, and Connecticut. I got home on Friday night, did a broadcast with Don Ameche that same evening, and on the following Monday, I started work in 'Queen of the Yukon.' I still haven't had the rest, and I feel wonderful.

"It's a peculiar thing about my work. Often, I have felt dreadfully ill and have been worried about problems, but once I set foot on a sound stage or get ready for a broadcast, I forget all about my troubles. I escape from realism. If I worried about my age, I never could do all I do. But I never think about it. It's so unimportant to me that I've built a new career by advertising how little concern it gives me."

Irene exactly fits the description of *Sadie*, as written in the screen play. *Sadie* is a gal with "mellowed allure," and the way Irene's eyes sparkled, the way she smiled—so freely, so carelessly—certainly gave her a "mellowed allure." I never before realized it so much, but Irene Rich honestly defies age.

"Right now, I'm very interested in oil painting," she continued. "A friend of mine whom I was visiting one night was painting, and when I became intrigued by her work, she said, 'Here, take this stuff and go to work.' I started to paint—anything and everything. I became so entranced that when I looked at the clock, it was four o'clock in the morning.

"Now, I begrudge every moment away from my painting. And I'm so grateful that I have this new interest. It's filled many a vacant spot. My mother has passed away and my daughters are on their own, so I'd be left high and dry and might even begin to feel sorry for myself. As it is, I'm too engrossed in my work.

"Besides, my age has given me a chance to do other things I always wanted to do. When I had children to look after, I was too busy to read or take up new interests. I used to look at my books and say to myself, 'Some day, I'll get sick and then I'll have a chance to read all that I want to.'

# Swing your partner!

## Have the time of your life!

Your fun need never be marred by the dreadful thought that "revealing outlines" tell your secret! For Kotex ends never show! They're flat and invisible... entirely different from napkins with thick, stubby ends!

And for *safety's* sake, a new, improved kind of moisture-resistant material is now placed between the soft folds of every Kotex pad!



Excess baggage is costly on a plane trip! And excess bulk is uncomfortable in a sanitary napkin. Unnecessary, too! Kotex has a soft, *folded* center (with more absorbent material where needed... less in the non-effective portions of the pad). Naturally, this makes Kotex less bulky than pads made with loose, wadded fillers!



Kotex\* comes in 3 sizes, too! Unlike most napkins, Kotex comes in *three* different sizes—*Super—Regular—Junior*. (So you may vary the size pad to suit different days' needs)... All 3 sizes have soft, *folded* centers... flat, form-fitting ends... and moisture-resistant "safety panels". And all 3 sizes sell for the same low price!

\*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off



FEEL its new softness

PROVE its new safety

COMPARE its new flatter ends

## "You scarcely know you're wearing it!"



**New under-arm**  
**Cream Deodorant**  
*safely*  
**Stops Perspiration**



1. Does not harm dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.



More than 25 MILLION  
jars of Arrid have been  
sold...Try a jar today.

**ARRID**

**39¢ a jar**

AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS  
(Also in 10 cent and 59 cent jars)

**SONG POEMS WANTED**

TO BE SET TO MUSIC

Free Examination. Send Your Poems To  
**J. CHAS. McNEIL**  
A. B. MASTER OF MUSIC  
510-V So. Alexandria Los Angeles, Calif.

EASY WAY....

**Tints Hair**  
**JET BLACK**

This remarkable CAKE discovery, TINTZ Jet Black Shampoo, washes out dirt, loose dandruff, grease, grime and safely gives hair a real smooth JET BLACK TINT that fairly glows with life and lustre. Don't put up with faded dull, burnt, off color hair a minute longer. TINTZ Jet Black Cake works gradual... each shampoo leaves your hair blacker, lovelier, softer, easier to manage. No dyed look. Won't hurt permanents. Full cake 50c (3 for \$1). TINTZ comes in Jet Black, light, medium and dark Brown, Titian, and Blonde. Order today! State shade wanted.

**SEND NO MONEY** Just pay postman plus postage on our positive assurance of satisfaction in 7 days or your money back. (We Pay Postage if remittance comes with order.) Don't wait—Write today to  
**TINTZ COMPANY, Dept. 871, 207 N. MICHIGAN, CHICAGO**  
**CANADIAN OFFICE: Dept. 871, 22 COLLEGE STREET, TORONTO**



But I never got sick and I didn't have the time. Now I have. My life has entered a new phase, full of opportunities and of the final satisfaction of all I passed up when I was young. And I'm having more fun than I thought possible.

"My career, for instance, is finally entering a new stage. For years, I wanted to escape the namby-pamby rôles. Now, I've had a chance to do real characters, such as the wife in 'The Mortal Storm,' the drab rôle in my picture at Columbia, and now Sadie in 'Queen of the Yukon.' So in my career, too, I'm realizing a real ambition."

Irene had told me some time ago about the influence her daughters had on her. She often said that her viewpoints were much younger than theirs, that they thought in more direct lines, while she thought in tangents, another example of her constant interests. And to Irene, her daughters had more wisdom than she, and, therefore, she asked their advice. A peculiar situation that—a mother with ideas younger than her daughters—a woman to whom age was a reawakening!

No woman can advise other women on why age should present no fears quite as well as Irene Rich. Here's her advice: "Take age gracefully and relax with each new year. It doesn't do any good to have your face lifted, for example, for you're only fooling yourself. All the make-up won't make any difference either. Simply be yourself and *be true to yourself* under any conditions. And when your spirit encourages you to do something that your sense says, 'No' to, it's not a bad idea to follow your sense. A youthful spirit is fine if it is mellowed with a good judgment."

Everyone has seen the "Jones Family" films and knows Mrs. Jones. And everyone adored the modern and understanding wife in "My Love Came Back." In short, everyone knows Spring Byington.

"You know," Spring began gaily, "I've learned that when you get to be forty it's not so different from being twenty. Of course, your ideas may be different, but the process is really pretty much the same. Looking at myself, I've found that I can be young again in middle age by maintaining vitality and dismissing fear. The secret of youth is flexibility, to be fluid, the ability to adapt yourself to changes. Flexibility is also the keynote of youth in middle age."

"When I was twenty, I used to think everyone knew his way around but me. Now I know that no one really knows his way around. When I was twenty, my opinions were held lightly, but now I have earned the right to my opinions. Above all, I've discovered that failure and success are no more final at forty than they are at

twenty. Failure is really the fertilizer of success. As I see it, then, it's the quality of youth to expand. It's also the quality of middle age never to stop expanding.

"Many assume that at forty progress stops. It doesn't unless you allow yourself to get in a rut. As for myself, I'm still progressing because I'm still not sure of myself. I've no more idea where I'm going now than I did at twenty. I just say to myself, 'Here goes nothing,' and dive in! And as far as security is concerned, since it's directly associated with progress, I'm not any more secure today than I was at twenty, for I'm constantly meeting and facing new things in my career and in my life that defy security without exactly knowing what to do about them."

No one doubts that Spring is active. She has more interests than almost anyone that I know. "I've just become a landscape designer and an architect—voluntarily, of course," Spring said to me happily. "I was looking for a house for my daughter and her husband to live in, but instead, I bought five acres with walnut trees for myself. There's even a brook running across the place. It's heaven to me. But since I have to find a spot for the house, I've had to consider many things. For example, the stream is such an integral part of my design that before I can start building the house, I have to investigate flood control and erosion problems. Also, I want an herb garden, and that means I have to know how to grow herbs. In addition, I'm thinking of planting such things as lemon verbena and lavender for sachets."

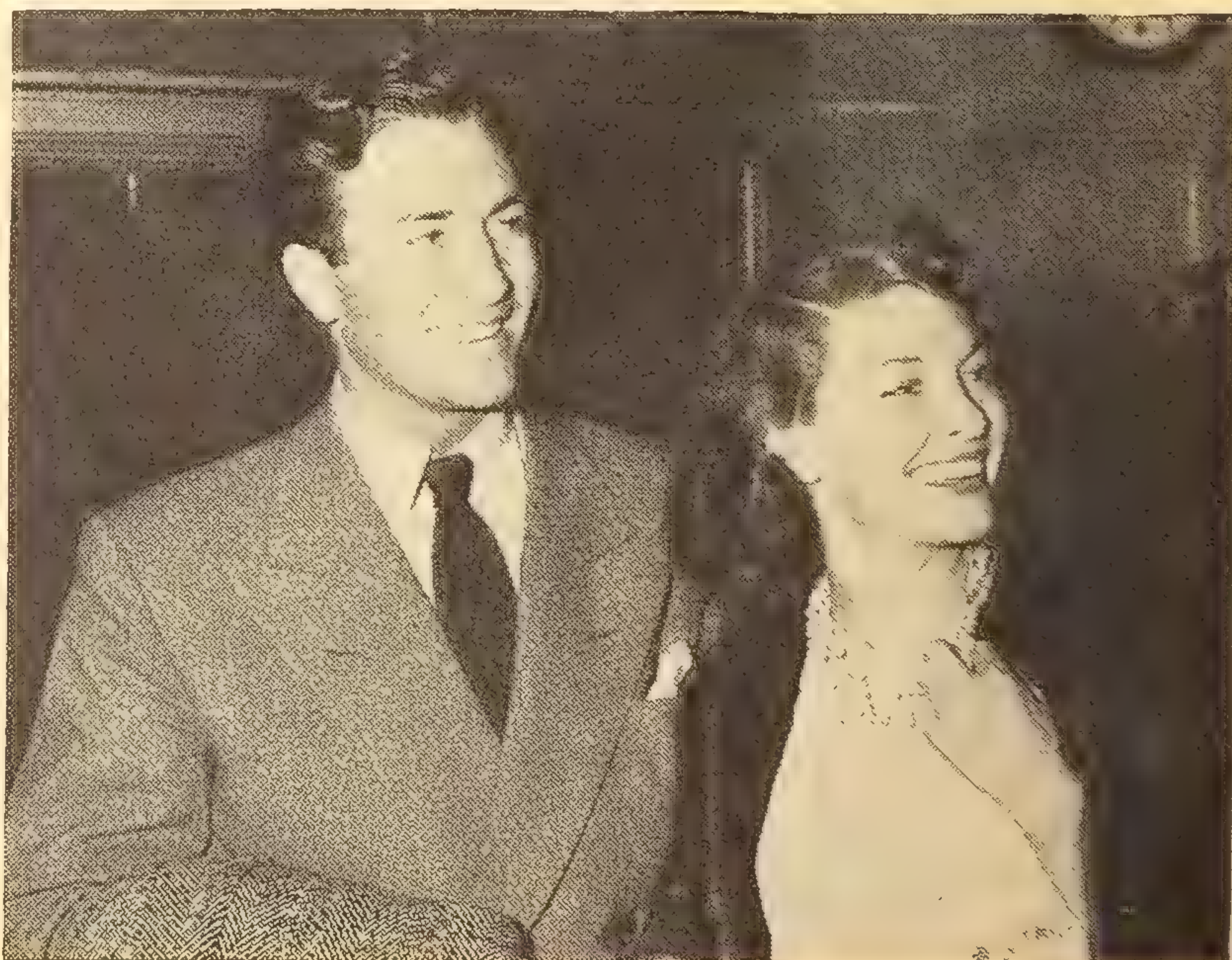
"I also intend to take up mathematics because I wasn't very good at it in school and it's bothered me ever since. I get simply furious when people talk about the Einstein theory and I can't even understand simple equations. Another ambition of mine is to take up water colors. So you can see I'm keeping busy—and being busy mentally and physically is a sure antidote for age."

"As for my work, I love it. It's like a sport to me, and there's no distinction between work and sport. They both come under the head of activity. The funny thing is that I'm just realizing that I still have a lot to learn about my job—thank heavens!"

"I want to learn new things. I can never feel satisfied, for I hope I never get to the point where I'll know it all. Things would be very dull."

"My formula for keeping young? Simply, be vital within yourself, welcome jobs that you think you can't do, work like a Trojan, never get over-fatigued but always keep a reserve of energy, and don't permit yourself to acknowledge either defeat or fear. Youth is within you. Keep it!"

Recently, when Jeffrey Lynn was leaving a preview theater with Dana Dale, right, he was swamped by autograph seekers. While Dana stood by smiling, Jeff made himself at home on the sidewalk curb and conducted open house for his admiring fans.





# Stores Featuring Your Glamor Guide Fashions

## PAGE 52

### Plaid-Skirt Gown from Topper Formals

Boston—Peter Flynn  
Houston—Smart Shop  
New York—Arnold Constable  
Rocky Mountain District—Sweetbriar Shops  
Syracuse—Flah & Co.  
St. Louis—T. W. Garland Co.

## PAGE 53

### Wool Hood Wrap from Korman Wraps

Cincinnati—John Shillito Co.  
Cleveland—Halle Bros.  
Columbus—The F. & R. Lazarus Co.  
Detroit—J. L. Hudson Co.  
New York—John Wanamaker  
Philadelphia—John Wanamaker

### White Bunny Cape from Korman Wraps

See list above on Hood Wrap

### Draped Crepe Gown from Revelane

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Oppenheim & Collins  
Dallas—A. Harris Co.  
Denver—Denver Dry Goods  
Minneapolis—Powers Dry Goods  
New York—Franklin Simon  
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney

## PAGE 54

### Wishing Box Lapel Ornament by Lisanda

Baltimore—Hutzler Bros.  
Chicago—Mandel Bros.  
Hollywood—Broadway-Hollywood  
St. Louis—Famous-Barr & Co.

## PAGE 55

### Laskin Mouton Lamb Ensemble from Bernard Hans

Chicago—Russeks  
Los Angeles—Bullocks-Wilshire  
New York—Russeks

### African Kidskin Swagger from Saul Salzberg

Des Moines—Taylor's  
Jacksonville—Kahn Furchgott  
New York—R. H. Macy  
Pittsburgh—Gimbel Bros.

### Thief of Bagdad Jewelry from Rice-Weiner

Canton—Halle Bros.  
Des Moines—Wolf's, Inc.  
Kansas City—Adler's  
New York—Arnold Constable  
Los Angeles—May Co.  
Oklahoma City—Peyton's

## OTHER RECOMMENDED STORES

Anniston—Berman's  
Auburn—Kalet's  
Baltimore—The Hub  
Boston—Chandler & Company  
Buffalo—Russell Jay, Inc.  
Camden—King's Dept. Store  
Charlottesville—Levy's Fashion Shop

Davenport—Scharff's  
Denver—Daniels & Fisher Store & Co.  
 Fargo—C. E. Shotwell  
 Gloversville—Argersinger's  
 Hartford—Sage-Allen & Co.  
 Hartford—Wise Smith Co.  
 Hollywood—Harry Cooper  
 Knoxville—S. H. George & Sons  
 Liberty—Keller's Daylight Dept. Store  
 Lincoln—Magee's Inc.  
 Los Angeles—Franklin's Department Stores

Los Angeles—J. W. Robinson Co.  
Macon—Burden Smith & Co.  
Manchester—Pariseau's, Inc.  
Middletown—L. Stern Co.  
Newburgh—John Schoonmaker & Son  
Niagara Falls—Betty Shop  
Norfolk—David A. Rawls, Inc.  
Oklahoma City—D. E. Peyton Co.  
Omaha—Goldstein Chapman Co.  
Oswego—M. J. McDonald & Co.  
Petersburg—Rucker Rosenstock, Inc.  
Philadelphia—Gimbel Brothers  
Philadelphia—Strawbridge & Clothier  
Pittsburgh—Frank E. Seder  
Plattsburg—David Merkel  
Portland—Charles F. Berg  
Raleigh—Taylor Furnishing Co.  
Roanoke—B. Forman & Sons  
Rochester—E. W. Edwards & Sons  
Rutland—Claude Pitcher Co.  
Saranac Lake—W. C. Leonard & Co.  
Schenectady—H. S. Barney Co.  
Seattle—Rhodes Dept. Store  
Stamford—H. Frankel & Sons  
Stamford—Mantell & Martin  
Tampa—O. Falk's Dept. Store  
Toledo—Meyer Jonasson's  
Utica—Frank T. Howard Co.  
Washington, D. C.—Kaplowitz Bros., Inc.  
Wheeling—Geo. E. Stifel Co.  
Yakima—W. E. Draper, Inc.

ANNE DEWEY, LOVELY SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE JUNIOR, SAYS:

# For that modern natural look

USE THIS FACE POWDER YOU CHOOSE  
BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

*Naturalness! Freshness! The appealing charm of gay, young "collegiennes"! That's the way the men of today want you to look—and you can, if you'll use the thrilling Marvelous Face Powder, keyed by Richard Hudnut to the color of your eyes.*

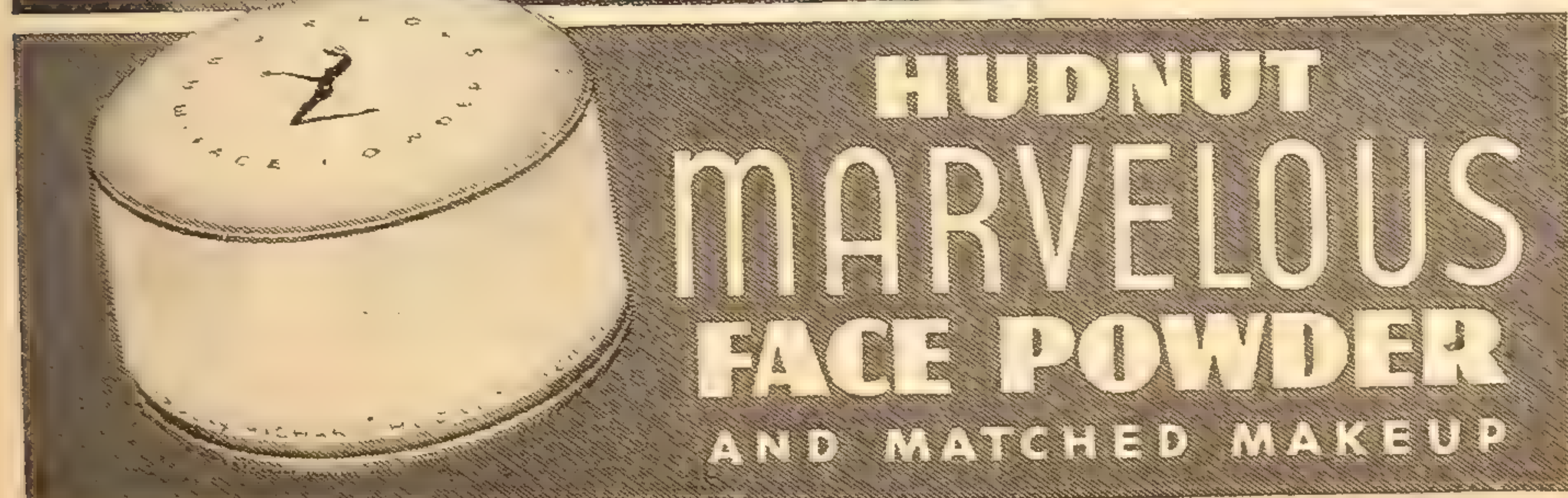
*For you choose Marvelous by the color of your eyes! Eye color, as you know, is definitely related to the color of your skin, your hair. It's the simplest guide to the powder that gives*

*you that natural appealing look.*

*So—whether your eyes are blue, gray, brown or hazel—it's easy to find the shade that's right for you in Marvelous, the powder you choose by the color of your eyes!*

*You'll love the way Marvelous smooths on... the way it clings for hours... agrees with the most sensitive skin! Try it today! For complete color harmony, use matching Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick, too.*

*Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder and harmonizing Rouge and Lipstick at drug and department stores—only 55¢ each. (65¢ in Canada.)*



RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Ave., New York City  
Please send me tryout Makeup Kit containing generous metal containers of harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick.  
I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.

Check the color of your eyes! Brown ☐ Blue ☐ Hazel ☐ Gray ☐

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_

(Good only in U.S.A. and Canada, except where legally prohibited.) SU-1140





Katharine Hepburn astride White Rose, one of Liz Whitney's horses. The beautiful nag supports Kate in "The Philadelphia Story," comedy of that city's "Main Line" society.

## What's This About A New Hepburn?

Continued from page 63

everyone else looking like the Dragon's Daughter who had just dipped into a chicken's entrails. Her hair too was as natural as sun and rain. She wore it in a very un-chic manner, in fact people referred to it as Hepburn's "mop." Her freckles didn't seem to dismay her in the least—she made no effort to conceal them, not even with a speck of powder. She looked as if she used soap and water on her face, often. She looked natural, and wholesome. And very un-glamorous.

With all the Glamor Girls driving up to the studio in long slinky limousines with liveried chauffeurs (you should have seen Miss Constance Bennett's car) K. Hepburn chose to drive herself to work every morning in a station wagon. Her Hattie Carnegies were sadly lacking—she was never seen in anything except slacks and pants, and pretty badly rumpled ones at that. Hollywood let out a well-bred gasp. In fact, they still tell over at the studio about the time Hepburn finished a picture and decided to give the crew a party afterwards. "Wait until I dress," she is said to have called to them. A few minutes later she returned—the only difference was that her pants were pressed!

She didn't wrap herself in ermines and go to premières. She didn't go to the Countess di Frasso's parties—or any parties, for that matter. She didn't go with one "wolf" after another. Her "private life" she kept to herself. After she was misquoted horribly by some writers, who never should have been writers in the first place, she sank deeper into her shell, and refused to see the press. Some rather putrid pictures were tossed at her and she complained bitterly, just as any other star would have done, but immediately they called her temperamental. What the press didn't call her, the Glamor Girls did.

Hollywood has come a long way since 1932. The Big Shots back East who shell out the dough said, "Fun's fun. But play-time is over. Now get down to work." Budgets and salaries were slashed and extravagances came to an abrupt end. Hollywood began to grow up. Hollywood began to think, and thinking is always disastrous to anything that's phony. The

Glamor Girl with her affectations and artificiality began to look awfully silly. Then in 1939 came the War in Europe. Overnight Hollywood became adult.

It took eight years for Hollywood to catch up with Katharine Hepburn. Her station wagon today doesn't cause the slightest ripple. Practically everybody in Hollywood has a station wagon. It's nothing unusual to see Bette Davis, the Errol Flynns, the Dick Powells, the Gary Coopers arrive at a night club or a première in a station wagon. (And when I think what a beating Hepburn took because she merely drove to a studio in a station wagon!) Today you will find the top-notch movie stars—Claudette Colbert, Hedy Lamarr, Joan Crawford, Irene Dunne, Ginger Rogers, Roz Russell, Bette Davis, nearly all of the stars—appearing in slacks, or pants, in public places. Not at premières, of course, but on shopping trips, sports events, etc., you will see plenty of faces *sans* make-up,

and plenty of hair flying in the breeze.

And, too, Hollywood now thinks it's perfectly all right for a star to stay at home nights if she wants to, and not flaunt herself around at parties and night clubs. It doesn't make her "peculiar" now. It's all right too for a star to be frank and honest now. She isn't considered "rude." (And when I think what a beating Hepburn took because she came out with honest answers.)

So I say again, that it's Hollywood that's changed, and not Katharine Hepburn. And now that they have landed on the same plane at last they ought to be very, very happy. And from all I can gather they are.

I had the pleasure of visiting Hepburn on the set of "The Philadelphia Story" one afternoon recently—except it wasn't the set, it was the back lot. It was the scene where Hepburn, John Howard, Virginia Weidler, and Roland Young start out for a jolly canter, and I guess Metro didn't want four horses cluttering up one of their nice air-conditioned stages. Hepburn was riding "White Rose," one of Liz Whitney's horses, and also wearing her riding habit. "Mr. Barry told me that he had Liz Whitney in mind when he wrote 'The Philadelphia Story,'" Hepburn told me later. "The girl I play was sort of written around Liz. So you see there is more of her in the picture than just her horse and clothes."

When I first came on the set, or the back lot, I found George Cukor, the director of the picture, stretched out in a studio chair reading one of those very sexy pictorial magazines—or maybe he wasn't reading. I flopped in the chair beside him, and Hepburn, who had been doing still pictures, soon joined us. She has exactly the right kind of friendly handshake.

"Kate," said Cukor, "I want to warn you. This is the magazine Liza writes for. Be careful what you say."

"That's fine," said Hepburn, "I've a lot of bathing suit art I can give her to illustrate it with."

She threw her leg over the side of the chair, lit a cigarette, and explained to me the inner workings of a movie camera she had with her. It seems she is a fiend for taking moving pictures. Her entire family is. "When my sister married not long ago," she said, "we showed pictures of her taken when she was a child, at the wedding. The early color pictures I took are fading. But color is much better now and will last forever." She proceeded to take a few shots of everyone around, including myself (I'm sure *that* will never be shown at anyone's wedding.)



Miss Hepburn demonstrating a shipmodel in this scene from the film version of "The Philadelphia Story," Philip Barry's stage success, which also stars Cary Grant and Jimmy Stewart.





Jimmy Stewart and Katharine Hepburn in a scene from "The Philadelphia Story."

## "Save Me From Myself!"

Continued from page 51

to decide how a scene could have been handled more tellingly. I've worked that footage over inch by inch for so many years that I'm sick to death of the sight of myself, and I have been for a long time. When it got to the point that I couldn't pass a theater without wincing, I talked it over with Florence, who's just about the most understanding wife a man could have, and we decided it was time for us to go back to New York and do a play. Wonderful thing about the legitimate stage: you don't have to sit through your own performance. You don't have to endure it pre-masticated and pre-digested a couple of months later."

"So what happened?" we prompted.

"Ever hear of a play called 'Yr. Obedient Husband'? Well, that's what happened to us. But we bailed out, and pulled the rip-cord of a parachute called 'The American Way'—which saved us. In 'The American Way' I wore collars as high as a guardsman's hat, and a coat that buttoned up under the chin—that made me look a little off-trail."

"What's *really* behind all this off-trail, change, different business?" we pursued.

"Boredom, I suppose. Since I get so eternally, everlastingly sick of the sameness of myself, I get scared sometimes for fear the people who see my pictures will begin to feel that way about it, too. You see, I like to give an audience a good bargain; I want to give them a *new* character in each picture, not just thirty or forty carbon copies of that guy March."

Lighting a cigarette, he squinted through the smoke to continue, "I made up my mind a long time ago that in my bright lexicon there wasn't going to be any such word as 'type.' D'ya know that, consciously or subconsciously, I study every person I meet? First, I try to catalogue the person as to general characteristics, then I study his mannerisms, analyze them, and memorize them. When I'm handed a new script, I read over the lines and study this chap I have to pour into mortal mold; back in memory all sorts of things will begin to stir. I'll remember how some man I've seen has lit a cigarette, or shrugged just as he was going out a door, or laughed from the corner of his mouth. All that helps me to be somebody on the screen that I'm actually not. See what I mean?"

We thought it over, remembering anecdotes we had heard about what the colorful Mr. March actually *was*. They tell a story in Hollywood about Fredric having an appointment with a business executive in downtown Los Angeles; so few motion picture people have occasion to go into the business district that the advent of a celebrity is more attention-compelling than a blizzard in July (advt.). When Fredric entered the reception room, the receptionist all but swooned before she could ask him to be seated.

"I'm sorry," she gasped, "but Mr. Glutz is in conference. He'll be free in about ten minutes. Do you mind waiting?"

"Not at all," answered the man whose patience is inexhaustible. "I'll just read a magazine."

Surreptitiously, the switchboard girl summoned every feminine employee in the company, who promptly found a reason to traipse through the reception room, cast an enthralled glance at the man who was reading a magazine, and tread air on the way out.

When Mr. March had finished the ar-

## IN *Defense* of Glamour

# Patriot Red

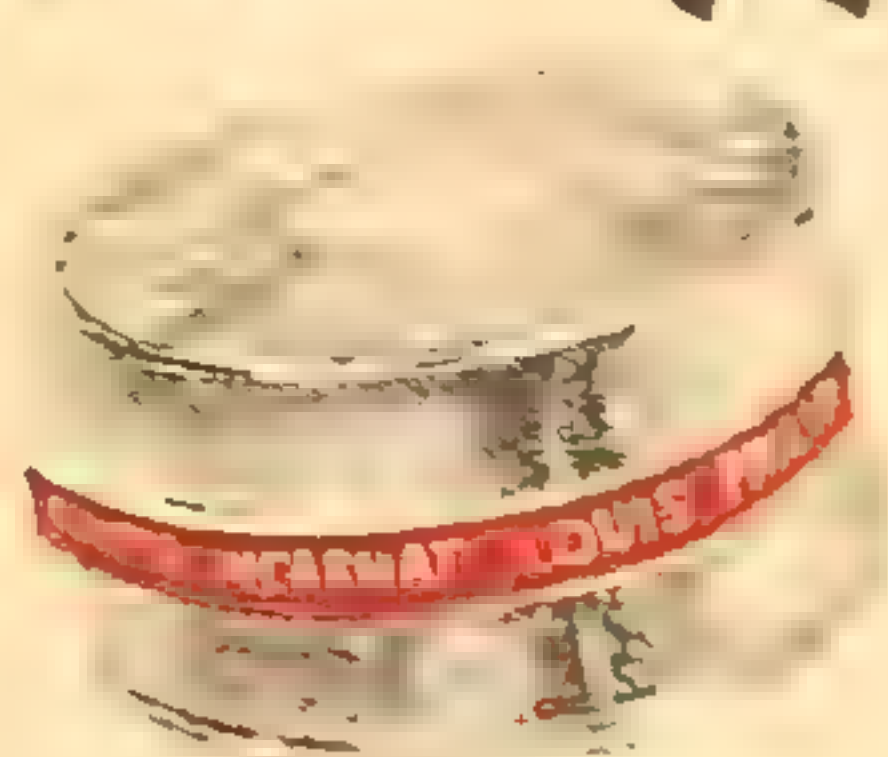


The Brave **NEW SHADE** for Young, Warm, Pulsating Lips

Today, patriotism's in the air . . . and the new Fall clothes have a military swing and dash that's very young and *vital*! If you'd do justice to your trim, new outfit, you *must* get a young, new shade in lipstick, too. You'll love Patriot Red . . . for it's a deeper, richer red and yet so *alive*—brilliant as the stripes of our flag—exciting as the music of a military band! Wear Patriot Red "in defense of glamour" . . . for this thrilling shade

comes in the Louis Philippe special type Lipstick—color-blended in a *special* way so that, even in glaring sunshine, its shades won't turn cold and hard. Gives your lips a *lasting* glamour, too . . . for it stays on for hours without smear or smudge. In fact, wear Patriot Red and you can *forget* your lips—*others* won't for that young, warm, pulsating color will be too utterly bewitching!

# Louis Philippe



For extra glamour with your Patriot Red Lipstick, get Angelus Rouge Incarnat or Louis Philippe Compact Rouge and Face Powder—just ask for Louis Philippe Patriot Red Make-Up!



## DON'T BE "THE GIRL WITH A RUN"



Always carry RUN-R-STOP in your purse. Comes in smart colored vanity. Just one drop of this amazing clear liquid stops runs and snags instantly, permanently—even in the new "nylon" stockings. It's the only product of its kind—a stocking life-saver. And it leaves no black marks after washing. Get it today at any drug, dept, shoe or 10c store—or send coin or stamps to

**RUN-R-STOP**  
49 E. 21st St., N.Y. Dept. S

Guaranteed as advertised by Good Housekeeping

**10c** Complete, tube in vanity



Brush Away **GRAY HAIR**  
...and look 10 Years Younger

Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 28 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today.

## MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

ticle he had been reading, Mr. Glutz was still in conference. "I believe I'll attend to another errand," Freddie said. "I won't be gone long, so if Mr. Glutz is free before I get back, will you please tell him I've been here and I'll be right back?"

The girl nodded, wordless with admiration.

At the door, the Minister of Modesty blushed and returned to the desk. "I forgot to give you my name," he apologized. "Tell him Mr. March was here. Fredric March."

Aside from being modest in a shy sort of way, Fredric has another outstanding characteristic: he loathes and abhors being treated like a celebrity.

Comes now the saga of the typical Hollywood bore; there is at least one in every studio. He is the glad-hander, the hail-fellow-well-met who knows everybody by his first name—especially in front of an audience. This particular fellow, we'll call him Oswald, liked to appear exceedingly chummy with the stars. One afternoon three things happened simultaneously: a party of tourists was passing through the studio, Oswald was coming down the corridor, and Freddie was standing in front of a bulletin board, reading notices.

Oswald, with an eye on the delegation from Indiana, rushed up to Mr. March, clapped him lustily on the back and burred, "Well, well, Freddie, old boy—how goes it, pal? Long time no see."

Mr. March studied him with that famous pinning-you-to-the-wall look of his. "How nice of you to remember me," said the suavest man in pictures, whose squelch nevertheless penetrates to the third and fourth generations. "It seems a shame that I've never met you."

When someone kidded the erstwhile bland Mr. March about his snappy comeback he said, "You can see that I didn't play *Dr. Jekyll* and *Mr. Hyde* for nothing I picked up some pointers as I went along."

But when asked whether he thought there was any possibility of the rôles an

actor projects upon the screen having even the slightest influence on his personal life, he emitted a yelp of pure negation. "Certainly not," he vowed. "Why, if I let a portrayal get under my skin to that extent, I'd go around in crazy costumes, posturing and emoting all over the place the way I did in 'The Royal Family of Broadway,' or I'd be a souse like *Barry Trexel* in 'Susan and God' or I'd be a globe-trotting reporter like the guy in 'Trade Winds.' Nope, nothing to it at all. And I'm speaking for every tough guy, every villain, every nitwit who's ever been pictured by anybody on the screen. Pictures are pictures, and personal life is personal life and only an unmitigated ass confuses them."

"Glad we got that settled," we said meekly. "Well, where do we go from here?"

"If things work out as scheduled, I'm going to do 'Flotsam'—the Eric Maria Remarque yarn—next. Then I think I'd like to go back to Broadway for a while."

"And, in closing, Mr. March, would you mind telling us what is your favorite type of rôle?"

He smiled, and when March smiles winter is dispersed in the Klondike, which is to say he has a very warm and melting smile indeed. "This is the sort of part I like: one that starts off slow and easy without much stress. One that gets bigger and bigger, with more and more significance, until it builds into tremendous crescendo at the end of a picture. A surprise rôle, I suppose you'd call it. One that looks routine, but can be augmented into something dynamic and crucial. I think the rôle of *Axel Heyst* in 'Victory' is like that—at least that's the theory I'm working on now."

Aha! So there is something to this old saying about March coming in like a hare and going out like a lion. At least all that fan mail pouring into the studio is filled with roars for the calendar to be revised: Let there be more March every year.



Now that Fredric March has purchased a house in the Brentwood section, it means that he's finally selected the West Coast for his home. For a number of years, he and his wife have been dividing their residence between Hollywood and New York.



## Charlie's Mad Again!

Continued from page 23

sunken chest like this I'd be Hermann—Hermann Goering. But Billy Gilbert's Hermann. Then Chaplin says, 'Oakie, you lucky son-of-a-gun, you're gonna be Mussolini! Me, Bellowing Benito!

"The first time I showed up at the studio Charlie put his hand on my shoulder and says, 'Oakie, my boy, now you're in the family.' And he meant it. He treated me like I was his brother. 'Oakie,' he'd say, 'are you happy? Is there anything I can get you? If you want anything just let out a holler and I'll see you get it.' That's the kind of a guy he is. *Such* a gentleman. Never down in the mouth. Everybody loves him. They *respect* him.

"You hear a lot of bolony that he's tight. Charlie only makes a picture every few years, but never lays off his staff between pictures. He's got about forty families on the payroll all the time. You should have seen him during the picture. He got to feeling that maybe the extras weren't happy because they weren't making enough dough, so he'd go around to each one and say, 'Now in the next scene you say such-and-such and you there, you say this,' because if the extra got in a line or two he'd get paid more. It didn't help the extras, though," sighs Mr. Oakie, "because Dan James, the assistant director, followed right behind Charlie telling each extra to forget it, the budget couldn't stand it.

"And he used to give me a lot of scenes. After each one he'd grin like a kid. 'Oakie,' he'd say, 'I don't know why I'm so good to you.'

"I'd say, 'Listen, you little rascal, you just do for me what you did for Jackie Coogan.' Maybe you don't know it but Coogan got \$40,000 a week for a spell after Chaplin put him over in 'The Kid.'

Mr. Oakie smiled happily. "I figure being in this picture with Chaplin is gonna get your Uncle Jack about ten years of nice fat work. It's that good."

Working conditions there at the Chaplin studios on Sunset Boulevard were a good deal like the reports of labor relations in celestial factories, except that Charlie would get so wound up inventing new gags he'd forget the time. It's Mr. Oakie's solemn belief that Charlie would have worked clean through meals, bedtime and all, if the technical crew hadn't gotten so all-fired hungry now and then and slunk off to feed. Mr. Oakie is no piteous spectacle as the result of his toil with Mr. Chaplin. This is not surprising because it has leaked out that he, Mr. Oakie, never showed up for work before 11 A.M. If the Old Master—meaning Mr. Chaplin, you understand—felt uncontrollably hilarious at that hour they would rush headlong before the cameras, after lounging furiously in the projection room where Charlie showed Mr. Oakie the preceding day's humor, explaining each trick as they went along. On the other hand, if the Old Master did not feel he could deliver general hysterics he would say as much and the lot of them would knock off for lunch. That is the way it is working for Charlie—slaving, all the time slaving.

"I never felt that I was working," Mr. Oakie will confess, if hounded, "it was more like a clam-bake. Charlie's like a kid when he's hepped up, forever grinning and wanting to play. Well, we used to play together all the time. Maybe I'd chase him. Or he'd hightail it after me. We used to invent new gags and situations, playing. Never had so much fun in my life. And you should have seen him when he got his hands on the boom and crane for the sound equipment. Grinning, he'd say, 'It's marvelous,' and start riding on the boom."

## DON'T COVER UP A POOR COMPLEXION

Let the famous medicated cream that's aided thousands help clear up your complexion

• Don't let a poor complexion cheat you of a lot of life's fun! Don't go around "covering up" a skin that's rough-looking or marred by externally caused blemishes! You may be making those very flaws you wish to hide *worse!*

Do as millions of beauty-wise modern women are doing today—let Noxzema, the dainty, snow-white *Medicated Skin Cream* help restore your *natural* skin beauty.

### Works 24 Hours a Day!

Here's a beauty aid that can work 24 hours of every day to help improve your complexion . . . It's not only an *effective* Night Cream—it's a grand *Powder Base*, too...All during those 24 hours Noxzema is working for your skin—helping reduce enlarged pores with its mildly astringent action...softening skin...soothing irritated skin surface and helping heal up externally caused skin blemishes.

Nurses first discovered how Noxzema helped soften and whiten red, rough hands. Now thousands of women *rely* on this remarkable cream not only to help their hands but, *more important,*



their complexions to greater beauty. For a *limited time* you can get the large 75¢ Boudoir Jar of Noxzema for only 49¢. Get a jar *today* at your nearest drug or dept. store.

**SPECIAL**  
**75¢ JAR ONLY**

**49¢**



## HAS HEPBURN CHANGED?

Fire and brimstone . . . thunder and lightning . . . and Katharine Hepburn. They all meant excitement and fury in Hollywood a few years ago. Hepburn hated conventions. She said and did as she pleased, no matter what the consequences. Her temper flared high and often. "Burn" was the sharply accented part of her name.

Has Hepburn changed? Has time mellowed her temper? How does she behave today?

In an amazingly frank, brilliantly written feature Silver Screen tells what has happened to Hepburn. You'll be thrilled when you read the truth in November's SILVER SCREEN.

Look for "HAS HEPBURN CHANGED?"

In the NEW November  
**SILVER SCREEN**

10¢

Now on Sale at your Newsstand

10¢

## DO WE HAVE TO DIE?

A strange man in Los Angeles, known as "The Voice of Two Worlds," reveals the story of a remarkable system that often leads to almost unbelievable improvement in power of mind, achievement of brilliant business and professional success and new happiness. Many report improvement in health. Others tell of increased bodily strength, magnetic personality, courage and poise.

The man, a well-known explorer and geographer, tells how he found these strange methods in far-off and mysterious Tibet, often called the land of miracles by the few travelers permitted to visit it. He discloses how he learned rare wisdom and long hidden practices, closely guarded for three thousand years by the sages, which enabled many to perform amazing feats. He maintains that these immense powers are latent in all of us, and that methods for using them are now simplified so that they can be used by almost any person with ordinary intelligence.

He maintains that man, instead of being limited by a one-man-power-mind, has within him the mind-power of a thousand men or more as well as the energy-power of the universe which can be used in his daily affairs. He states that this sleeping giant of mind-power, when awakened, can make man capable of surprising accomplishments, from the prolonging of youth to success in many fields. To that eternal question, "Do we have to die?" his answer is astounding.

The author states the time has come for this long hidden system to be disclosed to the Western world, and offers to send his amazing 9000-word treatise—which reveals many startling results—to sincere readers of this publication, free of cost or obligation. For your free copy, address the Institute of Mentalphysics, 213 South Hobart Blvd., Dept. 110M, Los Angeles, California. Readers are urged to write promptly, as only a limited number of the free treatises have been printed.



# Stops Pyorrhea and Trench Mouth OR NO COST!

New Guaranteed Home Treatment Astounds Medical Profession



You can believe the sworn affidavits of doctors and dentists who have tried this new discovery on most stubborn cases of pyorrhea, trench mouth and bleeding gums. PYRO was used with startling success many times, in cases that seemed hopeless . . . where everything else failed. PYRO is almost uncanny in getting quick and sure results. It gets to the root of the trouble because PYRO has a penetration of 1/4 inch in 5 minutes and it corrects and heals as it penetrates the diseased areas. If your gums are sore or bleed when brushed . . . If your teeth are loose or pus pockets have formed, order PYRO today for quick correction . . . act now before you lose your teeth entirely.

## A Doctor Writes:

A well-known physician . . . a member of the American Medical Ass'n and many other professional organizations, says: "I do not hesitate to state that this solution has saved me from the nightmare of false teeth."

## Read This Proof!

Mrs. W. H. Kirby, 45 East 66th St., New York, writes: "For a number of years I suffered with an advanced case of pyorrhea, constant treatments seemed only to arrest the disease. I was told I would lose my teeth. Then I heard of this new remedy. Being desperate, decided to try it. Am very happy now. My gums are healthy, teeth tight and write this hoping that others suffering as I will try it."

## Don't Lose Your Teeth, Order Now!

We have 45 pages of affidavits attesting to the wonderful powers of PYRO. So positive are we that it will bring you the health and happiness you have been seeking, that we will send it to you without a single penny of risk. Send \$2 today for the full home treatment or we will send C. O. D. for \$2 plus postage. Use PYRO as directed and if not 100% delighted with results, return the unused bottle and we will refund the purchase price in full. (Canada \$2.25 cash with order).

G. J. CABLE PRODUCTS, BOX 4, Hamilton Grange Station New York Post Office

# Clearer Complexion

by using

## Mercolized Wax Cream



This dainty Skin Bleach helps fade freckles and lightens a dull, drab sun-tanned complexion. It speeds up Nature's process of flaking off lifeless, unattractive surface skin in tiny, almost invisible particles. Exposes the lighter, clearer skin beneath. Start using Mercolized Wax Cream tonight as directed for a fairer, prettier complexion and enjoy new skin beauty. **SAXOLITE ASTRINGENT** tightens loose surface skin. Gives a delightful sense of freshness. Reduces excess surface oil. Dissolve Saxolite Astringent in one-half pint witch hazel and use this tingling face lotion daily. **PHELACTINE DEPILATORY** removes superfluous facial hair quickly. Easy to use. No unpleasant odor.

## SILK DRESSES

Men's Suits \$2; Coats \$1; Shoes 50c; Hats 40c. Many other low-priced BARGAINS. FREE CATALOG. Send name on postcard. No obligation. Write today.

CROWN CO., 164 SC Monroe St., New York City



## WANTED

### ORIGINAL SONG POEMS

any subject for immediate consideration. Don't delay—send your poem at once to—

RICHARD BROS., 28 Woods Building, Chicago, Ill.

# PSORIASIS

When SABETAL vanishes on the skin it tends to clear scales, itch, redness. No bandaging necessary. Not oily or greasy. A professionally prepared compound. Send \$1 for regular size or 10c for sample.

Hillcrest Laboratories, Spring Valley, N. Y. Dept. 85

## SABETAL DOES NOT STAIN

## TYPEWRITER 1/3 PRICE

STANDARD OFFICE MODELS 1/3 MFRS. ORIG. PRICE. Easiest Terms as Low as 60¢ a Week. All late models completely rebuilt like brand new. FULLY GUARANTEED. No Money Down—10 Day Trial. Free price-smashing catalog shows all makes in colors. FREE COURSE IN TYPING INCLUDED. See catalog before you buy. SEND NOW. INTERNATIONAL TYPEWRITER EXCH. Dept. 1117 231 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.



Mr. Chaplin and his gags are famous. He has a room full of them on file. They leak out of him like water out of a faucet. A good share of them are stinkeroos. He has a nose for humor, though, and everything with the faintest aroma is buried deep. Once in a while a good one pops out and Mr. Chaplin cares for it like a child.

"He'll work for three or four days on one scene. Or do one take fifty times so's to get it right. When it's right he knows it and says so then and there. Watching him you can't tell one take from another and if you tell the little rascal as much he'll grin at you and lead you to the projection room where he'll run the takes off for you. Invariably, the one he said was right is the funniest. He knows beforehand how an audience will react. That's genius."

We are getting a little hysterical, but there is something in what Mr. Oakie is shouting. Even reactionaries admit Chaplin is the greatest mimic and pantomimist alive. Some of the open-mouthed citizenry who have seen him work simply scream he is the greatest of all time and let it go at that. Mr. Oakie strings along.

"In pantomime," he declares, "nobody can touch him. He's the daddy of them all. Everything you've ever seen on the screen Charlie's done before. He can mimic anything perfectly. He's got an eye for comedy like nothing you ever saw. He knows construction and you never saw such timing. I figured I knew a little about comedy after being a comic for 15 years, so I pulled every trick I'd ever learned on him. He'd be a great audience and laugh like hell. When I was through he'd play it all back to me and do it better because he'd invented the trick in the first place. He'd prove that too by taking me to the projection room and running scenes from his old pictures. He was doing everything I know before I was dry behind the ears."

"And there you have the essence of Chaplin's comedy. It's original. He hates repetition. Every situation, every gag in 'The Great Dictator' is original. He taught me things I'd never heard of. He showed me how to steal a scene holding a cigarette. I tell you, working for that little guy was the biggest thrill in my life. I came out of that joint ten years younger. New man. Gawd-almighty, I'd been making pictures for 15 years and a man gets his bellyfull. I got so I couldn't look a director in the face. Used to dodge work, show up late. But working with Chaplin was entirely different. It refreshed my whole attitude. He can make anybody act and love it."

There has been talk that Mr. Chaplin didn't make sound pictures because his voice was shrill, eery or Cockney. That is not true. His voice is good. He made his pictures silent so they could be peddled over the world, pantomime being savvied by things as low as caterpillars. "The Great Dictator" is in sound because the foreign market is all shot. This one is aimed at the American audience. Maybe it won't make any money. Charlie doesn't care much. He's made 23 million and has three left. He just had to take this swipe at the dictators for making him mad and he doesn't give a whoop whether it costs a million or not.

"It is so funny in pantomime alone," says Mr. Oakie, weakening but still shouting, "that I don't know how anybody's gonna hear the lines. In sound it's gonna be five times funnier than in pantomime."

Mr. Chaplin is fifty now, handsome, gray-haired, and pink-cheeked. He says this is going to be his last picture. It kind of looks, though, like Charlie hasn't got much to say about it. It depends more on civilization. If it goes blundering off on the wrong track Charlie will get sore again and have to make another picture to repair things.

It's a good thing somebody's got a temper like that.

# In Defense of Hollywood Men

Continued from page 25

that; and I have yet to find quote a heel, a ham, a cad, a coward, and a conceited fool unquote. I have found them to be, of all strange things, gentlemen. And I'm not a dreamer, not me. As for that famous temperament they are accused of having—well, I have known them at their worst, at the end of a long tiresome day, under hot glaring lights, with everything going wrong, or on dreary locations, with flies, ants, sand in the coffee, and a mere 110° in the shade. And if that doesn't bring out the temperament, nothing else will. If I have ever been upstaged by a leading man I don't know it, and I'm just the type who would know it.

What a lot of people don't seem to realize is that the day of the "actor," in the great big glamorous sense of the word, is over. John Barrymore is the last of the Great Ones, and so unimpressed with it all is he that he pokes fun deliciously at himself in "The Great Profile." No longer does the Hollywood movie male ride around in foreign cars reeking with chromium, livery, and crests. No longer does he gamble five thousand dollars on the turn of a card. No longer does he buy yachts and gold door-knobs, and dress like a cross between a John-Fredrics hat and a New York gangster. The actor of today is a business man. Quiet, conservative, and hard-working. He is just like thousands of other white collar men in America. No better, but certainly no worse. The studio is his office, and he puts in longer hours there than the average man. He is better paid than the average man, of course, but remember, his job doesn't last nearly so long.

When the insurance agent sells a fifty thousand dollar policy, he is quite pleased with himself, he wants to talk about it, and he wants to celebrate. When an actor makes a good picture, he, too, is quite pleased with himself, and he wants to talk about it, and he wants to celebrate. The insurance agent takes his wife, or his girl friend, to the best night club in town. The actor takes his wife, or his girl friend, to Ciro's. The only difference seems to be that the actor is called a "ham," and the insurance agent is called a "swell guy."

When an advertising man puts over a deal and tells you how much better he is than his competitors you say, "Isn't he wonderful!" But when an actor lands a coveted lead in a picture and tells you that the director thought his test was the best you say, "My, my, what a conceited fool!" It hardly seems fair, does it?

The Hollywood male has been accused of many things. Most important, he has been accused of losing his masculinity. The theory seems to be that he exists in a beautiful state of luxury, likened only to that enjoyed by the kings of France and the cats of the rich. He has become so pampered that the red corpuscles have given up in complete despair. He doesn't even do the little ordinary things for himself. He has servants to dress him, drive his car, mow his lawn, mix his Scotch-and-soda, and even light his cigarettes. Well, really! I have just completed a picture with Ray Milland, and before that, one with Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy, and I must say I detected no signs of pampering in those three young men. Neither Ray, nor Clark, nor Spencer, had a valet on the set. (In fact, I can't recall ever working with a leading man who had a valet) and they seemed to have no trouble dressing themselves or lighting their cigarettes. Nor did they have chauffeurs calling for them at the end of the day. Clark drives a station



ragon, and I defy anyone to grab the wheel away from him. Spencer drives a very businesslike coupé, and Ray a roadster, far from flashy.

If you think for one instance that Clark and Spencer aren't he-men I just wish you could have seen them do that fight scene for "Boom Town." On the screen it only lasted a few minutes, but it went on for days on the set, and the boys did not pull their punches. You can't call them softies, not those two! In the Athenia sinking sequence in "Arise, My Love" the director suggested that Ray Milland use a double. He could have stretched himself out in the tank with a cigarette and an adventure



Rosemary Lane, above, doing one of her numbers for a scene in "Ladies Must Live," in which she has rôle of a night club singer.

story, and had himself a very safe and restful afternoon. But not Ray. If there was any rough stuff to be done, he wanted to do it.

The Gables, the Tracys, and the Don Ameches live on ranches out in the Valley, and I am certain that if you drop in on them between pictures you will find them lolling around in handsomely tailored lounging robes. You'll more than likely find them in the oldest of old bluejeans, whitewashing fences, repairing kennels, digging up weeds, and doing all sorts of odd jobs that have to be done on a ranch. Clark, as you know, has a tractor, and is no slow poke when it comes to plowing up a field. Loss of masculinity?

Hollywood men are severely criticised for the way they dress. As a matter of fact, except when they are on their ranches, when they look like tramps, and when they are at the studio, when they dress according to the part they are playing, they dress just as conservatively as any other business man. Most of the snappy dressing in Hollywood is done by Easterners who have just arrived in Hollywood,

and who seem to be under the impression that it is a gay resort. (Inasmuch as there is no place to go but home in Hollywood, after midnight, they soon find out differently.) Spencer Tracy always wears the same kind of a dark, conservative tie. He claims that he buys ties often, but you would never know it. Ray Milland and Herbert Marshall, being as British as Yorkshire pudding, are very much on the quiet side when it comes to dress. Gary Cooper, Jimmy Stewart, Fred MacMurray, and Melvyn Douglas at a preview, at a theatre, at a night club, or dining in their own homes look exactly like young West salesmen.

And speaking of night clubs, if you think the Hollywood leading men are playboys you are sadly mistaken. They don't like to get all done up in white tie, or black tie, any more than the average male. And like the average male they do it only to please "the little woman." In the New York sequence of "Boom Town" Clark was told to wear his tails for a scene the following day. (Men always furnish their own wardrobe in pictures, women don't.) The next morning he appeared on the set smelling to high heaven of moth balls. "Carole looked all night for these clothes," he said sheepishly. "Whew, don't they smell! She finally found them tucked away in a trunk we'd stored in the basement." Well, that gives you a rough idea of how often Mr. Gable gets "dressed up."

Mal Milland, Ray's very attractive wife, once told me that it was easier to move the Rock of Gibraltar than it was to get Ray into dinner clothes. Every time anyone calls up to invite them to dinner Mal says very hopefully, "We don't dress, do we?" If the answer comes back, "Please dress," poor Mal just sighs, knowing full well that the chances are only one in a thousand that Ray will take her to that party.

I have heard about actors who comb their hair carefully every opportunity they have, but it has never been my bad luck to meet one. They call Ray "Golden Boy" at the studio because his hair is always disheveled. And as for Clark and Spencer, I don't think they own a pocket-comb.

Hollywood men have often been criticised because they "go with," and usually marry, actresses. They are accused of seeking publicity in this manner. It makes much better reading in the columns if the lady covered with orchids they escorted to a premiere is Marlene Dietrich, and not just little Susie Glutz. Now, of course, some of the movie males do plan their publicity very carefully, but most of them do not. All men want a woman that other men want. It's as natural as day and night. Hollywood men are no different. With all the world wanting a Carole Lombard, a Barbara Stanwyck, an Annabella, an Olivia de Havilland, and an Ann Sheridan, it's no wonder indeed that the Hollywood men want them too. And why not? Susie Glutz might be awfully pretty, awfully sweet, and awfully rich—but she couldn't possibly be as attractive as a Lombard. The men of Hollywood find the most beautiful and charming women in the world right in their own set, so why go out into the highways and byways to pick a bride!

And when the Hollywood man does marry and settle down he becomes just as wonderful a family man, and just as devoted to his wife and children as any white collar worker. If you only knew how many Monday mornings I have spent on the set listening to Gary Cooper, Henry Fonda, Ray Milland, and Don Ameche tell me the cute things their offsprings did and said over the week-end. And the baby pictures I have looked at would stretch from here to China. Don't tell me that Hollywood males don't make proud fathers!

That's right. I like Hollywood men.



The bold new "Indian Love Call" colors make you the loveliest Pocahontas ever. These daring red tones in MATCHED Climatized\* Lipsticks and Rouges by Elmo, are brilliantly keyed to the exciting new Indian fashion trend. Lipsticks and Rouges are compounded with extra-protective ingredients.

#### INDIAN PAINT BRUSH

A light, flame red—beautiful on blondes.

#### NAVAJO

A true, vivid red—striking on brunettes.

#### POW-WOW

A deeper red—exotic on brunettes.

One Dollar Each Everywhere!

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Indian Love Call Colors  
IN MATCHING CLIMATIZED\*  
LIPSTICKS AND ROUGES  
by Elmo

PHILADELPHIA  
SAN FRANCISCO



## Beautiful NEW Things FOR YOUR HOME Easily Yours

### This New FREE Catalog Tells You How!

Do you long to add new charm and beauty to your home—with fine furniture, distinctive rugs... correct modern lamps... beautiful china and silverware... colorful kitchenware? These can be yours—given as Rewards for organizing Larkin clubs in your spare minutes... or by joining a Larkin Cozy Home Club. Valuable gifts to every member. It's interesting, profitable! All explained in the new Larkin Catalog.

**Larkin Co. Inc.**  
693 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Just mail a  
Postcard today  
for your own  
Free Larkin  
Catalog.

## STOP Itching GET RELIEF This Fast Way -or Money Back

For quick relief from itching of eczema, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, scabies, rashes and other externally caused skin troubles, use world-famous, cooling, antiseptic, liquid D. D. D. Prescription. Greaseless, stainless. Soothes irritation and quickly stops intense itching. 35c trial bottle proves it, or money back. Ask your druggist today for **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION.**

**GIVEN AWAY!**  
BELL BRACELET  
AND NECKLACE

—A Beautiful Set—  
Fancy knurled linked, safety snap, 3 tinkling bells, lovely design, plated with 24-k gold. Both given FOR selling 4 boxes of Rosebud Salve at 25c a box. Order 4 salve today. Post Card will do. Send-No-Money.

**ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., BOX 54, WOODSBORO, MARYLAND.**

## SONG-POEMS WANTED AT ONCE

to be set to music  
**IMMEDIATE PLACEMENT**  
with Legitimate Publishers. NO CHARGE for examining, recording or publishing.

**ROBERT POLLACK**

Mus. B. I. Hollywood Studios  
6560 Hollywood Blvd. Hollywood, Calif.

## A Shampoo That Lightens Hair



### LECHLER'S "569" HAIR LIGHTENING SHAMPOO

Uncover Hidden Beauty in Your Hair  
Shampoo that glamorous sparkle and radiant highlights back into your hair with Lechler's "569" Hair Lightening Shampoo. Uncovers concealed highlights in every color hair. Brings back former lightness to blonde hair grown darker. Keeps natural blonde hair an appealing light shade. Counteracts "time-darkening." Brings out radiant sheen and lustre in brunette hair grown dull and faded. Imparts the stunning auburn tones that make red hair so attractive. Gradual lightening action without sudden "dark-to-light" changes. Lightens hair evenly and conservatively as fashion decrees today. Accentuate the beauty in YOUR hair. Order Lechler's "569" NOW!

SENT POSTPAID IN  
PLAIN SEALED WRAPPER  
MANY, MANY SHAMPOOS  
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE  
**LECHLER LABORATORIES**  
560 Broadway, Dept. SB-1, New York, N. Y.  
☐ I enclose \$1.00 for large package of  
Lechler's "569" Hair Lightening Shampoo  
☐ Send C.O.D. \$1.00 plus charges

**\$1.00**

Name.....Town.....  
Address.....State.....  
**Blondes—Write for booklet: "Everything For Blondes"**

## Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 11

make twin spots of color on a crystal mantelpiece. On a coffee table before the couch, a shallow bowl was filled with deep pink geraniums, just the flowers without stems, set in a frame of lemon verbena. Arranging flowers is one of Rita's hobbies.

Flowers aren't the only things Rita arranges: she did all the draperies in the house herself. Those in the dining room are of sand with a strip of henna chenille outlining the intricate draping and accenting the flowered paper on the walls. The furniture here is French, of handsome burl walnut, the seats of the chairs matching the henna-rose of the walls.

Two crystal cabinets hang on either side of a window, each with a set of dancing figurines in harmonizing colors. "I picked up each figure in a different place," commented Rita, "but they all go together and express various dancing moods. I used to be a dancer, you know."

"The only piece left of the dancing costumes I used down in Mexico, when I danced there the year I was fourteen, is the embroidered hat in the den. When we were decorating the den, we needed something over the fireplace, so I hung up the hat."

No California house is complete without a patio, and the Judsons' is an enclosed one, opening off the den, the wings of the house supplemented by a white brick wall with a gate in it leading to the gardens. Rita let her taste for color run riot here.

"I get my love for warm colors from my father," observed Rita. "He has Spanish blood. My mother was Irish and English, and I was born in New York City. I'm a Latin from Manhattan, you see! I'm glad they don't type me as a Spanish girl."

Her bedroom is in white and rose-beige. The wide bed has a quilted white satin headboard and no footboard, the white satin spread falling in graceful folds over the rose-beige rug. The dressing table in the dressing room is quilted in white satin, too, and the rose-beige is repeated in the flowered wallpaper and drapes.

Rita has so many clothes that wardrobes fairly bulge with them, but she can put her hand on anything in an instant. The girl's neat. Take her hosiery alone—she always buys three pairs of each shade, and her collection of stockings is sorted into compartments, graduating from the deepest to the lightest tint. The sports sox are sorted

according to color, too, and as neatly arranged. No matter what she wants, she knows where to find it.

Rita's husband, who is even more attractive than her house, suggested some food, for the sixth time. Tom, the colored butler, who had been announcing luncheon at intervals, served it with a flourish.

"This is one of our favorite menus," said Rita, surveying the casserole before her. "It's Swedish meat balls and spaghetti and noodles, green vegetable salad, Hollywood bread, and lemon pie."

"Velma, my cook, will give you the recipes. There's nothing new about the salad except the dressing, but we simply adore salads here, so she will let you have a less common recipe, too."

### SPAGHETTI SAUCE

- ½ lb. lean beef
- ½ lb. pork
- 3 heaping tablespoons Crisco
- ½ onion
- Large can solid pack tomatoes (Heinz)
- Can tomato paste
- 1 cup water

Brown the ½ onion in the Crisco and then remove the onion. Brown the meat in it and add the large can of tomatoes. Cook for an hour. Add the tomato paste and water and cook for an hour and a half. Then remove the meat.

### MEAT BALLS

- 1½ lbs. ground round steak
- 3 eggs
- ¼ lb. Kraft grated cheese
- ½ cup pine nuts and raisins

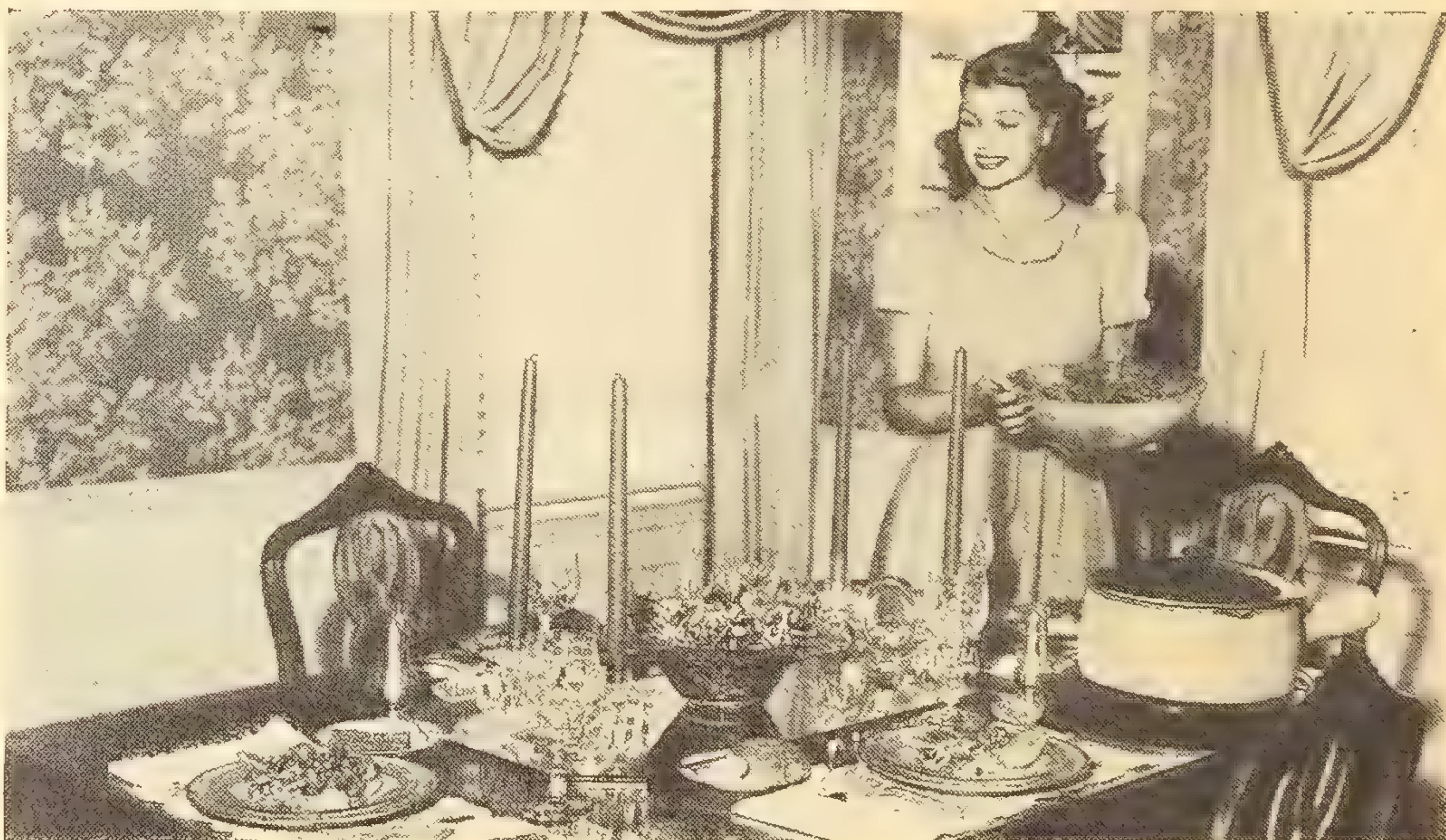
Make into balls and fry them. Take some of the sauce and cook the meat balls in it for half an hour.

### SPAGHETTI

Put 1½ lbs. of Italian spaghetti in fast boiling water for 15 minutes; then drain off the water and put the spaghetti under the cold water faucet to wash out excess starch. Add the remainder of the sauce and heat. Finally add the rest of the sauce with the meat balls and egg noodles, sprinkle with grated cheese and serve.

### SAUCE VINAIGRETTE

- ¾ cup Kraft French dressing
- 1 tablespoon chopped pickles (Heinz)



Having personally prepared her table, Rita Hayworth, our charming hostess, is ready for her guests. Above, Rita is serving the salad from her large, wooden salad bowl.





Just an old-fashioned girl—that's Irene Coleman. Look for her in "Four Mothers," sequel to "Four Daughters" and "Four Wives," starring the Lane Sisters and Gale Page.

1 tablespoon green pepper chopped fine.  
1 tablespoon chopped parsley  
Mix and serve.

#### TOMATO JELLIED SALAD

1 can Heinz tomato juice  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped sweet pickles  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup celery, chopped fine  
1 teaspoon Tastetone sauce  
1 packet Knox gelatine  
Soften the gelatine in  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cold water. Bring the tomato juice to a boil and add the gelatine and then the other ingredients. Pour into mold.

"Another luncheon dish that makes a hit with women guests," said Rita, "is tomato-cheese soufflé. It's light and puffy and delicately sharp. You'd love it!"

"Everybody makes lemon pie. So instead of that recipe, why not have Velma's coffee cream pie—that's really something!"

#### TOMATO-CHEESE SOUFFLÉ

2 tablespoons butter  
3 tablespoons flour  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  cup milk  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup condensed tomato soup (Campbell's)  
 $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups grated Kraft cheese  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon dry mustard (Gulden's)  
4 eggs, separated

Melt the butter, add flour and cook until frothy. Then add the hot milk and cook until thoroughly thickened. Stir in the condensed tomato soup and the grated cheese and heat until cheese is melted. Remove from fire and add the mustard and egg yolks—adding one egg yolk at a time and beating thoroughly after the addition of each yolk. Beat the egg whites until stiff, but not dry, and fold them into the mixture. Pour into a well greased casserole and bake in a moderate (350 degrees) oven 50-60 minutes until firm in the center. Put casserole in a pan of hot water while baking.

#### COFFEE CREAM PIE

Cream  $\frac{1}{3}$  cup butter, add gradually 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs beaten until light,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk with  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon soda, and  $1\frac{1}{8}$  cups of Swansdown flour sifted with 1 teaspoon cream of tartar and  $\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoon salt. Flavor with 1 teaspoon vanilla (Burnetts). Bake in two shallow pans and when cold put coffee cream filling between and on top.

#### COFFEE CREAM FILLING

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup ground coffee  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  cup sugar  
 $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups cold water

Cook until it is a heavy syrup or until it reaches 220 degrees F. Strain through double cheesecloth and cool. Then add, a little at a time, using the cutting and folding motion, to 1 pint heavy cream beaten stiff. The syrup should be the consistency of molasses.

"I often wish I could cook," said Rita, as we finished the lemon pie, "but somehow I've never had time to learn. Some day, if things don't pile up too high, I'm going to try my hand at some original dishes."

"In the meantime, I have a new hobby—I crochet! I made a set of mats for a harvest luncheon. The stitch is very easy to do, single for the orange pumpkin, and double for the black eyes, nose and mouth and the green stem. They are starched stiffly and are quite effective. You could do the same sort of thing in other colors and shapes, poinsettias for Christmas, hearts—Valentine's Day, shamrocks—March 17th."

## "First Lady" in Movie Debut!

Continued from page 27

above, with the Democratic Convention at Chicago going full blast, but with two Roosevelts here in the big barn-like interior of the Fox-Movietone Studio where odd movie shorts, trailers, screen tests, fashion subjects for Vyvyan Donner fashion forecasts are made, as oblivious to everything but the problem at hand as if Chicago did not exist. As indeed, because of the famous Eleanor Roosevelt ability to dismiss everything but the problem at hand—it did not at the moment. Just now her "duty" belonged to the movies—and Chicago would take care of itself. "It has nothing to do with me," she had told an inquiring reporter, dismissing the subject gaily. But she would remember it when the right time came.

Robert E. Sherwood, the Pulitzer Prize playwright, was in a lather, pounding out changes in Mrs. Roosevelt's script on a portable typewriter on a dressing-table. Mr. Morris Wilson, chairman of First National Pictures, Ltd., of London, which made "Pastor Hall," walked around courteously putting in a word here and there where it could be helpful. Reporters, photographers with candid and other cameras, studio workmen thronged the place, if such a spacious place *could* be thronged, while Edward Kelly, the assistant studio manager, kept everything under control without seeming to. In the corner the set was prepared with a comfortable chair in front of the camera for the First Lady. The floor surrounding it was covered with a network of light cables and cords.

"The primary purpose of the screen is to show good motion pictures," Mrs. Roosevelt was saying to a group of writers who were standing around her. Some one had asked her if she thought films should be used for propaganda as well as entertainment purposes. "It should be open and free to any subject. After all, every picture must have a 'story.'"

"The first consideration is the screen treatment of the subject. The criterion for judging whether or not a picture has a right to be shown is the standard for what makes a good picture. Does it follow the inner laws of technique that constitute good

## LOVELIER FACES

Thanks to  
MINER'S Liquid MAKE-UP



#### "A GRAND POWDER BASE"

Goes on so easily and smoothly. Keeps make-up 'mirror-fresh' for hours. Helps conceal blemishes. Non-greasy—won't cake.



#### "OR COMPLETE MAKE-UP"

Can be used without powder, if you prefer. Imparts smooth, velvety finish to your complexion. Ends 'shiny nose'



#### "FOR EVENING WEAR, TOO"

Indispensable on face, back, neck and arms. Adds glamour to your make-up under artificial lights. 4 flattering shades.

Try it today!

## MINER'S Liquid MAKE-UP

50c & 25c at cosmetic counters; trial size at 10c stores.

PEACH . . . <input type="checkbox"/>	<b>FREE Generous Sample</b> Send coupon and 3c stamp MINER'S 12 E. 12th St., Dept. S21, New York, N. Y. I enclose 3c stamp to cover mailing cost. Send me generous sample of Miner's Liquid Make-up FREE! Name _____ Address _____
RACHELLE . . <input type="checkbox"/>	
BRUNETTE . . <input type="checkbox"/>	
SUNTAN . . . <input type="checkbox"/>	

FOR DELICATE SKINS

EXTRA  
SOFT!

YET THEY COST  
NO MORE



Betty Lou  
POWDER PUFFS

AT ALL 5-AND-10¢ STORES

**SONG POEM WRITERS**  
Successful songwriters make big money. Write today for free information. ALLIED MUSIC, INC., Dept. 10, Box 507, Cincinnati, Ohio.

## WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills, 10¢ and 25¢.





Virginia Field and Cary Grant talk things over at the Brown Derby. Do you know that Virginia's fiance, Richard Greene, is in England, fighting for his fatherland, and that Cary Grant donated the entire amount he received for his work in "The Philadelphia Story," \$125,000, to the war relief fund?

Len Weissman

cinema in general, and that apply to it in particular? If a film artistically and sincerely meets these requirements, and is at the same time in accord with a subject in which one believes, there seems to be no reason why it should not be presented."

Call that sympathy for "propaganda" if you like! This is the way I interpret the rather broad and general statements Mrs. Roosevelt made above: "Pastor Hall" is an artistic achievement which meets the rules. It has a heroic theme in which its present champions thoroughly believe. So they're willing to take the risk.

Mr. Morris Miller, the producer, wanted to know if "Pastor Hall" could any more rightfully be called a "propaganda" film than "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang." They are both controversial, and bound to stir up emotion he said. But as pictures, they simply, directly and truthfully set forth a certain combination of facts. "They might even bring about changes or reform, but that would be incidental to the fact that they are good pictures," he said.

"Pastor Hall," Mrs. Roosevelt pointed out, "illustrates the philosophy of Nazi totalitarianism, its principles which could be applied anywhere, by the cast of the Reverend Niemoeller. As the application of a principle of thinking, Mrs. Roosevelt continued to say that "Pastor Hall" differed from "The Mortal Storm," Phyllis Bottome's novel showing Nazi action against Semitism in a specific location and situation in Europe, which is not an American problem. She pointed this out as an example of the difference in treatment of the Nazi theme from the universal exposition of its principles as pictured in "Pastor Hall."

Could this ardent champion of a free and unintimidated screen be the same Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, who eight years before as the wife of the Governor of the State of New York, on the eve of her husband's nomination for the Presidency of the United States, had told me in her first mo-

tion picture interview (a SCREENLAND scoop): that though she had consented to talk to me about motion pictures, she modestly felt that she knew very little about them for a person in whose home pictures are shown on the average of one night a week, sometimes more often. (The Executive Mansion of the Governor of New York at Albany has its own talking picture machine, just as the White House has.) She just never could keep the stars straight, she said, except Mickey Mouse, a great favorite of her husband, and Krazy Kat! And she was hopeless about the titles of pictures and who played in what. "I have always been so busy that my opinions about the motion pictures are mostly off-hand," she added, almost apologetically. "They are based on discussions and conversations with many persons, and on what I have seen and heard as I have gone here and there."

I have never put any *real* stock in her not knowing much about the movies, even though it was only a few weeks ago that she admitted in answer to some questions of mine through her radio secretary, Mrs. Betty Lindley, that she still remembers the titles of few pictures and the names of few players—and that she "seldom" goes to see pictures at a movie theater. What I have always thought privately is that she meant that she *really* did not care so much about motion pictures as she did about teaching, and reading, and flying, and dictating her own column, "My Day."

But now that this was definitely changed, but definitely, any one of the people, who were standing or sitting around the movie studio on Tenth Avenue, could see where the *new* Eleanor Roosevelt had just entered, radiant, charming as always, and with a certain "smoothness" which had just been pointed out to her by her eldest son when he had seen her emerge from behind the bibs of the make-up man. The rouge, the powder and grease paint of Eddie Senz (brother of Ira and both members of a

famous family of wig makers and make-up artists for the Metropolitan Opera House) had been wielded in the very dressing room where Wendell Willkie had been made up for an "Information Please" picture a few weeks before—and in the very same barber chair, and at the same mirror!

Mrs. Roosevelt and her son entered the studio from the shaking and clanking freight elevator, hand in hand. The First Lady's face blushed becomingly under a covering of sun-tan powder and light rouge. (She customarily eschews even powder.) Her blue eyes were even larger and more blue, edged with a delicate line of mascara. The lips were covered evenly and with the greatest care so that the edges of color would not show on the screen as she spoke. And her lovely hair, one of her greatest charms, which is so glossy and thick from the good care required by every girl of impeccable aristocratic New York upbringing, was parted at the right side and drawn to meet the broad, flat wave on top.

It was the movies giving the First Lady "the works." It was the eye of the trained make-up artist seeing something in her pleasant, gentle features (had they been called "plain"? ) which no one had ever been permitted to see before. "Glamor Girl!" came from the male contingent.

She had "knocked them over," as Arthur Leonard, the director, and his partner Ben Greene, the sound man, had said she did when she came to make the "Hobby Lobby" picture. I remembered what they had told me about Mrs. Roosevelt the day she was making the picture for them. She had given them such a laugh! They had written her asking her to wear a flowered dress and a big hat, and here she came with a plain blue dress and a small hat. She hadn't been home to get their letter.

They had liked the way she shook hands with little Joe, the ice man, when he saw her rushing to her taxi afterwards and came forward with his hands outstretched saying, "Hello, Mrs. Roosevelt."

You will like her, too, when you see her in Dave Ellman's picture, which will be released through Columbia Pictures. And again when you see and hear her earnest plea in behalf of "Pastor Hall." And if you were lucky enough to see any of the shots taken when she went out to the Democratic Convention (I told you she would remember it at the right time), you've seen the coiffure that was designed for her movie career.

Now that it has been found that Eleanor Roosevelt has a charming screen individuality there are probably many things she will be called upon to do. Her voice is of as excellent quality as any male commentator. She can write. She can judge stories—for in addition to her experience as a mother and grandmother, she has been a member of the editorial board of the Junior Literary Guild with Angelo Patri and Sidonie M. Gruenberg and Helen Ferris for nine years.

And yes—she can direct. I almost forgot that. I saw her telling the electricians just where to place the lights so that they would not shine in her face, when she took her seat on the set to do her piece. And then Emma Bugbee, the New York newspaper gal who is assigned to follow the First Lady around, told me this. It seems that Mary Pickford was at the White House not so long ago to appear in some sort of a Relief picture. Mrs. Roosevelt was very much interested, and told Miss Pickford just where to stand, and which way to look, and perhaps just what to say. The screen's First Lady did just what she was told, and after a while she was so amused that she could keep quiet no longer.

"You know more about this than I do!" she burst forth.

And the two First Ladies laughed.



*The most beautiful  
fingernails  
in the world!*



# DURA-GLOSS

*Choose your color by the  
Fingernail Cap*

Serenely confident of their startling beauty, your fingernails blaze with the gem-like lustre of Dura-Gloss! How welcome each casual chance to highlight all their loveliness! For Dura-Gloss is new, is different! — created deliberately to bring new longer-lasting beauty to your fingernails, to help them be the most beautiful fingernails in the world! Switch now, with millions of other fastidious women, to this exciting new nail polish. It's not a dollar, as you might expect from using it. No, Dura-Gloss costs only a tiny dime! In 20 shades that fashion favors, at cosmetic counters everywhere. Buy, enjoy Dura-Gloss, this very day!

Look for the life-like fingernail bottle cap — colored with the actual polish! No guess-work: you get the color you want!

Cut this out (along dotted line) and put in your change-purse to remind yourself.

## FASHION BULLETIN NEW COLORS

Red Wine, Pink Lady, True Red



10¢

The New and Better Nail Polish by LORR

Lorr Laboratories  
Paterson, N. J.  
FOUNDED BY E. T. REYNOLDS



Q



*Double and redouble your  
pleasure with the  
Smoker's Cigarette*



*Chesterfield*  
COOLER Milder BETTER-TASTING



*Do you smoke the  
cigarette that  
Satisfies*



Copyright 1940, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.



Q